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JOHN MARSHALL
AND OTHER ADDRESSES

BY
Horace G. Platt

THE ARGONAUT PUBLISHING COMPANY
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To My Friend,
GENERAL THOMAS H. HUBBARD
Soldier, Lawyer and Financier,
I Dedicate This Book.

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PREFACE.

Before the San Francisco fire of April, 1906, I had collected most of my addresses for the purpose of publishing them in one volume. This publication was not prompted by any sense of egotism or by any illusion that they would be extensively read. Lord Roseberry has said that people do not read old speeches, and there is much truth in this statement. My desire simply was to give them a local habitation. When this disastrous conflagration destroyed all my possessions, including all my literary and professional work for the past twenty-five years, I felt as if every foot-print that I had made had been obliterated, and I immediately endeavored to collect as many as I could of my speeches, for the purpose of carrying out my original intention. Through the kindness of friends and libraries living and situate outside of San Francisco at the time of the fire, I have been able to obtain copies of a few of these speeches, and I republish them in this volume with the hope that, in event of another such fire, one copy of this work may escape destruction.

HORACE G. PLATT.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 14, 1908.

JOHN MARSHALL

CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES

*(Delivered Before the Oregon Bar Association at Portland,
Oregon, John Marshall Day, February 4, 1901.)*

THE evil that men do is said to live after them, but the good is oft interred with their bones. There are, however, good men as well as bad men who "departing leave behind them footprints on the sands of time," whose good work knows neither death nor dying but lives on through the centuries. To the memory of such a man, Chief Justice Marshall, the bench and bar of this country are assembled to do honor and reverence on this the one hundredth anniversary of his elevation to the Supreme Bench.

The close of a century is suggestive of retrospection, and invites us to revisit its dawning, as does the beginning of a century hurry us on the wings of anticipation to its close.

The nineteenth century and the Republic were rocked in the same cradle. The two have grown up together, foster brothers, as it were, and they challenge comparison one with the other. The century began its travels on a stage coach; it ends them on limited trains that keep company with the sun as they speed across the continents. It began its correspondence with letters that lagged behind the snail; it ends it with the telephone and telegraph that pace the lightning. It began with the nations whole wide worlds apart; it ends with earth's remotest regions in neighborly communication, and all the world a whispering gallery. It began with little

science, less machinery, and no surcease from pain; it ends with science dropping in ripe fruit from the tree of knowledge, machinery a wizard doing the work of magic, and pain lulled to sleep by the hypnotism of anaesthetics.

Equally marvelous has been the development of this Republic, of its government, its resources, and its people.

One hundred years ago thirteen sparsely settled States fringing the Atlantic constituted the United States of America. Its western boundary was the Mississippi, but its southern line did not extend to the Gulf of Mexico. Today the United States of America consists of forty-five States and four Territories, cemented by blood into a Union one and indivisible, containing a population of eighty millions, and extending from British Columbia to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and including in addition the arctic region of Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, the Antilles, and the Philippines, those tropic isles of the Eastern and Western Seas, in all a great empire, second to none beneath the stars.

One hundred years ago we were an agricultural people whose exports did not exceed \$200,000 a year, and in importance we counted for little among the nations. Today we are an agricultural, a commercial, and a manufacturing people, our annual exports exceed one billion of dollars, and we stand with our back to the wall, with boundless resources and untiring energy, fighting single-handed the battle of prosperity against the world.

One hundred years ago our country had just started upon its career as a nation. It was a beginner among those that had the experience of ages, it was rich only in possibilities. Today it has behind it the experience of the most wonderful century since time began, and has arrived at man's estate, rich beyond the dreams of its founders. Its people exceed in millions the civilized citizens or subjects of any rival

realm or region. Its coffers hold more gold than ever glittered in the opiate dreams of any Oriental lord, or than now is stored in any European or Asiatic treasury. Its schoolhouses, flag-surmounted, like blazing beacons, lead more children out of darkness into light than are rescued from ignorance in any other land. Within its borders more homes shelter those of the people who live by the labor of their hands than in any of the countries beyond the seas. The poverty of the old world grinds not its toilers. Its countless acres of waving grain and its snowy fields of cotton feed and clothe more peoples than its own. Its factories threaten with idleness the artisans of the other nations. An American bridge spans the Nile, American locomotives with their cheery whistle break the stillness of Siberian wastes and Asiatic vastness, American dollars are replenishing the emptying coffers of Europe, and an American battle-ship is Queen of the Seas.

One hundred years ago we had a government that was an experiment, based upon a written constitution not yet understood or interpreted. Today we have a government that has stood all the tests a hundred years could devise, a government proven to be of the people, by the people, and for the people, a tower of strength for struggling humanity from whose summit the torch of liberty lights the world, and it is based upon this same written constitution to which John Marshall gave its original interpretation, an interpretation that time has strengthened and circumstance affirmed, an interpretation that is as permanent as the constitution itself, an interpretation that was a masterly unfolding of the meaning of the constitution, that "found it paper, and made it power," and to which we are indebted for the present strength and stability of this government, the present national oneness of this heterogeneous collection of State sovereignties, and the consequent supremacy on the Amer-

ican continent of the United States.. Therefore to this great jurist more than to any other man since Washington do we stand indebted for the greatness and the glory that characterize the United States as the crowning achievement of the nineteenth century.

There is no page in our country's history that the life of this great jurist would not adorn. There is no one of our country's builders who can claim more renown. It therefore becomes us, and must interest and instruct us, to review the events of his historic life, to recall his virtues, recount his achievements, and renew the immortelles upon his grave. I therefore ask your attention while I briefly and reverently attempt his eulogy.

John Marshall was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, in the year 1755. He had but little school education, and never attended college but for a short course in law. He served from 1775 to 1779 in the army of the Revolution, and endured the hardships of that terrible winter at Valley Forge.

It was while he was there fighting for his country that he met Washington and Hamilton. It was amidst the sufferings and dangers of war that there began a lasting friendship and mutual admiration between these three remarkable men, who did so much to start this country aright and give an abiding form to its government.

In 1780 Marshall was admitted to the bar after a not very extensive course of legal study. In 1782 he was elected to the Legislature of Virginia, and made a member of the Executive Council, though then only twenty-seven years old. Although he served several terms in the Legislature, he at the same time rose rapidly at the bar, and was employed in most of the important litigation before the Virginia Court of Appeals. His success can be understood from his style in argument, which may be best described

in the words of William Wirt, who thus wrote of him: "Marshall spoke, as he always does, to the judgment merely, and for the simple purpose of convincing. His maxim seems always to have been to 'aim exclusively at strength.'"

In 1788 he was elected a member of the Virginia convention called to consider the proposed Federal constitution. Virginia was the hotbed of those who were opposed to a closer union of the States, whereby it was sought to create a central government that in Federal matters would dominate the States. Patrick Henry was the eloquent spokesman of this party in this convention.

Marshall believed that the two objects in forming a government were safety for the people and energy in the administration. He was sore distressed by the weakness of the existing Confederation, and its inefficiency to accomplish either of these objects. "If a system of government were devised by more than human intelligence," said he, "it would not be effectual if the means were not adequate to the power."

Washington had strongly urged "an indissoluble Union of the States under one Federal head" as one of the four things essential to the well-being, to the existence of the United States as an independent nation, as one of the pillars on which the glorious fabric of our independence and national character must be supported." Marshall thoroughly sympathized with his great chief in this regard. He agreed with Washington that it was a solecism in politics that we should confederate as a nation and yet be afraid to give the rulers of that nation sufficient power to order and direct it. He therefore strongly favored the establishment of a national government with power to accomplish national purposes, and he urged the ratification of the constitution. The majority of the people of his State were opposed to it. They preferred the supremacy of the States

to the supremacy of the Union. He was warned by his friends that he would be defeated unless he came out against ratification, but he replied with the courage that ever characterized him that if elected he would be a determined advocate for its adoption. He was elected, and combated with matchless ability the eloquence of Patrick Henry.

In 1795 he was again and against his wishes returned to the Legislature. In fact, on the day of his election, and after he himself had voted and had gone about his business, a poll was opened for him and without his knowledge he was elected.

The administration of Washington was then almost overwhelmed by a wave of unpopularity. The French Minister was inciting the people against England. Popular feeling in favor of France was almost at a white heat. Washington's proclamation of neutrality in the war between France and England, and his treaty of commerce with England, called the Jay treaty, were strongly and bitterly condemned in Legislatures, in the newspapers, and at public meetings. Marshall was personally popular in Virginia. He was admired for his ability and respected for his integrity. It would have been easy for him to go with the majority of his fellow-citizens. Warm friends urged him to take this course. But he was as distinguished for his courage as for his capacity. When his judgment had decided he knew no turning back. He, therefore, not only in the Legislature supported the President with all his energy and ability, but, after a mass meeting in Richmond, presided over by Chancellor Wythe, had denounced the Jay treaty as insulting to the dignity, dangerous to the security, and repugnant to the constitution of the United States, he called a public meeting of the citizens, and succeeded in having resolutions carried approving the conduct of the administration, and admitting that it was acting within its consti-

tutional rights. Some one has well said of this event, "With rare courage at a public meeting at Richmond he defended the wisdom and policy of the administration, and his argument as to its constitutionality anticipated the judgment of the world."

For this course he was denounced as an aristocrat and as an enemy of a republican form of government. But these denunciations could not disturb his composure, nor prevent the growth of his reputation as a constitutional lawyer.

His speech in the Legislature that the constitutional provision giving to Congress the right to regulate commerce did not take from the executive the power, with the advice of the Senate, to negotiate and conclude a treaty of commerce, not only won him national fame, but settled this much disputed constitutional question for all time.

Soon thereafter Washington offered him the Attorney-Generalship and also the French Mission, both of which he declined, though he did subsequently go with Pinckney and Gerry to France as a Commissioner to settle the strained relations, verging on hostility, then existing between the two countries.

This mission resulted in nothing except to increase Marshall's fame by reason of his very able and dignified correspondence with Talleyrand, which, in the opinion of Patrick Henry, raised the American public in their own esteem.

In 1799, at the earnest solicitation of Washington, unwillingly but unselfishly and loyally, and in the face of an almost certain defeat, he again breasted the waves of popular disapproval, and entered the race for Congress. His election was a triumph won only by great courage, backed by his rapidly growing reputation. Although a new member, he immediately took rank as one of the leaders upon all constitutional questions, and in the matter of the sur-

render of Jonathan Robbins by the President to England upon a charge of murder committed upon a British man-of-war, he delivered an argument that drew the line between the executive and judiciary departments so clearly as to have the effect of a judicial construction of the constitution, an argument so profound, so complete, so convincing that, though not delivered in court, it has been considered worthy of preservation in the Reports of the Supreme Court. Free from any effort at rhetoric, oratory, or display, it reads like a judicial opinion, calm, intellectual, decisive of the point in dispute. In this instance Marshall again displayed that courage that always supported him when a constitutional question arose, the proper construction of which was the unpopular one.

It must be borne in mind that the American people at that time were but little used to governmental restraint, and were less disposed towards any action of the Federal Government that did not harmonize with the passions and prejudices of the hour. Washington's proclamation of neutrality and the Jay treaty were unpopular because the people were in sympathy with France, and because they preferred that Congress should have the sole power to take such steps. Adams's surrender of Jonathan Robbins was unpopular because it was a compliance with a demand from England, and the people thought that the courts had the sole power to settle such a question. But in all of these matters Marshall considered neither popular approval nor disapproval, and his wonderful analytical mind, his intuitive perception of the true meaning of the constitution, his impartial mental temperament, enabled him to so correctly mark out the jurisdictions of the three departments of the government as prescribed in the constitution that his opponents, in the words of Gallatin, who had been selected to reply to him

in the Robbins matter, pronounced his arguments unanswerable.

Before his term as Congressman was finished Adams offered him a Supreme Court Judgeship, which he declined, and then appointed him successively Secretary of War and Secretary of State. The latter office he filled until January 31, 1801, when he was appointed Chief Justice, taking his seat on February 4 of the same year.

He was then forty-six years of age. What a contrast his career then beginning was to be to that of his great French contemporary, Napoleon Bonaparte, who, a few years later, when also forty-six years of age, finished a career that like a meteor had dazzled the world both by the empyrean height its starry course pursued and by the brilliancy of its light, that destroyed all it illumined!

One hundred years ago these two men were leaders of the two peoples that were then attracting the attention of the world by their struggles for the rights of man. One sought his own glory, the other only the people's good. One fell from the throne he had erected upon the liberty of his country at the age when the other took his seat as Chief Justice of the highest court of his land, where for over a third of a century he guarded the people's government from the assaults of its enemies.

When the recording angel shall call the roll of the great men of the ages, those men whose minds shone with the light of genius and whose lives glowed with the Promethean fire, not to the one who sought to scale the stars upon a pyramid of crushed humanity, but to the one who helped humanity itself to reach the stars will come the glad tidings, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

John Quincy Adams said that if his father had done nothing else to deserve the approbation of his country and

posterity, he might proudly claim it for the single act of making John Marshall Chief Justice; and posterity exclaims, "Amen."

William Pinckney said that "He was born to be Chief Justice of any country into which Providence should have cast him," and every lawyer of the land echoes this statement.

Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," has truly said that he was so singularly fitted for the office of Chief Justice, and rendered such incomparable services in it, that the Americans have been wont to regard him as a special gift of favoring Providence.

Story said of him: "He was a great man, he would have been deemed a great man in any age, and of all ages, he was one of those to whom centuries alone give birth, standing out like beacon lights on the loftiest eminences to guide, admonish, and instruct future generations as well as the present."

When Marshall became Chief Justice practically nothing had been done by the courts in construing the constitution. There had been but two decisions by the Supreme Court upon constitutional questions. During his incumbency of thirty-four years there were fifty-one such decisions rendered by this court, in thirty-four of which he wrote the opinions, and in all but one of which his was the controlling mind. In but one of these he was overruled, the case of *Ogden vs. Saunders*, wherein he wrote a dissenting opinion against the power of the States to pass bankruptcy laws.

The originality of his decisions may be best understood by bearing in mind that a written constitution, created by the people and capable of being altered or repealed only by the people, controlling and not controlled by the Legislature, was at that time a new thing in the science of government. The bench and bar of that day had known only

the English constitution, which Parliament could change at will. They were now called upon to construe a written constitution, from which the Executive, Legislative, and Judiciary departments alike derived their powers, and which measured out as it created all their rights. This charter was like an unexplored country, unmapped, unsurveyed, undeveloped.

The prevailing tendency of that revolutionary period was to make the Legislative Department supreme. The opposing tendency, as voiced by such creative men as Hamilton, was to strengthen the Executive Department against the encroachments of the Legislature. Such a situation was, in the language of Senator Daniel, of Virginia, without a precedent in history, and has no parallel. The occasion demanded a judge who could, without fear and without reproach, construe this instrument, blaze out the paths each department must tread, and measure out the power each must exercise. This judge had no precedents to follow. His only guide was the letter of the law, his only inspiration its spirit, his only resource great wisdom unclouded by passion or prejudice.

Marshall was such a man. He did not need precedents. His mind seemed sufficient unto itself. The meaning lay to him in things themselves, and not in what others said about them. Therefore his opinions are almost free from the citation of authorities, from quotations or illustrations. As the artist can see the perfect image within the block of unhewn marble, so Marshall could see the meaning of the constitution in the unexplained writing.

Said Justice Story: "When I examine a question, I go from headland to headland, from case to case; Marshall had a compass, put to sea, and went directly to his result."

He excelled in the power of stating a case so clearly that his statements were arguments. He possessed a marvelous

grasp of principle, a power of logical reasoning that amounted to mathematical demonstration, a miraculous insight that went straight to the ultimate fact, and a courage that allowed no interference with the pursuit of truth. In his development of the law as he understood it, and he instinctively knew what the law was, he recognized neither rank nor power, neither rich nor poor, neither favor nor disfavor, neither Republican nor Federalist, and, as has been well said, "he taught angry Presidents and partisan Legislatures to bow to the majesty of the law."

Of him the Charleston Bar said: "His fame has justified the wisdom of the constitution, and reconciled the jealousy of freedom to the independence of the judiciary."

His greatest work was in judicially defining the jurisdiction of the three Departments of Government as prescribed in the constitution. He had mapped out his course in this regard in his arguments in the Legislature, at public meetings, and in Congress. Upon the bench he clothed these arguments with judicial authority, and in *Marbury vs. Madison* he did this with remarkable force and effect. His opinion in this case may be deemed to be as great a document as the Bill of Rights, as far-reaching as the Declaration of Independence, as essential to the healthy development of our government under the constitution as the constitution itself, as one of the great bulwarks of government under law against personal or popular government, as a searchlight casting its rays from the dome of the Temple of Justice upon the government, and, like the modern X-ray, disclosing the orderly arrangement, the distinct and separate existence, and the prescribed duties of all its parts, and the pre-eminence of the constitution over all. In this opinion Marshall, with infinite tact, but with the clearness of the noonday sun, disclosed not only the path along which Presidential authority may travel without let

or hindrance, except that of conscience and its own discretion, but also the path along which the Presidential steps are controlled by law as rigidly as those of the humblest official. In this opinion he revealed to the world how surely and securely the law protects the rights of the citizens. In this opinion he judicially proclaimed the supremacy of law over President, Congress, and the Supreme Court. In this opinion there was first announced to the world the doctrine that the judiciary could declare void a law enacted by Congress and approved by the President if it contravened the constitution. Without this power in the Supreme Court the Republic must have foundered on the rocks of executive usurpation or the shoals of legislative tyranny.

It is impracticable to enumerate the many great constitutional questions that came before him for settlement, and that he settled for all time, but it may be interesting to note a few as illustrative of the importance of his labors in strengthening the government, and in protecting the rights of the individual.

One of the most valuable safeguards to the rights of the individual is the constitutional provision prohibiting a State from passing any law impairing the obligation of a contract. The wisdom of placing in the constitution this restraint upon the States will never cease to be a matter of congratulation to all the people. But at the time of the formation of the Union and thereafter the States claimed to be omnipotent in local matters, to be free to enact any legislation thereon, and recognized no power in the Federal government to annul their laws.

In a case arising out of a Georgia statute Marshall had the first opportunity to construe this provision, and he held therein that a State law granting lands was a contract, that a subsequent law rescinding this grant impaired the obligation of this contract, and was therefore in contravention of

the constitution and void, and that the Supreme Court had the power to declare State laws as well as Federal laws void when they contravened the Federal constitution.

This same ruling was followed by him in the celebrated Dartmouth College case, wherein he held that a charter of a corporation was a contract which a State could not impair. His opinion in this case is admitted to be the most thorough and elaborate exposition of the constitutional sanctity of contracts to be found in the books. This decision, said Chancellor Kent, "did more than any other single act proceeding from the authority of the United States to throw an impregnable barrier around all rights and franchises derived from the government, and to give solidity and inviolability to the literary, charitable, religious, and commercial institutions of the country."

Owing to this decision all State constitutions now provide that all corporation charters are taken subject to the right of the State to alter or repeal them.

The States were made very jealous of their sovereign rights by these decisions, but these were not all. There must be some final arbiter as to the meaning of the constitution, and Marshall held that the Federal Supreme Court must be this arbiter, that the constitution has provided this tribunal for the final construction of itself, and the laws and treaties made thereunder, and that this power can not be exercised in the last resort by the courts of every State of the nation. He therefore held that the Supreme Court could set aside the judgment of a State court in cases involving a construction of the constitution of the United States or the laws of Congress, and that State Legislatures can not determine the jurisdiction of the courts of the Union or annul their judgments or destroy rights acquired thereunder.

In one case that came before the Chief Justice the Federal government and a State government were squarely arraigned against each other. The State of Maryland claimed the right to tax the Bank of the United States doing business within its borders. The Federal government denied this right on the part of the State, whereupon the State denied the constitutional right of the Federal government to charter a bank. Here was a clash of sovereignties. The constitution was apparently silent upon both questions. Marshall held in a masterly opinion that the creation of the bank was a constitutional exercise of the powers of the general government, and that State legislation taxing the bank was contrary to the constitution; that it was an invasion of Federal sovereignty, which must be supreme where it exists at all.

The last of his constitutional decisions which I shall notice was of such far-reaching consequence that without it the Union must have fallen apart. The State of New York had granted to certain parties an exclusive right to navigate all the waters of the State by vessels moved by steam. This grant had been sustained by all the State courts, even by so great a jurist as Chancellor Kent. The Chief Justice perceived that the assertion of this right, on the part of a State, struck right at the power conferred by the constitution on Congress to regulate commerce with foreign nations or among the several States, and was in conflict with the Acts of Congress which authorized vessels employed in the coasting trade to navigate the waters of every State, and he held the grant was repugnant to the constitution and void.

Suppose the decision of Chancellor Kent had been affirmed! There would have been a barrier at the mouth of every river, and commerce would have been so crippled as to destroy the Union.

Chancellor Kent was a great lawyer, his opinions were of high authority. They were backed by the public opinion of the States as well as by his great reputation. But Marshall was more far-seeing than Kent. Though he appreciated the great weight of the opinion of those who maintained this alleged right of the States, he did not allow this to affect that independence of judgment that ever distinguished him. He said: "It is supported by great names—by names which have all the titles to consideration that virtue, intelligence, and office can bestow. No tribunal can approach the decision of this question without feeling a just and real respect for that opinion which is sustained by such authority; but it is the province of this court, while it respects, not to bow to it implicitly; and the judges must exercise, in the examination of the subject, that understanding which Providence has bestowed upon them, with that independence which the people of the United States expect from this Department of Government."

These questions so decided by Marshall now appear too simple to be disputed. But this idea arises from the fact that the present generation has grown up to look upon them as self-evident constructions of the constitution.

In Marshall's day, however, they involved the existence of the Union as a strong, independent, self-protecting, efficient government, and they aroused in their settlement all the learning, eloquence, and industry of such lawyers as Wirt, Webster, Pinckney, Luther Martin, and others as able.

Marshall, it is true, was a Federalist, but not in the sense that Hamilton was. He was not a liberal constructionist, as was Hamilton, nor was he a strict constructionist, as was Jefferson. He believed that the constitution must be carefully examined to ascertain if any particular power was therein given, that upon him who asserted the existence of

the power rested the burden of proof, but that if such power was established the constitution gave all those incidental powers which are necessary to its complete and efficient execution.

With great wisdom, with great common sense, he found the constitutional provision that Congress may make all laws which shall be necessary or proper for carrying into execution the powers vested in the Government of the United States, a cornucopia from which could be poured whatever was needed to effectuate a constitutional power. "Let the end be legitimate," said he; "let it be within the scope of the constitution, and all means which are appropriate, which are not prohibited, but consistent with the letter and spirit of the constitution, are constitutional." Thereby he made the constitution an instrument that did not, like a strait-jacket, dwarf a growing, enterprising, expanding people, but that has grown with the people, and always along the lines of its original design.

Realizing that the constitution was the sheet anchor of the government, that like the government it was "framed for ages to come and was designed to approach immortality as nearly as human institutions can approach it," he based his constructions upon a patriotism so broad, a logic so inexorable, a wisdom so profound, and a prescience so far-reaching that they remain today our mainstay and our guide, as applicable as when rendered, and give promise to our hopes of their anticipated immortality.

We do not say that without Marshall the Union would certainly have been dissolved by the centrifugal forces that fought for what they called the rights of the States, but we do say that Marshall's decisions accomplished the purpose expressed in the opening lines of the constitution, to wit, "The formation of a more perfect union," and that at that formative period of our Government he was equal

to his great opportunity to bring about a more perfect union of the States.

"The people made the constitution, and the people can unmake it," said he. "It is the creature of their own will, and lives only by their will. But this supreme and irresistible power to make or unmake resides only in the body of the people, not in any subdivision of them. The attempt of any of the parts to exercise it is usurpation, and ought to be repelled by those to whom the people have delegated the power of repelling it." This doctrine was the centripetal force that welded the many parts called States into the homogeneous whole called the Union; this was the doctrine that made the Federal government supreme and independent in all matters delegated to it by the constitution, without which independence from State interference there could not have been the more perfect Union designed by the fathers.

The especial characteristic of Marshall to which I desire to call attention, apart from his great wisdom, was his great courage. Many judges are learned and able. Most judges are honest. Not so many have the courage of their convictions. Many are intimidated by the necessity of courting popular favor because of their need of popular approval when they seek re-election. Some seek popular approval and mistake the reputation of the moment for the fame that comes hereafter and goes not away. Not all appreciate the words of Mansfield, who said, while trying the case of *Rex vs. Wilkes*: "I wish popularity, but it is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after. It is that popularity which sooner or later never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means. I will not do that which my conscience tells me is wrong upon this occasion to gain the huzzas of thousands or the daily praise of all the papers which come from the press. I will not

avoid what I think is right though it should draw on me the whole artillery of libels, all that falsehood and malice can invent or the credulity of a deluded populace can swallow."

Marshal was such a man and such a judge. I have shown that he was such a man before he became Chief Justice. As Chief Justice he was equally so.

In the Burr trial there was much to influence a weak judge. Burr's hands were red with the blood of Hamilton, whom Marshall had loved and respected and whose death he felt was a great loss to the country. The President desired and did all that he decently could to secure a conviction. The people believed Burr guilty and demanded his life. So strong was this feeling on the part both of the Administration and the public that upon Burr's release the United States Attorney exclaimed: "Marshall has stepped in between Burr and death." The President did not hesitate to intimate that his acquittal was due to Marshall's Federalist inclinations, and the mob burned the Chief Justice in effigy.

But neither the calumnies that the present voiced or that could be expected of the future deterred Marshall from deciding as the law prescribed. Said he to the jury, in reference to the public clamor: "That this court dares not usurp power is most true. That this court dares not shrink from its duty is not less true. No man is desirous of becoming the peculiar subject of calumny. No man, might he let the bitter cup pass from him without self-reproach, would drain it to the bottom. But if he have no choice in the case, if there be no alternative presented to him but a dereliction of duty or the opprobrium of those who are denominated the world, he merits the contempt as well as the indignation of his country who can hesitate which to embrace."

On another occasion he said: "In the argument we have been admonished of the jealousy with which the States of the Union view a revising power intrusted by the constitution and laws of the United States to this tribunal. To observations of this character the answer uniformly given has been that the course of the Judicial Department is marked out by law. We must tread the direct and narrow path prescribed for us. As this court has never grasped at ungranted jurisdiction, so will it never, we trust, shrink from the exercise of that which is conferred upon us."

Marshall's conscientious appreciation of judicial duty was nowhere more apparent than in the matter of the issuing of a subpœna to President Jefferson in the Burr trial. After laying as his foundation the statement that "In the provision of the constitution and of the statute which give to the accused a right to the compulsory process of the court, there is no exception whatever," he said: "It can not be denied that to issue a subpœna to a person filling the exalted station of Chief Magistrate is a duty which would be dispensed with much more cheerfully than it would be performed! But if it be a duty the court can have no choice in the case," and he issued the subpœna, adding the statement that "whatever difference may exist with respect to the power to compel the same obedience to the process as if it had been directed to a private citizen, there exists no difference with respect to the right to obtain it."

"The Judicial Department," said he, near the close of his life, in the Virginia Constitutional Convention, "comes home in its effects to every man's fireside; it passes on his property, his reputation, his life, his all. Is it not to the last degree important that the judge should be rendered perfectly and completely independent, with nothing to control him but God and his conscience? I have always thought, from my earliest youth till now, that the greatest

scourge an angry heaven ever inflicted upon an ungrateful and a sinning people was an ignorant, a corrupt, or a dependent judiciary."

In these days when the press can by daily abuse and crimination prevent the re-election of judges whose decisions have been honestly rendered, when aggregated capital or aggregated labor can secure the defeat of a judge who has neither usurped power nor shrunk from his duty, but has simply taken the course marked out by law, it is small wonder that an elected judiciary is not always independent, without fear and without reproach. To our endless glory and good fortune, Marshall was independent of official favor or popular prejudice or journalistic lampooning. We believe, however, that none of these would have affected his decisions even had Jefferson had the power of removing him, or had the voters had the opportunity of defeating him at the polls.

We believe that during the century just opening, with the fever of concentration burning in the veins of both capital and labor, the former desiring to accumulate dollars and the latter desiring to share them, with the labor trust controlling the votes and the industrial trusts controlling the dollars, the need of an independent judiciary will become more and more a pressing necessity. On both sides there is right. On each side there is often wrong. Each should have equal justice. But this even-handed justice must come from an independent judiciary, and this independence can be secured only by a life or a long tenure of office and by ample compensation.

It has been said by an orator, in speaking of Marshall, that the test of greatness is great ability coupled with great opportunity greatly employed. This country will always produce men of great ability and it will always furnish

great opportunities. These, to be greatly employed upon the bench, must be coupled with great independence.

Marshall as an individual was simple in habits, kind in disposition, dignified in deportment, courteous and considerate towards others, and in thought, in speech, and in conduct ever chivalrous towards women. Of his parents he always spoke with great reverence and filial piety, and for his wife he had a love that grew stronger with the years. If it be true that man's ruling passion manifests itself at death, then love of wife and parents, was his ruling passion, for a few days before his death he wrote the following simple inscription for his tomb:

"John Marshall, son of Thomas and Mary Marshall, was born on the 24th day of September, 1755; intermarried with Mary Ambler the 3d of January, 1783; departed this life....day of....., 18.."

Jefferson also wrote his own epitaph, but it was of a different kind. This great Virginian wrote the following: "Author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and founder of the University of Virginia." Marshall could justly have written as his epitaph, instead of the above simple little statement, the words: "If you would see my monument, behold your constitution," for he has been well called the second maker of the constitution, its great expounder, the father of constitutional law.

His opponents would have made the constitution a rope of sand. His decisions made it a band of steel that not even a civil war could break asunder.

Under him, in the words of a distinguished foreigner, the Supreme Court became the living voice of the constitution, the conscience of the people, the guarantee of the minority.

Upon the death of Washington his was the voice to utter of him on the floor of Congress those memorable words, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." The American people will ever associate Marshall with Washington in sacred and grateful memory. He was ever the able and fearless defender of Washington, and as Chief Justice took up the work where the first President laid it down, and carried it on in the spirit of him who began it. It was therefore most fit that he should have been the first chairman of the committee appointed to erect a monument to Washington. The shaft erected by this committee in its simplicity and height well portrays the character of Washington. But the real monument of both Washington and Marshall, more imperishable than brass or sculptured marble, is this constitutional government that has stood the strain of a civil war, the greater strain of accumulated wealth and vast territorial expansion, and which starts the new century with great burdens, new responsibilities, and unlimited temptations, and with the promise of another century's growth along the lines so clearly marked out by John Marshall.

We can well attribute to him the credit of building for all time. Though the number of States has increased from thirteen to forty-five, and our territory has expanded from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and thence northerly to the land that is lit by the Aurora Borealis, and southerly and westerly to the islands of the tropic seas in whose midnight skies glitters resplendent in starry outline God's symbol of hope, the Southern Cross, expansion has not weakened the influence of the Federal government in the remotest States nor lessened their loyalty to the Union. Though a network of railroads intersects the land in all directions, like living veins pulsating with the hot blood of competition, almost obliterating State lines, and though commercial corporations

and labor unions ramify the country irrespective of political divisions, we are still tenacious of our State sovereignties. Though we have wars beyond the seas, and foreign complications are increasing as our foreign trade grows larger, and innumerable new problems in politics and economics are daily arising from our rapid internal and external growth, we are still loyal to our traditions, undismayed by the difficulties of the present, hopeful of the future, and above all still wedded to the constitution as Marshall construed it, and time but the impression stronger makes as streams their channels deeper wear.

We gratefully appreciate his breathing into this constitution the breath of a vigorous life, his developing this constitution along such lines of healthy growth that each member of our Union has been individually stimulated, yet kept in harmony with the others and in subjection to all, whereby there has been produced a constitutional government under which any number of States and Territories can live, each in distinct existence but as a united whole, as diverse as the waves and yet as united as the sea, capable of any expansion, impossible of disruption, powerful because of the individuality of its parts and the solidity of its harmonious whole.

Therefore, today, all over this land, in the capital of the Old Dominion where his labors began, at the capital of the nation where his labors ended, in Philadelphia where hangs old Liberty Bell that was rent in tolling his funeral knell, in all the marts of commerce that border the Atlantic, in the cities of the Great Lakes where throbs the nation's heart, along the wide rolling Mississippi hastening to the sea, at the city of the Golden Gate where the Occident meets the Orient in a sunset greeting, and here in this metropolis of the north, we do reverence to him as one of the greatest Americans.

Therefore, today, in every court in the land lawyers suspend their labors and litigants halt in their contentions to listen only to the voice of his eulogist, while Justice opens her eyes to behold the glory of her most illustrious ministrant.

Gentlemen of the bench and bar, the fame of lawyers, however learned and eloquent they may be, is ephemeral. The reputation of judges is but little less evanescent. Their glory is in laws honestly administered, in justice impartially awarded. To the soldier and to the statesman is it more frequently given to pitch his tent on Fame's eternal camping ground, to be honored with a niche in the Pantheon of the great. Few even of these inscribe their names so high that they are not obscured by the accumulated dust of a century. The legal profession can therefore take pride in the fact that of all the great and good men gone, of the immortal few who were not born to die, none stands today higher in the respect and reverence of the American people than that able lawyer and matchless judge, John Marshall, the great Chief Justice. His renown is the richest inheritance of the American Bar. Above all the high places where the judges sit his name should be written in letters of gold where the sunlight may illumine and the dust not obscure, to ever encourage the judge to be brave and the lawyer to be true.

Early yesterday morning, as my train followed a narrow stream, winding its way to the valley through a mountain defile, where the pine trees had a silvery sheen in their garments of snow, suddenly there loomed up before me a peak o'ertopping all the rest, its snowy crest bright with sunshine. It reminded me of Chief Justice Marshall. The stream was the Republic, winding its then narrow way towards its present broad expanse, and high up on the lofty pinnacle of the Supreme Bench, towering above all, was the venerable Chief Justice—his white hairs illumined by

the sunlight of genius—a tall man, sun-crowned—like that peak, catching the first rays of the morning sun, to hold them as a lamp to guide his countrymen out of darkness into light.

With this I close my humble tribute to the memory of Chief Justice Marshall. This is the immortelle that in your name I place upon his tomb. In honoring him we have honored ourselves.

May the constitution as he construed it continue to be for another century our pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night, so that when another hundred years has gone by, this people, still under this constitution, may again take pleasure and pride in gratefully honoring the name of John Marshall.

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN

*(Delivered at the Christmas High Jinks of the Bohemian Club,
December 30, 1893.)*

THROUGHOUT the world, in every clime, in the Tropics where the devout read in the Southern Cross God's star-writ message of hope, in the frozen North where in the Aurora Borealis the religious behold the prismatic sheen of the Almighty's throne, in the East and West where holy men see in the rainbow the sun-illumined arch that supports the heaven of their belief, in lofty cathedrals lit by the soft light that streams through stain-glass windows, memorials to the wealth of the dead, and in humble chapels whose bare walls and uncushioned seats bespeak the poverty of the living, on Christmas morning, Anno Domini, 1893, priests in costly chasubles and preachers in threadbare coats, and surpliced choirs and choirs unsurpliced, accompanied by the music of organs grand and melodeons poor, raised their voices and sang "On earth peace, good will toward men."

Was this a hollow mockery? Were the report of the assassin's pistol, the bursting of the fanatic's bomb, and the cannon's roar, the mocking echoes of this sacred song? Do men sincerely wish for peace on earth?

In Brazil Peixotto and Mello, boasting that they fight for their fellow countrymen, destroy their fellow countrymen and the work of their hands. In another land Spaniard and Moor revive in slaughter their ancient hatred. In Africa the white man civilizes the negro by destroying

him, and French and English bullets send the savage black to the gods of his idolatry. On the continent of Europe neighboring nations vie with one another in displays of military force, and assemble large armies to go through the pantomime of war. France goes into a delirium of joy over the Russian visit, and rejoices in anticipation of bloody victories won by the Cossack and Gaul over the German and Italian. In St. Petersburg and in Honolulu, in the land of almost endless snows, and in the land of the myrtle and the rose, armed sentries keep watchful guard. The God of War keeps Vulcan busy forging thunderbolts, and makes the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth aid him in the work of death.

Does all this promise peace and good will?

While the priests chant, do not eighteen million soldiers stand ready with spear and gun and shot and shell to prove the chant a lie, and can not on every sea swift-sailing Olympias be found—floating leviathans of destruction?

While the cathedrals ring with this glorious anthem, does not the assassin steal into the home of the great and lay the master low, or with his death-laden bomb convert the church or court, the theater or legislative hall into a charnel house, the explosion startling the world like an alarm of fire at midnight?

Do the starving and the freezing poor fighting for crumbs in the corridors of Chicago's city hall join in this hallelujah of good will?

Is the daily newspaper, with its crest an open closet disclosing a skeleton, with its large-lettered announcements of anarchy, riot, murder, and assassination, with its columns of disgusting details of social crimes and misfortunes, with its code of dishonesty and cruelty, with its bad art, bad taste, bad form, and pernicious education—is the daily newspaper a messenger of peace?

Time will answer these questions and cure these ills.

And yet, despite all this, or rather because of all this, here in Bohemia, whither come "only those whose hearts are to gentle thoughts inclined," we will raise our voices this Christmas-tide and sing "On earth peace, good will toward men."

At Christmas time all clouds have a silver lining. Then orange blossoms take the place of widow's weeds; the music of the dance is substituted for the funeral dirge; plenty drives out poverty; weeping changes into laughter, and sadness into joy; smiles dry up tears; peace interrupts war; and St. Nicholas usurps the throne of Mars.

At Christmas time our hearts "open to the sesame of love and fair good will," and we wish no man harm.

At Christmas time men are children, and children are happy.

Great is St. Nicholas! His generosity, following the moon and keeping company with the stars, encircles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of childhood's merry laughter, making the bad good, and the good better; softening the hard of heart, and loosening the miser's purse strings; giving surcease to pain, and relief from sorrow; and inspiring us all to exclaim with hope, "On earth peace, good will toward men!"

Great is St. Nicholas! He gives a jewel to the mother, a toy to the babe, and food to the beggar at the gate. He stills the din of the foundry where men forge guns and build battleships, and hangs o'er its door the mistletoe as a sign of peace. He allures the man of science from the making of a deadlier dynamite and a more powerful powder, and rears a Christmas tree in his laboratory as a symbol of good will. In camp and field he hushes the beat of drum and blast of trumpet and tread of marching armies,

and whispers in each soldier's soul, "On earth peace, good will toward men."

So it has been in the past. "Years upon years ago the heavenly heralds sang peace and good will." So it is in the present. And yet, 'tis nearly nineteen hundred years, and still the peace of the world shrinks behind the files of forced fighters, and war clouds hang ever low and threatening. But there shall be lasting peace beneath a cloudless sky, and all the year be Christmas time. Strike off the chains from the imagination! Give free rein to fancy! Fly into the future upon the noiseless wings of time, when wars shall be no more; place your ear at Christmas time to the Phonograph of the Ages, and you will hear, attuned to the music of the spheres, "a chant sublime of peace on earth, good will to men."

"Then peal the bells more loud and deep:
God is not dead nor doth he sleep;
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men."

Is the prophecy Utopian? Remember that at Christmas all the world is Utopia, and St. Nicholas is its patron saint.

“HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.”

*(Delivered at the Christmas High Jinks of the Bohemian Club,
December 29, 1894.)*

GENTLEMEN of Bohemia, and the strangers within our gates, Welcome! We have much to offer you this evening, and I bespeak your kind attention. I regret that we are so cramped in our quarters as to crowd you so closely together. This, however, assures me that we are all in touch.

During the past year you have been compelled to hear me do so much talking that you must be weary of the sound of my voice. I shall, therefore, let you off with a few remarks.

It is customary for one of our Bohemian artists to paint a cartoon for each Jinks. For this occasion we have this beautiful pastel from the easel of Arthur Matthews. Its conception was an inspiration; its execution was the work of a master.

Our musical director this evening is an old Bohemian friend, Lewis Schmidt. He is a prince of harmony, and, when he waves his baton, discords take their flight.

The Low Jinks will be sired by Mr. Charles Josselyn, whose manager is Mr. James M. Hamilton, the “Actors’ Friend.” From the posters hung upon our walls, and from the splendid programme which Mr. Josselyn has prepared, I can promise you a very merry conclusion to the evening’s entertainment.

As an ancient Roman said, "Hæc olim meminisse juvabit"—"Hereafter it will be pleasant to remember these things." Thus runs the legend upon the escutcheon of a college society to which I belonged when I was getting ready to knock at life's door and demand admittance. It was one of youth's rash prophecies, borrowed from the dead past to give fitting expression to the hopes of the living present. I have written this prophetic utterance upon the circular of this Christmas Jinks, anticipating its fulfillment as confidently as I did when life was younger and I had not even dreamed of Bohemia.

"Hereafter it will be pleasant to remember these things." True, the mistletoe and the holly, the cedar and the pine that now decorate our halls will wither and fade; the branches of the Christmas tree will droop, unvexed by their rare burdens; the Christmas bells will cease their chiming, and Christmas anthems will die away with the organ's peal; and yet no one would, or will, forget them.

Bohemia's Christmas always has been, is, and I hope always will be unique as well as interesting. We jest and we jibe, we drink and make merry, and yet, at Christmastide, when the eyes of the world, looking back over nineteen centuries, concentrate upon a lowly manger in the land of Judea, and behold in the birth of Mary's child the advent of the God who should give himself unto death upon the cross in order that the rest of mankind might sin with impunity, when "the angels' song rings everywhere, and all the earth is Holy-land," this Club, true to its history, always joins in the general reverence shown the Man of Galilee, tunes its harp to sacred strains, and sings those two sacred songs, Noel and Nazareth.

Looking back over the records of our High Jinks, I find that the Sires have done honor to nearly every distinguished man, to almost every theme, sacred or profane.

Tommy Newcomb talked of Thackeray, Paul Newman of Faust, Harry Edwards of Shakespeare, Frank Newlands of Hood, James Bowman of Tennyson, Judge Wheeler of Scott, Joe Ford of Dickens, Dr. Deane of Holmes, Beverly Cole of Byron, Smyth Clark of Burns, Hugh Burke of Hawthorne, Caspar Schenck of Lamb, Joe Redding of Utopia, and Phelan of the Muses, Judge Boalt of Illusions, and Barbour Lathrop of Dreams, General Barnes of the poets who have sung of war, Uncle George of the poets who have sung of the sea, and Fred Somers of An Ideal Bohemia; but it has always been the privilege of the President of the Club to sire the Christmas Jinks and talk of the Christ.

It matters not, in one sense, whether he was the son of God or of man; whether his crucifixion upon Calvary was the murder of a Divinity or the execution of a crank; whether the birth in the manger, the death on the cross, the ascension from the mount were parts of a divine plan for the redemption of man, or fictions of the human brain, Christmas is a heritage, come down to us from the centuries, wreathed with the smiles of children, opening our purses, illuminating our souls, spanning the chasms of hate with bridges of love, bringing to the level of peace and good-will man and master, bondman and free, filling our hearts with thanksgiving, and voicing our tongues with praise that, through fact or fancy, fanaticism or faith, we have this annual holiday when, just before the drop-curtain of the year falls upon the Play of Time, the Tragedy becomes a Comedy, the good are rewarded and the bad forgiven, the poor are remembered, and the rich are happy, and Love is queen; that, as the days of disappointment and nights of pain, the hours of anguish and moments of sorrow crowd the calendar of the months going glimmering through the dream of things that were, we have the

sweet consolation that the passing year can not close without bringing this Christmas-tide, when the hypnotism of love obliterates the ravages of hate, and so inclines our hearts and determines our conduct that we are able to exclaim, "Hereafter it will be pleasant to remember these things."

And now, my friends, I make this personal application. Nine months ago, in anticipation of Santa Claus, I hung up the stocking of the Presidency. At this Christmas festival I empty its contents before you. The alchemy of Bohemianism, the elixir of good-fellowship has modified all differences, softened all criticisms, eliminated all kicks; and my Christmas gifts are the kind indulgence and hearty good-will of all the members of this Club that we love so much, and which now seems to prosper so well. Hereafter it will be pleasant to me to remember these things; and when my days have fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, and life become a memory, it will be my pride and my pleasure to exclaim, as did Stoddard:

"My dreams, ambitions fine,
My youth, my joys divine,
My fasts, my feasts, my wine,
Were thine, Bohemia."

May this Club's Christmas holidays always come and go undimmed by the shadow of a cross! As at its Midsummer Jinks it cremates its cares, at its Christmas Jinks may it always forget them! And at Christmas, "when shepherds watch their flocks by night," when

"The bells of the ages ring,
And the little children sing
For the lifting of the yoke,
For the giving to the poor,
For that all-excelling art,

The building of the heart,
For the sure and lasting good
Of a common brotherhood,”

let us always write above our door in flaming letters of holly berries the inscription on the sun-dial found in the Garden of the Gods, “Nullas horas nisi serenas numero”—“No hours I count but happy ones”—for such hereafter it will be pleasant to recall.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

*(Delivered at the Christmas High Jinks of the Bohemian Club,
December 18, 1897.)*

MR. PRESIDENT AND SIRE, BROTHER BOHEMIANS: The woof of life is a strange intermingling of threads spun from sunshine and from shadow. Nowhere is this more apparent than in this Club, where the moralist and the minstrel, the poet and the punster, the judge and the jester, receive each in quick succession due attention and applause.

Although at a later hour this evening mirth and wit and revelry will here hold high carnival, "Noel" has just been sung, and our souls, charmed by the singer's voice, have risen to the spirit of the words and the music of this sacred song. While your ears are thus attuned and your minds so inclined, I shall try to pitch my few remarks in the same sacred key.

In the beginning, God said let there be light in the heavens. But this was a material, physical light, to guide our corporal feet along their devious pathways from the cradle to the grave. What light has he set in the heavens to dispel the darkness of the soul, to cause tears to sparkle like dewdrops in the sunhsine, to make life itself luminous? What is the Light of the World, whose Sun has no setting?

Is it Art? Art has been busy for centuries in beautifying the world and in teaching man to appreciate the perfection of God's handiwork. And yet, though its light may help to illumine man's condition, it has produced too often a mirage whose waters are but the sands of the desert and whose castles are in the air.

Is it Science? Its light burns most brilliantly only to increase the depth of its shadows, dazzling the eye but not warming the heart.

Is it Wealth? Though gold may feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and house the shelterless; equip armies, build navies, conquer kingdoms, and command science and art to fill its coffers and decorate its palaces; though to the eager eye of the Klondiker the aurora borealis may pale its ineffectual fire before the glitter of nuggets in the frozen north; though gold may seem to be a sun by day and a meteor by night, it is but a will-o'-the-wisp whose light is a fatal illusion, fading into Cimmerian darkness when one's feet are stumbling and danger is near.

Is it Liberty? The Cæsars and Napoleons of the past have too frequently snuffed out its flickering flame to allow its light to be an abiding hope to suffering humanity.

Is it Religion? Go read your Bibles and Korans! Recall the persecutions, inquisitions, and massacres in which priests have incited to death and destruction by the sign of the cross as well as the crescent. Was it the religion of those gods whose awful vengeance human sacrifice alone could appease? Was it the religion that on the Nile found expression in the mysteries of Isis, or in Greece in the mysteries of Eleusis? Was it the religion proclaimed on Mount Sinai 'mid thunder and lightning, and whose God was Jehovah, or was it that which sacrificed to Jupiter on Mount Olympus? Was it the religion of Zoroaster, whence came the wisdom of the Magi? Is it the religion of Islam, born of Mohammed's zeal and established by Mohammed's sword? Is it the religion of Buddha, in which there is neither prayer nor praise, neither supplication nor thanksgiving, neither bended knee nor upraised hand, which teaches that life

is but a succession of existences, self-upholding or self-debasing, and Nirvana a haven of "sinless, stirless rest" where "the aching craze to live ends, and life glides lifeless to nameless quiet, nameless joy," disappearing like a "dewdrop sinking into a shining sea"? Or is it the religion of Jesus Christ, whose God listens to prayer and invites to praise, and whose heaven is a home of eternal peace where life begins its immortality?

Is it Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Judaism, or Christianity?

No, it is none of these. The Light of the World never shone in India, Arabia, or Judea alone. To it all the world is Palestine. It is and must be omni-radiant, and this neither Art, nor Science, nor Gold is—no, nor Liberty or Religion either, whose lights have often gone out quenched in blood. The Light of the World is Love, and it sheds its radiance into life's darkest corners, brightening their atmosphere of gloom, and giving to night the promise of dawn, and has done so from the earliest moment of that initial day when life began.

The Light of the World is Love, and it illumines the hearts of men and shows how self is softened by sacrifice.

The Light of the World is Love, and it dispels the clouds that often veil the sun of happiness and the star of hope, and enables blind despair to see the path that leads to life's fulfillment.

The Light of the World is Love, and by the magic of its shining plenty fills many a board that had lacked a crust of bread, a downy couch pillows many a head that had tossed on bed of straw, and poverty becomes a partner of prosperity.

As all these flaming worlds revolve in space, tied all together and held in place by the invisible bonds of attraction that unite in one great central sun whence come all

light and life, so do all human souls pursue their appointed courses, tied all together by the invisible bonds of love that centre in the heart of the great Father of all and which Christians believe are guided thither by the hands of him who died on Calvary, and whose birth is celebrated at this Christmas festival.

Though all the nations do not acknowledge Christ as himself the Light of the World, yet all must admit him worthy to be the divine attendant, God-appointed, to keep alive the sacred flame in the lamp whose light is Love. Therefore it is of him that at this season, in Christian lands, the people, both young and old, high and low, rich and poor, those who wear a crown of gold, and those who wear a crown of thorns, to the accompaniment of the bells in every cross-tipped steeple and of the organs in every cathedral choir, exultantly sing "Hosannah to the Son of David, Hosannah in the Highest"—and all because Christ loved much and taught us that God is Love.

A CHRISTMAS-NEW YEAR TALK

(Delivered at the Christmas Dinner of the Bohemian Club, New Year's Eve, 1898.)

FELLOW-BOHEMIANS: It was a novel idea to give a Christmas dinner at the birth of the new year. The two occasions are not only different; they are opposites. The one concerns divinity and eternity, the other time and humanity. The one sees the cross upon its horizon, the other hopes for a crown. The one is the season when to give is a pleasure; the other, when to receive is an expectation. The two combined are extremely suggestive. Would that my tongue could utter the thoughts they suggest to me!

At this moment, when memory is chained to the departing year by mingled links of successes and failures, victories and defeats, rejoicings and repinings, thanksgivings and supplications, smiles and tears, heartaches and lovers' whisperings, orange-blossoms and cypress-boughs, cradles and new-made graves, and 1898 is going glimmering through the dream of things that were, its pathway lit by the light of other days, one becomes reminiscent and fain would exclaim: "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight."

At this moment, when memory is garlanded by hope, and hope is reaching out with eager hands to grasp the year now dawning, and anticipation, outstripping expectation, and paced by ambition, speeds along the rainbow path of promise to golden fulfillment, one would fain also exclaim, "Hasten, oh, hasten, Time, in your flight!"

At this moment of such conflicting emotions, when the mind wanders from pleasures past to joys to come, and from honors to be gained to laurels worn and won, let us solve the doubt by letting go of the yesterdays we can not hold, by looking only toward the tomorrows we needs must face, and by joining in sincerest welcome to the future that comes apace.

At this moment, when Christmas carols, sung anew to the accompaniment of New-Year's bells, glorify the birth of this new year, the youngest born child of Time, the heir of all the years before and since Christ was born, let us imagine that our hearts are belfries pointing to the skies, and that in each the bells in joyous chorus are ringing out a New-Year's carol of peace and prosperity to all who dwell beneath the stars.

If such be the outcome of our thoughts this evening, then will the magic of true philosophy have entered our lives, and started us aright as path-finders through the unexplored days of 1899, each one to his own El Dorado.

And now that, after the storm and stress of war, white-winged Peace, like the dove of old, has returned bearing the olive-branch to intertwine with the mistletoe in Spanish and American homes alike, and in the islands of the eastern and western seas, and at this Christmas-tide all the Christian nations again can join in the chorus the angels sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men," may this nation at the opening of its new-born, battle-christened career prove itself a safe path-finder through the days of the year this night beginning; may this path lead to its El Dorado, the happiness of its people, and the leadership of the nations in the cause of man's humanity to man, and may its sun by day and its pillar of fire by night through all the coming years be the torch that liberty holds to light the world! Then will all mankind acclaim that every American soldier

and sailor who gave his life for his flag in the Spanish-American War of 1898 nobly died, whereby millions may nobly live.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

(Delivered at the High Jinks of the Bohemian Club, December 22, 1900.)

[The theme was the meeting of the three wise men as narrated in "Ben Hur," adapted to the occasion. The scene is the tent of a Sheik in the desert. A Hindoo, an Egyptian, and a Greek enter, and tell each the story of his faith, and the revelation as to the birth of Christ. The Greek speaks this speech.]

MOST REVEREND AND WISE SHEIK:

"From the land of Delphi am I come,
Where seated on the centre of the world
His oracles Apollo to mankind
Of yore disclosed, ever chanting of events
To come."

From the prince to the peasant, all alike ever wanted to know what would follow the setting of the sun.

In this insatiable longing to anticipate the slow march of time, to peep behind the curtain of the future and know what of good or ill tomorrow holds for our weal or woe, to unlock the gates of Fate, and tread before our time the pathways of the gods; in this impatience with the present, this curiosity as to the future, lie man's surest promise of life hereafter, the cause of his unrest, the mainspring of his ambition, the inspiration of his highest aspirations towards eternity.

In my youth I believed in all the gods that the fertile fancy of my people could create. I found gods in stones,

goddesses in the running brooks, and divinity in everything. "God was in the sea and sky—He lived in light and rode in storm."

From the foam of ocean's crests we fashioned Aphrodite, that earth might share with heaven in the worship of the beautiful. Artists out of marble carved her form divine, and to her altars were raised whence leaped the sacred flame, and men worshiped at her shrine and called her Love, "for there is than Love no holier name," and thus addressed her:

"Thou art the love celestial, seeking still
The soul beneath the form;
The unseen beauty that doth faintly gleam
In stars, and flowers, and waters where they roll;
The unheard music whose faint echoes, even,
Make whosoever hears a homesick soul
Thereafter, until he follows it to heaven."

But Aphrodite was but one of those we worshiped. In gentle zephyrs we heard the love sighs of Aeolus, while in the howlings of the wind we, trembling, listened to the storm-god's anger.

Lovers, walking hand-clasped beneath the starry skies, plighted anew their faith at sight of Argus keeping sleepless vigil over Io as she sailed her lunar course throughout the stilly night.

In the laurel we beheld the trembling Daphne, and read therein the story of Beauty's flight and Love's immortal adoration.

In the mist of the mountain, in the spray of the river, in the bubble of the fountain, divinity stood revealed, and the rainbow was the blush of the goddess of showers from the ardent kissing of the Sun.

In the echo men recognized the voice of the gods of the hills and rocks and resounding caves. But alas, these

gods but repeated the questions they were asked, and therein lay the disappointment of our theology.

Mankind outgrows the mythic fancies sung to it in its youth, and so I outgrew my mythology. As I advanced in years and thought, and imagination and hope gave place to reason and doubt, I tired of fancy, and longed for the ultimate fact. Had I a soul? Was this soul immortal? Were all my gods foredestined to the tomb? Was the butterfly, whose gossamer wings, illumined with sunshine, glowing resplendent with the radiance of many flowers, the divinity of a summer garden, or was it the fluttering emblem of the soul, or was it but a beauteous creature of daylight and of death?

These and many other questions perplexed and puzzled me, and I studied the philosophers. To Socrates I went for light and guidance. Him the Oracle had proclaimed the wisest man of Greece. Plato was to me his interpreter. I was told that feeling and fancy are false guides, the fire-flies of the night of thought; that knowledge alone is virtue, and ignorance is the cardinal sin, and that if man knew the right he could not the wrong pursue. I was taught that wisdom and truth are above wealth and honor and reputation; that from virtue comes every good to man; that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or death, and that he and his are not neglected by the gods; but I was left in doubt as to the immortality of the soul.

Was death a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or was it a migration of the soul from this world to another?

Socrates solved not the problem of the soul. Said he to his judges, just before he drank the poisoned draught, "The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better, God only knows."

From Socrates and his disciples, Plato and Aristotle, I turned to Epicurus, and I was told that the death of the body is the end of the soul, and the end of our hopes no less than of our fears.

Said Epicurus:

"Ah, mark those pearls of sunrise! Fast and free
Upon the waves they are dancing. Souls shall be
Things that outlast their bodies, when each spark
Outlasts its wave, each wave outlasts the sea.

"Flakes of the water, on the waters cease,
Soul of the body, melt and sleep like these.
Atoms to atoms—weariness to rest—
Ashes to ashes—hopes and fears to peace!"

This was the philosophy of the finite, a creed rounded by the cradle and the grave, the negation of immortality, the doctrine of the endless, starless, dreamless night of the soul.

From this strangling of hope, this quenching of thirst for the waters of the Pierian spring, I recoiled in protest and in disappointment. If this were true, then what fools we had been to kill great Pan, and Olympus to dethrone; then in vain had Apollo broken his lyre, unstrung his bow, and ceased to illumine the heavens with his shafts of light; then had Phœbus from his car been hurled only this earth to darkness doom; then truly had all our gods become Niobes, and the winds and the rains were their sighs and tears.

And yet, with my Pantheon in ruins, the idols of my youth heaps of broken marble, the voices of the winds and trees and running streams no more eloquent of deity, God-head banished from the world, and my soul without a future, I turned again, with relief, to the voice of Epicurus:

"Rest, brother, rest. Have you done ill or well,
Rest, rest. There is no God, no gods."

Then it was that in the lonely watches of the night I heard a new voice say: "Get thee up, gird thy loins, and into the land of Judea make thy journey. There arrived, thy guide shall be a star. Follow it until it halts above a lowly stable. There in a manger will be born of a virgin the only Son of the one God, the Redeemer of mankind, come to teach the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, the life to come, and that the grave is but the gateway to heaven to those who believe in the one God, and in His only begotten Son."

Here was the answer instead of the echoed question.

Therefore, O Sheik, in my search for truth I have crossed the sea to this consecrated land, my heart rejuvenated with the new birth of hope, my soul's confidence in its immortality restored by this promise, my mind ready to accept this new faith. Let us journey to Bethlehem; thitherward beckons God's messenger of light.

"THE TEMPEST"

*(Delivered at a Shakspearean Breakfast given to Frederick
Warde by W. Greer Harrison, Bohemian
Club, February 10, 1895.)*

MR. CHAIRMAN: This beautiful table, loaded with meat and drink, and garnished with flowers—this room decorated with the work of artists and resplendent with light—this large company of cultured and jovial Bohemians, do honor to your generous hospitality; and the subject to which you have requested us all to direct our thoughts bespeaks your good literary taste, and is a deserved compliment to your distinguished guests, Messrs. Warde and James, whose proud and successful claim to public favor is largely based upon their magnificent and artistic productions of the Tragedies of Shakspeare.

Our theme is Shakspeare; Shakspeare's theme—a poet thus defines it:

"Whate'er we know, whate'er we dream,
All things that are, all things that seem,
All that in Nature's Academe
Her graduates learn
Was Shakspeare's theme."

In none of his immortal plays did the genius of this great dramatist shine more brilliantly than in "The Tempest," wherein he epitomized himself in the magician's role of Prospero. I beg leave to ask your attention to a few thoughts suggested by this beautiful idyl of the sea.

A king and suite were returning to Naples from the

Afric shores, whither they had journeyed to give in marriage an Italian princess to the lord of Tunis. A storm overtook them. The winds tore the royal sails, the waves rolled mountains high and threatened to overwhelm the royal ship. It was a time when strong hands and brave hearts were needed to fight the ocean in its angriest mood, and combat the winds in their wildest fury. It was the moment of the Storm King's rule, when His Majesty of the winds and waves and thunder-laden clouds, his sceptre the lightning's flash, brooked no rivalship, human or divine, blotting out even the stars with his besom of destruction. At such a time manhood asserts its leadership, and so-called royal hearts oft quail beneath the kingly ermine. The ship trembled, the thunder pealed, the lightning flashed as if it would burn the tattered sails upon the masts, and the frightened monarch, forgetting his usual tone of command, in suppliant voice pleaded: “Good Boatswain, have care! Where's the Master? Play the men!”

“I pray you, keep below!” yelled the Boatswain, as he battled with the storm.

“Where's the Master, Boatswain?” begged one of the shivering nobles.

“Do you not hear him?” shouted he whom danger had for the moment made the king. “You mar our labor; keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.”

“Nay, good, be patient!” came back the pleading reply; whereupon this man of the people, this common sailor, rising in the fullness of his courage and strength to the grandeur of the occasion, and indignant at their interruption, replied, in tones of command: “When the sea is. Hence! *What care these roarers for the name of King?*”

At this brave utterance the listening spirits of the air, sent forth by Prospero's magic wand, must have cried “Bravo!” and He who rules the heavens and the earth,

whose sceptre sways o'er land and sea, and whose kingdom extends o'er all the worlds that revolve in space, must have exclaimed, "Bravely said!" Nothing more eloquent ever fell from mortal lips, or stirred listening multitudes to loudest applause. The Tribunes of the people from this humble mariner could take profitable example.

Shakspeare could not only be eloquent, he could also be tender. With a master's skill he played upon the human heart, arousing at will every passion that makes or mars humanity.

We admire and marvel at the men his genius created; we love the women his fancy painted.

We picture Viola as she described Olivia,

"'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:"

and every lover for centuries since thus has idealized his heart's Viola.

We can hear Cordelia's voice, "ever soft, gentle, and low," and we weep sympathetic tears as we read that tender description of her:

"You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like a better day: Those happy smiles,
That played on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropped."

We wander at evening 'neath Italian skies, and remember that Juliet's

"Eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night."

But, above them all, more than Rosalind or Juliet, Desdemona or Imogen, Viola or Ophelia, Cordelia or Isabella, Shakspeare loved Miranda. He created her as beautiful

as the morning, as pure as an angel, and upon the unwritten tablet of her soul the first word he penciled was *love*.

There was more magic in her eye than in Prospero's wand, and we do not wonder that Ferdinand, listening to the mysterious music of the invisible singer, on first beholding her, should exclaim, "Most sure, the goddess on whom these airs attend," and that forthwith he worshiped her. Read all the romances of all the ages, and nowhere will you find another so eloquent a declaration of love as that in which he thus addressed her:

"Admired Miranda!

Indeed the top of admiration! Worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil; but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!"

How beautiful her reply, as she offered herself to him as guilelessly as does the rose when at morn she lifts her dewey lips to be kissed by the sun:

"Hence, bashful cunning,
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid."

Is not such a picture a strange one in a tempest? Did not Shakspeare intend her to be the rainbow after the storm?

Should a tempest shipwreck any of us, may some good Prospero wave his magic wand o'er our misfortunes, as

o'er this Prince of Naples, and transport us to some enchanted isle where a Miranda waits in holy innocence, to be the inspiration and the source of a new prosperity.

“ILLUSIONS”

*(Delivered at a Dinner at the Bohemian Club, April 17, 1897,
celebrating the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the Club and
the Eightieth Birthday of George T. Bromley.)*

MR. PRESIDENT: Among the many paintings that adorn our walls one of the most interesting is the portrait of Emperor Norton, an old character who was some years ago a familiar figure on our streets. Robert Louis Stevenson in his story entitled “The Wrecker” thus refers to him and to San Francisco:

“In what other city would a harmless madman who supposed himself the emperor of the two Americas have been so fostered and encouraged? Where else would even the people of the streets have respected the poor soul’s illusions?”

The explanation of this circumstance is found in the fact that the career of this old man characterized an era of illusions in California. People had been and were still rushing to this State, believing it the long sought El Dorado of their hopes, where the manna of wealth fell in showers of gold. California at that time was itself an illusion. A mysterious land, separated from the rest of the world on one side by a range of mountains whose snowy peaks chill the clouds and on the other by the sea into whose multitudinous waters sink the sky at the point where the eye quits seeing, it seemed a country for which God had done everything. Poets sang of it as the land

"Where summers never cease
Their sunny psalm of light and peace,
Whose moonlight, poured for years untold,
Has drifted down in dust of gold,
Whose morning splendors fallen in showers,
Leave ceaseless sunrise in her flowers."

I can imagine that it was then described in glowing terms as the daughter of the setting sun, "a fair vestal throned by the West," around her brow a wreath of orange blossoms, over her head a bower of roses, at her feet a carpet of wild flowers, in her eye the blue of the violet, and in her hair a golden sheen; her dowry cattle upon a thousand hills, rivers flowing over sands of gold, mountains ribbed with wealth untold, vales where grow the clustering vine, myriad casks of purple wine, boundless fields of waving grain, coffers filled with countless gain.

At that time a man without an illusion had no place in our midst, and generally returned to the abandoned farms of New England. It was during that period, and just twenty-five years ago, that this Club was founded, the cornerstone of its temple being the illusion of the owl, and the columns of its portico being those four illusions—Art, Letters, Music, and the Drama. On its portals was inscribed "Good-fellowship," at its shrine was worshiped the beautiful, and it was named Bohemia. Upon its outer wall it hung out a banner bearing this strange device: "Weaving spiders come not here." Where else but in this land of illusions could such a club have sprung into existence, and so grown and strengthened as to survive the change of circumstance that the years have wrought on its surroundings?

These reflections suggest some thoughts to which I ask your attention.

Illusion is the rainbow path of promise along which we follow hope to the not always mythical bag of gold. It is the sun whose rays light us on the way to the ideal. It is the atmosphere that gives to the real a beauty that it does not possess. Without it art would not exist, music would be meaningless, letters would fill no pages, and the curtain would never rise upon the mimic stage. The artist paints what he feels, and his picture is not to us what it is, but what it seems. The orator and novelist appeal to the soul's aspirations and epitomize only its dreams. The musician transports us on wings of harmony to Elysian fields whose presiding spirit is unreality. The actor openly acknowledges that his world is that of the make-believe.

The illusions of life are its inspirations.

It is in the illusions of youth that life's ambitions are born. It is with the illusions of the heart that love's fires are kept burning. It is from the illusions of the mind that genius culls the flowers of fancy to garland this world of fact.

It was through the illusion of beauty that

"There fell a vision to Praxitiles;
Watching thro' drowsy lids the loitering seas
That lay caressing with white arms of foam
The sleeping marge of his Ionian home,
He saw great Aphrodite standing near,
Knew her, at last, the beautiful he had sought
With life-long passion, and in love and fear
Into unsullied stone the vision wrought."

It was the illusion of love that caused Anthony to barter fame and fortune, conquest and coronet, Rome, the world, for a wanton's smiles, and linked together for all time the names of Anthony and Cleopatra in the greatest love story of the ages.

It was the same illusion that diverted Dante's thoughts from the Divine Comedy to the sad-eyed Beatrice, immortal-

ized Laura with the pen of Petrarch, and wiped out the hate of the Montagues and the Capulets with the sacrifice of Romeo and Juliet.

It is the illusion of youth and beauty that orange blossoms will never fade, and that their perfume will ever scent the future with sweet remembrances, and it is this illusion alone that keeps wedding bells a-ringing.

It was the illusion of superstition that inspired the peasant maid of Donremy to hear in the chiming of the church bells the voices of angels calling her to lead the Dauphin to Rheims to be crowned, whereby was the fulfillment had of an ancient prophecy that a virgin should rescue and redeem France, and thus was the name of Joan of Arc spoken by the muse of history into the phonograph of time, the whispering gallery of the centuries.

Though it is the illusion of faith that shocked humanity by the massacre of the Armenians, and today hurls Christian and Moslem at each other's throats, endangering the peace of two continents, it is the same illusion that robs death of its sting and the grave of its victory, and makes the crown of thorns the glory of those who die in the Lord, and to the followers of the Prophet pictures heaven as a period of perpetual youth companioned by dark-eyed maidens whose home is in the hollow of a pearl.

Though it is the illusion of patriotism that has devastated Cuba and Crete, it is the same illusion that leads Maceo to a hero's grave, crowning his name with matchless fame, and that will yet pluck the gem of the Antilles from the blood-stained crown of Spain; that has rekindled in Greece that spirit that fought at Marathon, and is now impelling Greeks, at the call of Pallas Athene, to hasten from earth's remotest corners, from the Golden Gate to the "gate of the mid-world's sea," to fight, and, if need be, to die for their native land.

Though it was the illusion of liberty, equality, and fraternity that cut off the heads of a king and a queen and deluged a land with noble blood that Napoleon might rear his empire of the sword upon the liberties of France, it was this same illusion that founded our great Republic, and afterwards rent it asunder with fratricidal strife that it might become a united nation with no longer a North or a South, and no longer a slave beneath its flag.

But enough of instances! These are sufficient to satisfy us that though illusion may be a will-o'-the-wisp, leading us often by its false light to disappointment and defeat, it at least leads us somewhere, onward if not always upward; that though it may be a mirage covering the desert with mythical waters and building marble cities out of clouds, yet it revives drooping energies and rekindles flagging hopes, and at least postpones the end that we must inevitably find somewhere.

Let us, therefore, cherish our illusions and envy old Emperor Norton. His illusion was respected and never dispelled. He fancied himself a monarch, and never knew that his kingdom was but the baseless fabric of a dream. How much more fortunate he was than Napoleon, who believed that his star would guide him to universal sovereignty, and died a lonely prisoner on the isle of St. Helena, bewailing his lost illusion.

Let us envy this Club! It has no lost illusions. It still worships the owl, cheers the orator, applauds the musician, encourages the artist, believes in good-fellowship, and clings to its banner with its proclamation against weaving spiders. Above all these it cherishes one special illusion. It believes that Uncle George is an old man because the years have come and gone for him some eighty times, frosting his locks and making slow his steps. May it for many years hug this illusion to its breast, for its arms thereby more

closely enfold him in loving care and tenderness.. The fact is that he really is a young man, rejuvenated by a cheerfulness and amiability that grow with his years, and that make him dearer and dearer to us in this club of illusions.

BOHEMIA

(Delivered in the Redwoods at the Midsummer Jinks of the Bohemian Club, July 23, 1898. The theme of the Jinks was "Days of Long Ago." The speaker appeared as a Greek scholar of the first century of the Christian Era.)

WHERE is Bohemia? What is Bohemia? These questions will go querying down the ages, and answers will be diverse, contradictory, and erroneous, according to the temperament, knowledge, and prejudices of the answerers. To millions Bohemia will ever be a distant country, known only by report, and this report too frequently a false and malicious one. Too often has my blood boiled when I have heard the wineshops of Athens spoken of as Bohemia's only favorite haunts. Too often has my heart bled when I have heard it said that life in Bohemia means only idleness by day and revelry by night. People who so speak have drunk only of the froth, and missed the flavor of the wine beneath.

To me Bohemia is a land where truth triumphs over falsehood; where beauty brightens life, and ugliness is pain; where culture breeds refinement, and ignorance is disgrace; and where art elevates man's ambitions and idealizes his inspirations. To me Bohemia is a condition of life wherein man attains his highest level in the worship of the true, the beautiful, and the good.

Bohemianism is both a conscious and unconscious appreciation of the ideal. It ennobles and refines, and lifts man's

gaze from the sod to the sun. Out of Bohemia men stoop because of their perpetual digging in the earth for gold. In Bohemia they stand erect that they may better see the stars.

Bohemia is everywhere. Though, like the earth, it has its pits and its peaks, its deep canyons always in the shadow, and its broad uplands always in the sunshine, its dismal swamps where death ever lurks, and its bright valleys where life ever blooms resplendent, its waters of Lethe and its immortelles, yet, like life, its evolution is ever upward, its aim is perfection, and its hereafter the accomplishment thereof.

The true children of Bohemia are artists and all who worship art though ever so humbly, poets and all whose souls keep rythmic step with the pulse of humanity, musicians and all whose ears revel in the harmonies of the universe, and every soldier who fights for an ideal, whether it be a flag or a fancy.

The true children of Bohemia build our temples, adorn them with statues, and place laurel wreaths on the sculptor's brow, strike the lyre and charm the world with song, dip their brushes in rainbow tints and give expression to Art, lecture in the porticos, write in the libraries, and speak on the rostrums—and just as true children of Bohemia are all those also who follow, learn from, sympathize with, and appreciate these.

In Bohemia Genius is the Sun, the God of its idolatry, and Bohemians all are Fire-worshippers.

Bohemia is the Republic of Brains, wherein any creation of the intellect is a certain passport to preferment, and where merit never fails of recognition.

Therefore I love Bohemia, and with one of our poets*
I exclaim,

"I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land;
For only there are the values true;
And the laurels gathered in all men's view.
The prizes of traffic and state are won
By shrewdness of force or by deeds undone;
But fame is sweeter without the feud,
And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd.
Here, pilgrims stream with a faith sublime
From every class and clime and time,
Aspiring only to be enrolled
With the names that are writ in the book of gold;
And each one bears in mind or hand
A palm of the dear Bohemian land:
The scholar first, with his book—a youth
Aflame with the glory of harvested truth;
A girl with a picture, a man with a play,
A boy with a wolf he has modeled in clay;
A smith with a marvelous hilt and sword,
A player, a king, a ploughman, a lord—
And the player is king when the door is past,
The ploughman is crowned, and the lord is last!
I'd rather fail in Bohemia than win in another land;
There are no titles inherited there,
No hoard or hope for the brainless heir;
No gilded dullard native born
To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn:
Bohemia has none but adopted sons;
Its limits, where Fancy's bright stream runs;
Its honors, not garnered for thrift or trade,
But for beauty and truth men's souls have made."

Down the centuries before my prophetic gaze stretches
the ever lengthening procession of Bohemians, all traveling
the paths now trodden by Homer and Sophocles, Apelles,
Phidias and Praxitiles, Socrates and Demosthenes, Plato

*(A pardonable anachronism. The lines are by John Boyle O'Reilly.)

and Aristotle. This procession will be interrupted, as it can march only by the light of day. There will come a long night whose darkness shall be unlit by light of single star, and then a new day shall dawn whose sun shall know no setting, and sculpture and painting and music and song and philosophy and poetry and letters and science shall make the whole world Bohemia, and all the children of the sons of men will be Bohemians.

In a land beyond the setting sun, not yet by great Jove created, a new people shall be born, and, inheritors of Greek art and culture, they shall kneel at the shrine of the beautiful, and their souls by music shall be swayed. They shall assemble in a temple not built by hands, columned by trees and roofed by heaven's star-gemmed dome, o'er whose portal they shall inscribe "Bohemia," and o'er its altar "Truth and Beauty" all shall read, and humanity shall be its divinity. This to me the gods foretell.

“BOHEMIA”

*(Delivered at the dedication of the new Jinks Room of the
Bohemian Club, October 28, 1899.)*

MR. PRESIDENT: I am asked to speak of “Bohemia of the Future.” I must necessarily be brief, as we can see but a little of the future, and that dimly. Our foresight is limited, and can consume but little time in the telling.

It is a maxim that all things come to him who waits, and this evening we so believe. Long have we waited for the coming of this occasion. In our dreams only have we imagined Jinks free from asphyxiation and from draughts winged with colds. Although the medical profession much affects this Club, we have not for years had a so-called “Doctors’ ” Jinks, because the Doctors claimed them all as their own. But their day has gone with the badly ventilated, overcrowded rooms, and this Club will henceforth breathe fresh air. At last, in this our waking hour, our dream has come true, and we Ex-Presidents, adorned like so many Solomons in all their glory, and shining only by the light of other days, are gathered together as a syndicate of Has Beens, a motley group of those who did not, to do honor to the President who did, to celebrate his achievement, this fulfillment of our hopes, the dedication of this handsome Jinks Room. Here the Owl will have full plenty room to wide-spread her wings, but without any desire to take her flight.

This occasion, this spacious theater, all this splendor, is not only a cause for rejoicing, but is suggestive of some serious reflections, and more than all, the query, "*What Constitutes Bohemia?*"

Bohemianism may find a contented home within the narrow confines of a cottage, or it may be to the manner born in marble halls. It may be twin brother to poverty, or it may chum with wealth. It may thrive on hope while pinched with hunger, or it still may hope, though it wax fat on milk and honey.

The heroes of Bohemia may be clad in rags or dressed in purple and fine linen, and it matters not. They would not be its heroes if it did matter.

Bohemia has the witchcraft of contracting or expanding to its surroundings, and is independent of material environment.

Bohemianism is the emotional side of life. It is the soul manifesting itself in the infinite varieties of genius, finding expression here in rhythmic lines, there in melodious song; here in words that burn, there in harmonies that exalt; here in the living canvas, there in the breathing marble. Its magician's wand is alike the pen or pencil, the brush or baton. Its heritage is genius, its life-blood is appreciation, its daily food is good companionship. It is the human aspect of humanity.

The religion of Bohemia is the worship of the beautiful, and to its altar come with equal welcome those who kneel in voiceless prayer and they who voice their holy zeal with brilliancy and with power. No temple can be too grand, no chapel too humble, for its shrine. Bohemia is Bohemia for a' that.

Your programme speaks of Bohemia of the past, Bohemia of the present, Bohemia of the future. There can be no

such classification. Bohemia ever was, is, and always must be the same. Bohemians change, not Bohemia.

There have been in this Club in the past Bohemians whom it was a privilege to meet and who have left "a wholesome memory" behind them, some whose names fame has made immortal, and some whose only Pantheon is the heart of every one who knew them.

There are amongst us at the present Bohemians who are faithful to the traditions of this Club, and who not unworthily bear aloft the Banner of the Owl.

There will be in the future those to take our places who will be men of high ideals, and who will cherish their inheritance. Neither the past nor the present has exhausted the wit or wisdom of this community.

This Club will therefore live. But to live up to its opportunities it must be true to its name. It must always tend with watchful care the lamp whose flame giveth warmth and light, but burneth not. It must never forget the beggar at its gates, nor bow down before the seats of the mighty. It must always cultivate the simplicity of childhood, the faith of womanhood, the strength of manhood. It must ever prize books and pictures, songs and symphonies, more than gold or precious stones. If it so lives, if these be ever its Ten Commandments, then this material growth and prosperity will inure to its advancement, and, like our country, it may expand and expand, and the world will be the better therefor.

How shall I typify the "Spirit of Bohemia"? Upon the canvas of your imagination what picture shall I paint that will mean to you Bohemia? I will dip my brush in the rainbow, or, mayhap, the sunset sky, from sweetest memories I will recall the fairest face, and I will paint the picture of a beautiful woman, just descended from the clouds, daughter of the roseate dawn, in her eyes the light

of morning hope inspiring, around her sable locks a wreath of holly giving promise of festivity. I will picture her standing a-tiptoe on the green earth, and you will instantly exclaim "Bohemia!"—because in your minds will be the thought that where woman treads flowers grow, and such is Bohemia's mission, to cultivate the flowers of art and poetry and music and letters, to make living joyous, to make life beautiful.

Lo, the picture! Behold!

[Here was unveiled a painting by Theodore Wores, entitled "Bohemia Victrix."]

CALIFORNIA

*(Delivered at a Jinks given by the Bohemian Club, May 15, 1901,
to President McKinley and his Cabinet.)*

SIRE AND GENTLEMEN: Among the interesting stories that flowed from the pen of the author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" is "The Legend of Monte del Diablo."

Before the Gringo came, so runs this legend, a Spanish priest left the Mission of San Pablo to explore the surrounding country, and, mayhap, establish another station of the cross where the heathen could find salvation. He bent his steps towards a neighboring mountain, since called Mt. Diablo, and made its difficult ascent. Arrived at the top he encountered an elderly Hidalgo, whom he divined to be his Satanic Majesty in disguise.

After a few moments' conversation, the Hidalgo said to the priest, "Look to the West," and at the waving of his plumed hat the fog melted away, leaving clear the landscape of the distant ocean, the bay, the rivers, the mountain defiles, and the rolling plains yellow with grain as if carpeted with cloth of gold. The good father looked, and he beheld long cavalcades of cavaliers defiling from every ravine and canyon, all marching towards the sea, where stately caravels awaited them; and above these marching hosts and from the masts of these caravels glittered the cross of Santiago and the royal banners of Castile and Aragon. As the priest was gazing at this strange spectacle the Hidalgo said: "Thou hast beheld, Sir priest, the depart-

ing footprints of adventurous Castile. Thou hast seen the declining glory of old Spain. The scepter she hath wrested from the heathen is fast dropping from her decrepit and failing grasp. The soil she hath acquired shall be lost to her irrevocably."

The old churchman raised his priestly hand in benediction, and exclaimed: "Farewell, ye gallant cavaliers and Christian soldiers! Farewell thou, Nunes de Balboa! Thou, Alonzo de Ojeda! and thou most venerable Las Casas!"

"Now look to the East," said the Hidalgo, and the father beheld advancing through the passes of the snowy mountains a strange host, all with the blue eyes and flaxen hair of a Saxon race, and at their head waved a tri-colored banner of red, white, and blue, inscribed with no religious symbol, but only star-bespangled.

"Behold," said the Hidalgo, "the future rulers of this land, and of distant islands where Spain now holds sway."

Mr. President, such is the legend; such we know now is also history. The Anglo-Saxon came to this land of the Spaniard, and founded a State, and he called this State by its Spanish name, California; and fifty-one years ago California knocked at the door of the Union, and asked for admission into the sisterhood of States. Like Minerva, born full grown from the brain of Jove, California was born fully equipped as a State. Her letter of credentials was her constitution, wherein she pledged herself to freedom.

She came "neither as a suppliant nor with the arrogance of presumption, but simply that she might be permitted to reap the common benefits, share the common ills, and promote the common welfare as one of the United States of America."

Standing without the portal, to her astonished ear there came from within mutterings of dissension. With alarm she heard the giants of the land forecasting the dissolution

of the Union if she were admitted with her constitution prohibiting slavery. Desirous of enlisting under the banner of freedom, she was dismayed to hear that her enlistment was opposed because of her self-dedication to the cause of liberty.

Nay, more! Imagine her surprise when she heard the great Webster, the expounder of the constitution and champion of the Union, whose fame, like England's drum-beat, encircled the world, thus describe her to the Senate of the United States:

"California and New Mexico are Asiatic in their formation and scenery. They are composed of vast ranges of mountains of enormous height, with broken ridges and deep valleys. The sides of these mountains are entirely barren, their tops capped by perennial snow. There may be in California, and no doubt there are, some tracts of valuable land."

Gentlemen, now that you have traversed our fertile valleys, wandered through our orange groves, marveled at the giants of our forests, thanked God anew for the beauty of our fields carpeted with flowers, and the chromatic glory of our floral tapestry, and beheld a Garden of Eden so full of apples that there is no temptation to partake thereof, a Garden of Eden so fair that there would have been no fall of man if Adam and Eve had had the good fortune to dwell therein; now that you have beheld this golden land by the sunset sea to which Nature has been so bountiful, you can appreciate how great the transition from 1850 to 1901, from the administration of Taylor to that of McKinley, and how distant San Francisco was from Washington in those days when so great a senator as Webster could so mis-describe California.

But, to return to the days of 1850, when California stood at the Senate door impatiently listening to the storm that

her application had aroused. Imagine her delight, after Webster's remarkable utterances, in hearing another voice, like silver chiming amidst discordant brass, the voice of one whose patriotism was anchored firmly in the Union's strength, whose statesmanship was as broad as the continent, and whose faith in our future was the inspiration of prophecy, the voice of Seward predicting the westward and wonderful growth of the Republic, and thus pleading in her behalf:

"Let California come in. Every new State, whether she come from the East or from the West—every new State, coming from whatever part of the continent she may—is always welcome. But California, that comes from the clime where the West dies away into the rising East—California, which bounds at once the empire and the continent—California, the youthful Queen of the Pacific, in her robes of freedom, gorgeously inlaid with gold—is doubly welcome."

In the Congressional Globe this speech is entitled "California, Union, and Freedom." We like this title, though we would have written it "Freedom, Union, and California." But, however phrased, the words are rightly joined. The winds that sweep o'er California's hills and dales, perfumed by the incense of blossoming trees and flowering plants, never bore to listening ears the clanking of a bondman's chains.

Such is her love for the Union that she has supplemented the verdict of Appomattox with a declaration in her Bill of Rights that "The State of California is an inseparable part of the American Union."

Thanks to the independence that Jefferson penned and Washington accomplished! Thanks to this Union that Washington inaugurated, and Marshall consummated, and Lincoln and Grant made indissoluble, and that under the

wise leadership of William McKinley has so expanded in territory and increased in might and majesty as to attract the wonder and arouse the anxiety of the nations! Thanks to the flag of this Union in whose empyrean all the States as stars are fixed eternally, like pearls in a sapphire setting, this State of California looks forward to a glorious destiny.

The star of her destiny is the morning star of the new-born century. O'er the Golden Gate it glitters, diademming this youthful Queen of the Pacific, in her robes of freedom, gorgeously inlaid with gold.

Though California must ever bound the continent, she will never again bound the empire, for our flag will never retire from those islands of the Eastern seas where fate and valor planted it, and where wisdom and valor have maintained it.

THE GRAPE: ITS USES, JUICES, AND ABUSES

(Delivered at a High Jinks of the Bohemian Club, October, 1900.

William Sproule, Sire.)

MR. SIRE: "The Grape: Its Juices, Uses, and Abuses," is not only a very alliterative theme, but is also very fruitful, and suggests liberal treating. It affords many opportunities for oratory, poetry, and wit; but these opportunities knock not at my door. They are frightened away by the watering-cart they see standing there.

Did my purse and my gout permit the daily gratification of my appetite for dusty, cobwebby bottles of Lafite, I could write a thesis to prove that the use of the juice becomes an abuse except in the hands of a master. As it is, I must walk by the light of other nights, and draw upon my memory for my headaches. If one would thoroughly appreciate the grape, he must himself tread the wine-press, and with reverent feet press out the juice whose use or abuse will give wings to fancy, or feet of lead to fact. Fate wills that each one must himself tread the wine-press, and from the grapes of his own vineyard press the juice whose use will give inspiration to aspiration, and whose abuse may bring fascination, but will surely bring degradation.

On gently sloping hills, in nestling vales, kissed by the sun, begemmed with the dew, and caressed by the rustling leaves, grows the enpurpling grape.

In every cluster is remembrance and forgetfulness, hope and regret, anticipation and disappointment, love and hate,

ambition and despair, courage and fear, the fleetness of the deer and the sloth of the snail, the eagle's instinct to rise, man's readiness to fall.

Into its juice the magician dips his wand, and lo! there appear "elves of the hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves, and those that on the sand with printless foot chase the ebbing Neptune."

Into its juice the artist dips his brush, and the moth becomes as iridescent as the butterfly, leaden skies as prismatic as the Aurora Borealis, a cloudy morning so beautiful as to wake the singing of the lark.

Into its juice the poet dips his pen, and the rhythm of our hearts and the music of our souls make life melodious.

Its juice the orator quaffs, and thoughts that live and words that burn in eloquence wring plaudits from the stars.

Oh, the juice of the grape!

It is diplomacy, and statesmen avoid the shedding of good blood by the drinking of good wine.

It is business, and money-kings coin ducats out of the bubbles of sparkling wine.

It is fellowship, and friendship is born of a bottle of wine.

It is passion, and the flower of love blooms in blushing beauty when sprinkled with wine.

It is surcease from pain, relief from sorrow, rest from labor, triumph's reward.

It is the chariot of fancy, and its path is the rainbow.

It is the Pegasus of genius, and its wings are aglow with the lightning.

It is the fairy godmother of hope, and it neglects no Cinderella.

It is sunlight and moonlight distilled in purple.

It is the water of the Pierian Spring, sparkling with the breath of angels.

It is the eternal today of beauty, pleasure, and fruition, the certain tomorrow of delicious anticipation.

It is childhood's laughter, manhood's cheers; it is lovers' midnight kissing.

It is the elixir of inexhaustible desire, the one taste of nature that makes the whole world kin.

Its flowers never fade, its perfumes never die, its music lingers forever as in the pearly galleries of a shell.

Abuse it, and on your hearthstone will coil the dragon of despair, and want and woe will your companions be, and—but why dream of pain when you may be awake to pleasure? Tonight we will think of the grape and its juices and uses only. Its abuses we may think of tomorrow; but not if we bear in mind these lines from Horace:

“O, Varus mine,
Plant thou the vine
Within this kindly soil of Tiber;
Nor temporal woes,
Nor spiritual, knows
The man who's a discreet imbiber.”

A MEDICAL ADDRESS

(Delivered at the Commencement Exercises of Cooper Medical College, San Francisco, December 5, 1895.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Dr. Cushing has just told you that patients will deceive you as to their troubles. We lawyers find that clients treat us in the same way. There is, however, a slight difference in the results. If a patient lies to his doctor, he goes to the cemetery. If a client lies to his attorney, he either goes to jail or he goes broke.

It is a very difficult task for a lawyer to address a body of medical men. He feels not qualified to talk to them upon their own themes, and would like to lure them on to mutual ground, where he has a more equal opportunity. He would prefer to talk to them when they are on the witness stand.

In considering this occasion, I endeavored to attune my mind to ideas of more or less absorbing interest to physicians. I took up the work of the well-known Dr. Max Nordau, entitled "Degeneration." I had not read many pages before I discovered that I was a mystic, an imbecile, an incurable degenerate, and that I must fall into line with degenerate musicians like Wagner, degenerate artists like Millais, degenerate novelists like Victor Hugo and Tolstoi, degenerate writers like Ruskin, *et id genus omne*. I therefore laid the book aside, with a feeling of commiseration for the loneliness of Nordau in this degenerate world.

I then began to peruse the medical journals, but soon abandoned this attempt. Had I persisted further in this direction I should have had, in imagination, every disease that flesh is afflicted with, besides being amazed that the human race is not extinct. That men and women can read these periodicals, especially late at night when there is naught stirring to suggest health and life, and continue to be sound in mind and body, bespeaks an absence of nerves and a superabundance of nerve.

These journals tended to confuse rather than to enlighten me. Are the organs of the human body and are physiologic processes so horrible that they can not be described with English names, but can be spoken of only in the Greek and Latin tongues? Must living organs go to dead languages for their names? Is not the English language—a language that sufficed Shakspeare to run the gamut of humanity—comprehensive enough to supply a name for every nerve, organ, and bone in the human body, as well as to every experience of the human soul? I am told that medical students become proficient in these Greek and Latin terms and phrases, and yet some of them spell “germs” with a “j,” put two “ss” in “asleep,” and thicken “skin” by adding an extra “n.” We laymen would say in English that they have simply a “bad spell.” They would be satisfied with nothing shorter than “orthograparesis,” which means “paresis in spelling” if it means anything.

I read about *la grippe*. One doctor recommended quinine; another protested against its use, and described this disease as arising from the presence of a microörganism, and this microörganism develops a ptomäine, and this ptomäine affects the ganglionic system. I concluded that if it was half that bad, it was not surprising that doctors

should differ in the treatment of such a calamity, whatever it was.

From the grip I turned to a disquisition upon the heart. I thought I knew something about this organ; that its chief purpose was to add luster to a maiden's eyes and color to her cheeks; to drive young men to extravagance in candy, flowers, and precious stones; and, generally, to interfere with the sleep and digestion of young people. I was mistaken. The heart devotes its working hours to the cultivation of myocarditis, and in its leisure moments amuses itself with pericarditis. I shuddered when I realized that a young girl's heart could attend to all this and still have time to keep men guessing.

Apart, however, from the foregoing considerations, these journals were interesting to me. One article that I recall discussed the pleasing subject of surgery. The author mentioned that one of the earliest surgical operations recorded in history occurred in the Garden of Eden, when Adam had a rib extracted. I drew from this incident the moral that man should never go to sleep in a garden without first counting his ribs. Adam forgot to do this, slept soundly, lost a rib, and woke up in the bosom of his family. Thus came the "old woman," the product of surgery. How came the "new woman," and of what is she the product? If surgery will not claim her, man will be equally modest.

Another article that I read treated most interestingly and learnedly the theory of "suggestion." The writer proved conclusively that bread-pills are a sure cure, if taken with faith in the doctor, and with the belief that he is prescribing something else. He showed how patients recover when the physician they trust tells them they are better, thus illustrating the truth of the Savior's saying to the woman he healed, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." He dem-

onstrated how mind can suggest to mind, and how physical conditions can be created, modified, or exterminated by suggestion alone.

My appearance here this evening is a proof of this writer's theory. One of this learned Faculty, Dr. Clinton Cushing, hypnotized me. This address is a suggestion of his. As in "Trilby," the voice alone is mine, the ideas belong to this Doctor Svengali. I must, therefore, rely for the success of this talk upon your faith in him, hoping that he has suggested to you that it will be better than it sounds; and further, I hope that you will take it, believing that it is what he has suggested, and that you are not as badly bored as you have a right to be.

Acting upon this delusion, I shall venture to ask your attention for a very few moments to some desultory remarks upon the learned profession we honor this evening. I have been seriously advised by two of my medical friends not to praise their profession, but to criticise it, to run the lancet in deeply, and not to bother about the use of an anaesthetic—to "roast" the doctors. It is needless to tell you that Doctor Svengali suggested the opposite course, and I must do as he wishes. Besides, misery makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows, and a "fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." Lawyers and doctors are equally abused by the world at large. I therefore feel that the two professions should stand together, even to mutual admiration. I will praise you, hoping for similar treatment when it comes your turn. Seriously speaking, however, if I exalt the medical profession, I do so that these graduates may appreciate more keenly the grave duties and labors they are undertaking in entering its ranks.

The lamentations of pessimistic writers to the contrary, the world is moving along lines of progress. In nothing is this progress more apparent and more beneficial to

humanity than in medicine and surgery. In the early life of all peoples the priest and the physician were one, and the sign of the barber indicated also the abode of the surgeon. As civilization has grown with the centuries, the priest has remained content with faith, while the physician has increased his store of knowledge, and the Evil Spirit that the former would exorcise by prayers and incantations has become the bacillus that the latter exterminates by another bacillus. The Doctor of Medicine is no longer the partner of the Doctor of Divinity, nor does the surgeon any longer divide his time between the operating table and the barber's chair.

Franklin brought down the lightning from the clouds, Morse dispatched it as a winged messenger of good tidings to all the nations, and Edison, Tesla, and others have further tamed this great destroyer until it has become a torch-bearer, decorator, and beast of burden. Great are these men of science. By the wires that cross the continents, and by the cables that span the seas, they have annihilated space and time and have made the antipodes close neighbors. With the electric light they have illumined the world and made daytime almost continuous. Through electricity as a motive power they have almost hushed forever the jingle of the horse-car bells, are substituting the force of falling waters for the heat of fiery furnaces, and now threaten to harness Niagara to forge-hammers in Buffalo and to sewing-machines in Chicago, and to make the whistle of the locomotive a mere occasional echo of the age of steam. Through the phonograph they preserve the sound of a voice that is dead, and enable yesterday to hold converse with tomorrow. By the telautograph they promise to infuse into the hand that holds the pen in San Francisco the magical power of writing a letter in New York. By means of the telephone they have made the whole world a

whispering-gallery. While they have been performing these miracles, astronomers, holding their nightly vigils, have timed the motions of the stars, mapped their courses, and in the laboratory of the skies analyzed them into their component parts.

But greater than these men are those other men of science, those physicians, practicing their healing art in every city, town, and village, whose genius has expended itself in lengthening life by preventing and by conquering disease. The mad dog, rushing through the crowded streets, no longer leaves a trail of death behind him. The serpent no longer revenges, with murderous fangs, the curse that has made him crawl forever upon his belly in the dust. Medical science has cures for such poisons. Aye, more: it can give surcease from pain, deaden physical nature to the surgeon's knife, and lull to slumber those who formerly had to lie awake all night and could not go to sleep at morn. Beneath its magic touch "suffering sighs itself to sleep and dreams." It can now unlock the jaws that formerly death alone could open; render an attack of smallpox no longer necessarily a sentence of death; say to the dread diphtheria, "thou shalt not be a slayer of the innocents"; and to the cholera, that unwelcome visitor from foreign lands, knocking at our doors for admission, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther; thou canst not enter here."

The physician is gradually erasing the word "incurable" from his vocabulary, and stands no longer aghast and helpless before many diseases formerly thought fatal. He fears not to cut where drugs are without avail, and therefore countless human beings owe health and happiness to modern surgery. I am told that modern bacteriological researches have revolutionized surgery, and that the surgeon can now go almost anywhere in the human body, so long as he keeps everything clean and aseptic, remembering that there are

occasions when "cleanliness is better than godliness." Verily, and without boasting, can he exclaim, "Mortality alone defies me; age alone can conquer me."

Today the world is singing anew the praises of Napoleon. Art and letters are intent on carving his name still deeper on the adamantine pyramid of Fame. The hero-worshippers of the nineteenth century are regilding the letters that spell the name "Bonaparte," and are hanging fresh wreaths of immortelles on the tomb beneath the glittering dome of the Invalides. Fire-worshippers, all of us, we kneel, blinded by the light of a meteor shooting through the heavens, that dazzles with its brilliancy and blasts with its heat, like a conflagration that destroys while it illumines.

Think of the armies that followed and of the armies that fought Napoleon, whose whitening bones made a Golgotha of Europe from Paris to Moscow; count, if you can, the victims of this great Frenchman's ambition, and compare them with the beneficiaries of the genius of that other great Frenchman, that eminent physician and scientist, whose dead body the President of France, as chief mourner of the nation, recently followed from the Pasteur Institute to the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Of him it has been eloquently said: "Dr. Pasteur was a great man. His was a life worth living, contributing to general biology the demonstration of the part that bacteria play, not only in pathological and physiological processes, but in the wider drama of evolution; to physicians, many a suggestive lesson in the etiology of diseases, and a series of bold experiments in preventive and curative inoculation; and to the surgeon, a stable foundation for antiseptic treatment. If all the armies of the world were to be massed together, their number would not equal the number of lives that have been saved by the aid of Dr. Pasteur's discoveries."

Napoleon's followers pointed to their scars, their maimed bodies, and their medals, and cried, "Vive Napoleon!" Pasteur's followers point to sick beds abandoned and crutches thrown away, to health and strength restored, and to hope revived, and, reveling in the very luxury of living, cry, "Vive Pasteur!"

Greater is he that buildeth a college or foundeth a hospital than he that conquereth a city. I would rather have founded the Pasteur Institute, and have discovered a cure for hydrophobia, than to have held the bridge at Lodi, and excelled both Cæsar and Alexander in the art of war. I would rather have been the founder of the Woman's Hospital of the State of New York, have become the foremost surgeon of my country and of the world, and sleep in death beneath a monument erected in recognition of my services in the cause of science and mankind, than to have won the battle of Waterloo or worn the laurels that Childe Harold brought to England's greatest poet. I would rather have been Dr. J. Marion Sims than Wellington or Byron. I would rather have been the founder of this Medical College and Hospital, upon whose walls is inscribed this legend, "Erected by Levi Cooper Lane, physician and surgeon, with money earned in his profession, and dedicated to suffering humanity and the healing art," than to be honored with a tomb in Westminster Abbey and have Shakespeare write mine epitaph. Dr. Lane, standing in this building, can exclaim as did Sir Christopher Wren beneath the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral: "*Si meum monumentum videres, circumspice*"—"If you would behold my monument, look around you."

Great and noble is your calling, O men of medicine and surgery! In ancient days the gladiators looked up from the sands of the arena and cried out, "*O, Caesar, nos morituri te salutamus,*" but they cried out in vain. Cæsar stayed

not the fatal combat, and death followed the thrust of the sword. In modern days the sick and the suffering, struggling with disease, look up from their beds of pain and exclaim, "*O, Doctor, nos morituri te salutamus!*" but they exclaim not in vain. Your skill and science stay the unequal combat, and, like the Divine Physician, you reply, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk."

When I recall the many hospitals in every land where the poor and needy receive the benefit of your advice and skill without cost and without price; when I realize that you give freely to Lazarus that for which Dives so willingly pays; that there are none so poor or lowly who can not, at this and other hospitals, have, for the asking, the attendance of the greatest of you, I bethink me of the Scriptures wherein it is written: "Then shall the King say unto them at his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Gentlemen of the Medical Profession, both you of the Faculty of this College, eminent as professors and practitioners, and you, young ladies and gentlemen, just beginning your careers, I am glad to have had this opportunity of addressing you. From the abundance of my heart my mouth speaketh. I say unto you, and to you, ladies and gentlemen, Let the doctor magnify his office. To him we make confessions we withhold from the priest. In him we place a confidence we give not to the lawyer. He is our first acquaintance on our appearance in this world. Afterward, during the daily contest with the ills that flesh is heir to, it is he who points to healthy ways and steers us often safely between many a Scylla and Charybdis of disease and death. At last, when we are about to depart

this life, it is his kindly hand that holds the lantern to guide our tottering feet through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. His is the ear that first catches our natal cry, and last receives our dying sigh. The faithful sentinel at the door of the unknowable and at the gate of the unknown, birth and death his sentry-posts, his position entitles him to our respect for the responsibility he assumes, and to our affection for the kindly duties he performs. We often abuse and criticise him, and we do not always pay him; but we can not do without him, and we love him, for he comes to us, like the Angel of Mercy, "with healing in his wings."

Let us, then, ever bear in mind these words of the ancient Hebrew: "My son, in thy sickness be not negligent, but pray unto the Lord, and He will make thee whole. Leave off from sin, and order thine hands aright, and cleanse thy heart from all wickedness. Give a sweet savor, and a memorial of fine flour, and a fat offering; then give place to the physician, for the Lord hath created him. Let him not go from thee, for thou hast need of him."

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

(Delivered at a Banquet given to Chauncey M. Depew by the Union League Club of San Francisco, April 4, 1896.)

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: When Mr. Depew began to talk about protection, I felt like the farmer when the strange guest said to him, during a lag in the conversation, "Now, a few words about the tariff." I was inclined not to listen. I have, however, in the last hour or so become a believer in protection; for if ever a man needed protection I need it now, and I need it badly.

In the language of the Senator from Mr. Depew's own State, "I am a Democrat"; but there is only one of me, while there are about one hundred and fifty of you. My loneliness is, however, very much alleviated by the consolation that we Democrats are united this evening, while there seems to be quite a want of unanimity in your ranks, both in regard to candidates and measures. This gives me renewed hope for Democratic success, if it is still true that in union there is strength. And yet, I am not on this account so proud or so puffed up with vain glory that I can not dine with you and gladly contribute my mite in doing honor to this occasion.

In listening to the eloquent and rather biting Republican speeches that have been delivered this evening, I feel that I am the typical American spoken of by Bryce in his "American Commonwealth"—I can applaud a good speech, though I do not believe a thing the speaker says.

We Democrats regret that there are some differences amongst you as to who is the best man in your party to be the next victim to Democratic infallibility and invincibility, because we know of so many Republicans eminently fitted by nature and experience to fill this role, with entire satisfaction to our party. We promise him, whoever he shall be, a magnificent funeral, and that our hymn of triumph shall be his funeral dirge. Verily, this shall come to pass, though he be New York's son, or Ohio's son, or Alli-son, and with all the "Chaunceys" apparently on his side. In this connection, let me say to you, somewhat in the words of the Bard of Avon,

"Whilst like puffed and reckless partisans,
Yourselves the primrose path of politics tread,
Pray, wreck not your own *Reed*."

I am glad to have this opportunity of hearing Mr. Depew. In order to be good and ready for this occasion, I have recently read all his speeches, from the one delivered to applauding steamboats, in honor of Bartholdi's genius and France's generosity, to the one spoken at the dedicatory exercises of the World's Fair, whose success was phenomenal, although it had been predicted by him that it could not succeed unless held in the metropolis of the nation. I have learned from these speeches much of American history and something of every other subject. I know these speeches by heart. If Mr. Depew has his cathode ray with him, he can turn it full upon me and read every speech he ever published. The perusal may be depressing to him, but it will do him good. He will unflinchingly resolve to cut down his chestnut tree as soon as he returns home.

Dogberry has said that comparisons are odorous, but Mr. Depew will pardon me if, after this course in ancient and modern history, I compare him to one of the New York

sky-scrapers. He is tall, sun-crowned; but he is built up by piling one story on top of another. But, gentlemen, he is like one of the sky-scrapers in another respect, he rises above the level of his surroundings. He himself, in speaking of another, has said: "The man who rises above the level in our metropolitan life becomes at once conspicuous." I add to this: "He who stays above this level becomes immortal; and Chauncey Depew has stayed there."

I have been introduced as the President of the Bohemian Club, a club that exchanges courtesies with the Lotus Club, of which Mr. Depew is a member. I, therefore, take this occasion to officially regret that my club did not have the honor and pleasure of entertaining Mr. Depew, and that he has been compelled to forego the distinction of being the guest of the Bohemian Club. This club is like Mr. Depew: there is but one of the kind in the world. It has entertained many men of great renown. It has dined Tomaso Salvini, Edwin Booth, and Henry Irving, those three of the world's greatest tragedians, whose transcendent dramatic genius found fittest expression only in Shakespeare's immortal plays. Its hospitality did not forget Joseph Jefferson, whose pathos and humor brought smiles and tears, like sunshine and rain at once. Amongst its guests have been Kalakaua, whose kingdom lay in summer seas, like emeralds set in sapphires; Hancock, who fought soldiers more successfully than he did politicians; George Augustus Sala, who elevated newspaper reporting to be one of the learned professions; Henry M. Stanley, the most fearless and renowned of explorers, who has not added to his fame by changing his nationality; Sir Edwin Arnold, whose genius illumined the night of poesy, not only with the "Light of Asia," but also with the "Light of the World"; Ysaye, who touched his violin and nations stood entranced; and a host of others distinguished in art, let-

ters, music, and song. Such is the roll of honor of Bohemia's hospitality. It would have rejoiced with exceeding joy to add thereto the name of that lawyer, statesman, and railroad president, noted equally for his legal ability, his forensic ability, his business ability, his sociability, and his amiability; of the most distinguished American; of an orator whose reputation for eloquence has so filled this land that every city with feelings of pride now styles its most gifted speaker a "Chauncey Depew."

Sir, you are quoted as having asked a reporter at Los Angeles why everything in the West was for sale. There are two things in California that are not for sale—our welcome and our hospitality. These, sir, are without price, and can not be purchased with all the wealth of Ormus or of Ind. We give them once to the stranger within our gates. We give them twice to the stranger who has become a friend; and that man we are glad to make our friend to whom, as you have so truly said: "Life is one perpetual enjoyment, in expanding opportunities, in enjoyable pursuits, and in steadfast friends," and who, when past the meridian of life, can say, "After all, the best things in this world are its friendships and its opportunities." To such a one, and, sir, thou art the man, we say:

"Of itself our Garden shuts its gate
On him that's hard, cold, uncompassionate,
But opens wide its alleys green and still
To Sesame of Love and Fair Goodwill."

Thou, sir, hast the Open Sesame—use it when and as often as thou desirest.

“STEAM AND ELECTRICITY, THE ANNIHILATORS OF SPACE AND TIME”

(Delivered at a dinner given by Mr. Huntington in San Francisco, May 5, 1897, to the officials of the Southern Pacific Company.)

MR. CHAIRMAN: Rapid transit, both of mind and matter, is the magician of the last quarter of the century, and his two chiefs are the engineer at the throttle and the telegraph operator at his keys.

During these final years of the nineteenth century a great battle between mighty antagonists is apparently drawing to a close. Steam and Electricity are annihilating Space and Time, making the Antipodes close neighbors, and causing the word “remote” to become obsolete. In fact, the only place that is now remote is Oakland after the last boat. The interior of Siberia and China used to be far away, but the building of the railway across Siberia is daily bringing this country nearer and nearer to us, converting this prison into a principality. The extension of this railway across China to Port Arthur and Peking will bring the Orient within the sphere of the Occident. At the whistle of the locomotive the gates closed by superstition will stand ajar and the great wall of China will crumble into dust. Before the end of the twentieth century through trains from Paris to Peking will settle the Chinese question and redraw the political map of Europe and Asia.

One year ago an electrical exhibition was held in the city of New York to celebrate the opening of the Niagara Falls electrical power enterprise, when Dr. Depew sent a

message round the world. Just about that time I went to the theatre and sat listening to the homely wit and philosophy of some simple Athenian tradesmen, to the sighs and vows of some Grecian lovers, to the songs of fairies, and to the airy nothings of Shakspeare's wit that make up "A Midsummer Night's Dream." One sentence particularly caught my ear. Oberon was planning revenge upon his queen, Titania, and to Puck he said:

"The herb I showed thee once,
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league."

To this Puck replied:

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."

Shakspeare was not prophesying. His genius ranged almost the gamut of eternity. He remembered all that had been, and seemed able to foretell almost all that would be. No curtain separated to him the past from the present; no closed doors concealed the future from his gaze. But, in this instance, he was not of serious intent. He was reveling in the delights of Fairyland, and his pen sported with its improbabilities. Only a fairy could perform the impossible, and therefore only a fairy could put a girdle round about the world in forty minutes. How Shakspeare's ghost, if he still stalks abroad, must be astonished to find this idle boast become a prophecy, and at this New York exhibition Puck's accomplishment repeated by Chauncey Depew, a total stranger both to Puck and Shakspeare.

Franklin is said to have snatched the lightning from the clouds, and trained it to follow lightning-rod lines of safety to a quiet grave. He taught us that lightning is electricity.

He did not dream, however, that every torrent of rushing waters, every cascade of falling waters, every cataract of roaring waters, was a god that could produce the lightning, whose witchcraft, guided by man along wire and cable, o'er land and sea, should put a girdle of electricity round about the earth in fifty minutes, carrying upon the noiseless wings of the telegraph, with the rapidity of thought, messages of peace and good will to all nations.

When from the Exposition Hall in New York in the month of May, 1896, Depew's message started upon its tour round the world, when the eloquent words of this American orator, spoken in our English tongue, with the skies their sounding board and all the world their whispering gallery, were instantly heard in every tongue o'er all the earth, crossing and recrossing every continent in their flight, and echoed back in New York in fifty minutes, we might have truly exclaimed: "The sons of man are as one family, and there is but one god, one country, one people."

A few days ago the States of this Republic sent representatives by land and the nations of the world sent representatives by sea to do honor to the hero of Appomattox, who sleeps where rolls the Hudson, the fire of whose military genius fused these States into the nation that glorifies him today. When he laid down the sword, and war's alarms were heard no more, steam as well as electricity took up his work, and the railroad has since brought so close together distant States and Territories, cities, towns, villages, and sections, has so linked ocean to ocean, and mountain to sea, that this country is now solidified, a homogeneous whole. State lines have been obliterated and the doctrine of States' rights has been settled not alone by the sword of Grant, but also by the Columbian Express, the Overland Flyer, and the Sunset Limited.

What is the greatest blessing of all these miracles of

modern science, the superlative advantage accruing from this annihilation of space and time, the crowning glory of this rapid girdling of the earth? That the voice of the money-changer in the Wall-Street Temple of Wealth may be heard simultaneously in the Chicago Board of Exchange, and his words flashed instantly to the remotest market of the world? That San Francisco, New York, London, St. Petersburg, Pekin may be near neighbors? That this confederation of States might become the American nation? These are not the greatest blessings these wonders work. This blessing is found in the rapid transmission of thought, bringing every student of science into one laboratory, every philosopher into one sanctum, every scholar into one library, every worshiper into one temple and before one shrine.

Every gladiator today contests in one arena, every actor appears upon one stage, every teacher has one schoolroom, and that the world, and the spectators, the audience, the pupils are all those that dwell therein.

It would seem as if man had acquired the attributes of divinity, and was become omnipresent and omniscient.

Niagara whispered its roaring into the streets of New York, and started on its course an electrical current born of its waters, muscled with their strength, and illumined by their prismatic splendor, and in San Francisco, Augusta, St. Paul, and New Orleans this current found voice in the simultaneous discharge of cannon fired by this one distant gunner. The officials of the Tennessee Centennial wired to Washington the signal that all was ready, and the President of the United States, at his desk in the White House, by the mere pressure of a button, and in the twinkling of an eye started the wheels to turning at Nashville, and opened the great Southern Exposition. An American athlete won a crown of olive beneath the shadows of the Parthenon, and the plaudits of his countrymen were heard

ere the echoes of the cheers of the Athenians died out mid the ruins of the temple sacred to Minerva. With the same rapidity, I fear, the booming of the Turkish guns will soon echo from the rocky heights of the Acropolis to every land where art is worshiped and love of the beautiful finds lodgment in the soul. The crown of Peter the Great was scarcely placed upon the head of Nicholas, nor had the sun gone down upon the day of his coronation ere all the world was reading of pageantry surpassing aught recorded in the Occident or dreamed of in the Orient. With equal immediateness will the wires soon flash from zone to zone accounts of the Diamond Jubilee of that aged Queen whom every Anglo-Saxon will ever respect as a type of noblest womanhood. Pasteur's genius discovered a cure for hydrophobia, and almost instantly the glad news sped from continent to continent, and a song of thanksgiving went up in every land.

The wisdom of philosophers, the learning of scholars, the eloquence of orators, the songs of poets, the inventions of scientists, become now the immediate property of all mankind, and culture disseminates in every land as equally and quickly as do the rays of the sun, making rapid and general the upward progress of all peoples.

The sufferings of the Cubans fighting for independence, the humiliation and defeat of the Greeks battling for the cross, the sorrows of France over yesterday's terrible holocaust of so many of her noblest wives, mothers, and daughters whose pitiful death has made all Paris a mausoleum of charred and mangled female loveliness, hung immortelles o'er every door and crepe on coronets, and draped the tricolor in black, are known instantly in most distant lands and find immediate sympathy in every clime, and this prompt universal sympathy will eventually bring universal friendship, peace on earth, good will among men.

THE WOMAN VICTORIA

(Delivered at the Diamond Jubilee Banquet, in honor of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Palace Hotel, San Francisco, June 21, 1897.)

MR. CHAIRMAN: It is said that "no man ever rose to the dizzy heights of fame but felt the touch of some good woman's palm." This would seem true of nations as well as individuals, taking England as an example.

I am requested to speak of Victoria as a woman. It is impossible to speak of her as a woman and not as a ruler, because, from my education, I recognize the two words as synonymous. "Woman in her weakness is yet the strongest force upon the earth. She is the helm of all things human. . . . She rules the world."

I shall speak of Victoria as queen, as the queen of queens, in whose diadem there glitters a Koh-i-noor plucked from the sands of the river of life, a gem of purest ray serene, the jewel of noblest womanhood.

There have been many queens of England, queens consort and queens regent, and around their names legend and lore, fancy and fact, have twined garlands of romance and woven a web of strangely intermingled threads of fiction and history. Tragedy has marked many of them for her own, and Fate has made them miserable or happy like the rest of the daughters of the children of men, giving wreaths of roses to some and crowns of thorns to others, necklacing the throats of some with pearls and blood-encircling the frail necks of others with the mark of the headsman's axe.

From Guenever to Victoria, what a procession of women to whose happiness and prosperity Englishmen throughout the centuries have loyally raised their glasses and drunk "To the Queen!"

Methinks I can see King Arthur and Launcelot and Sir Gawaine and Sir Bors and Sir Galahad and the rest of those gallant knights when, in the month of May, lo, these many years ago, Queen Guenever "called unto her Knights of the Table Round and gave them warning that early upon the morrow she would ride on maying into the woods and fields beside Westminster." Methinks the sweetest memory that time brings down from out those early years of England's history is that of the woman Guenever, rather than of Arthur's queen.

Centuries pass, and I see "a fair vestal throned by the West," the virgin queen, Elizabeth, who for forty-five years held prosperous sway o'er England's destinies, who laid the foundation of England's greatness by building ships instead of hiring them, earning from strangers the title of "Queen of the Seas," who held her sceptre like a man, and governed like a king, and yet who spent much of her time like a woman in receiving, encouraging, and rejecting suitors. But whether she was swayed most by the frailties of her mother, poor Anne Boleyn, or by the strength and cruelty of her father, Henry VIII, and though her reign began 'mid pestilence and famine, with a people starving, an empty treasury, a debased coinage, and a kingdom not especially respected abroad, ere she died the wreck of the Spanish Armada strewed her coasts, and England had gained a place of vantage in the front rank of nations from which there has been no step backward. In Elizabeth the queen triumphed over the woman, to England's great advantage.

Over two hundred years go by, during which time English armies won at Waterloo and stood guard at St. Helena over him whose military genius had almost conquered the world and seemed omnipotent, during which time in this Western world this new American nation arose, born of England's loins, and endowed with English strength and English love of liberty, and there is born in England a royal infant, by name Victoria, who "in her cradle promised upon her land a thousand blessings which time has brought to ripeness," and who has proven herself "a pattern to all princes living with her and all that shall succeed."

Guenever is remembered only as the woman, and Elizabeth best as the queen, but Victoria will be remembered equally as woman and queen. Beginning her reign just after the passage of the "Reform Bill" whereby the great liberty-loving middle class became active governmental factors, she has made these suffragists pillars of the throne and the mainstay of the monarchy, and this she has accomplished as much by the personal loyalty her womanhood has inspired as by the respect her great wisdom has commanded.

English life is essentially home life, and her home life has pleased her people, and elevated the moral tone of the nation. It has convinced them that an Englishman's home is not only his castle but also a sanctuary wherein the wife and mother is highpriestess, and thereby has won for her the support of the women of her realm, a support that has the enthusiasm of a religion, and that has added to patriotism the homage of personal devotion.

I consider the English government one of the best that today attempts to guide the destinies of men. It is essentially a government of law, of law ably, honestly, impartially, surely, quickly administered. It is a government of force, but using only sufficient to preserve order at home and command respect abroad. This government, republican

in spirit and monarchial in form, and aptly styled the "Crowned Republic," owes its present stability more to the woman Victoria than to all its Gladstones and Disraelis. The personal loyalty to the queen as the first and best of English daughters, wives, and mothers, who has made the throne a family hearthstone, runs like a thread of gold from continent to continent, through her kingdoms and colonies of every race and clime, and binds together into one great empire the multitudinous peoples who acknowledge English sway. It is love of the woman Victoria that today is the bulwark of England's queen, and, therefore, we say to her, in the beautiful lines of Tennyson,

"May all love,
His love, unseen but felt, o'er-shadow thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again."

As an American I am glad of the opportunity of saying these things about Victoria. She is queen of Great Britain by inheritance, empress of India through Act of Parliament and the genius of Disraeli, but highest exemplar among women by acknowledgment of the civilized world.

For sixty years she has been upon the throne, as maiden, wife, mother, and widow, standing ever in the searchlight of modern criticism, sharing her happiness with her people, and in her grief receiving their sympathy (nor did she fail to extend her sympathy to the widows of our martyred presidents when they, like her, were compelled to walk their lonely ways through the Valley of the Shadow of Death). During her reign she has seen her people double in number, and her kingdom grow in extent and power and wealth and culture to dimensions beyond ambition's dream. She has seen steam and electricity annihilate space

and time, and make immediate the exchange of royal blessings and loyal congratulations between London and earth's remotest corners. She has seen her government complete its change from a personal government to the people's government, of them and for them, and yet retain its throne. She has seen and helped along a still more important change, the making of equality before the law a practice instead of a theory. In the eloquent words of another, "She found law dear and she will leave it cheap; she found it a sealed book, she will leave it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, and will leave it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, and will leave it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence."

"Well done, good and faithful servant," let all her subjects say.

I, therefore, gladly do all honor to Victoria, who to Elizabeth's title, "Queen of the Seas," has added her own, "Mother of Her People." In her honor, and because of the world's appreciation of her womanhood, wifehood, motherhood, queenhood, at this Diamond Jubilee there will encircle the earth, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, one continuous and unbroken acclaim, "God save Queen Victoria."

Here in California nature joins in this celebration, and in the beauty and perfume of the *Victoria Regia* now blooming in splendor in Golden Gate Park offers up the incense of the lily to its royal namesake, *Victoria Regina*.

THE FIRST RIVET

(Delivered at the Dinner following the Launching of the Battleship Wisconsin, Union Iron Works, San Francisco, November 26, 1898.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: A year or more ago I was present when the first rivet of the Wisconsin was driven. An Americal Admiral and an American General attempted to drive this rivet. It was a very poor attempt, and I should not care to go to sea in her if these two gentlemen had been the only riveters employed. I am, however, assured by the builders that that first-rivet business was only a fake, and that the rest of the rivets were driven by the same skilled workmen whose honest and durable workmanship gave beauty to the San Francisco, fleetness to the Olympia, and to the Oregon beauty, fleetness, strength, and all that goes to make the perfect ship.

This morning the Wisconsin made her initial plunge under the most favorable auspices. She took the tide at the flood, and that, you know, in the affairs of ships as well as men, leads on to fortune. Furthermore, she was launched in the same waters that first laved the keel of the Oregon, and, bone of the same bone and flesh of the same flesh, as it were, nurtured and reared by the same skillful hands, she must be destined to a great career in following in the wave-steps of her great predecessor. Entering the American navy just when this nation has passed the parting of the ways, and has ceased to be a possible and has become an actual Great Power, receiving her baptism in the waters

of the Pacific Ocean that is to be the "theatre of the world's great hereafter," the Wisconsin will be rushed into prominence, the prestige of her builders giving her immediate rank among the steel-girt leviathans of the deep.

Before the recent war Captain Mahan wrote "Steam navies have as yet made no history which can be quoted as decisive in its teaching." Were he today to rewrite his book he would say that the American steam navy at Manila and Santiago made history that will for ages be quoted as decisive in its teachings, and in letters of gold upon the pages of this history he would write the names of those two California-built ships, the Olympia and the Oregon, and his prophetic pen would predict equal glory for the Wisconsin.


Ladies and gentlemen of Wisconsin, you have come a long distance to honor the ship that bears the name of your State. But you are not in a strange country, nor in a foreign port. You are at home, and we Californians have but kept your house in readiness for your homecoming. The flag that here is fanned by the breezes of the Pacific is the same that unfurls its silken folds to the winds that blow off Lake Michigan, and, here as there, in its blue sky shines the star Wisconsin, mingling its rays with those of more than forty others to illumine the world with the light of freedom and humanity.

It was an inspired idea that suggested the names of the States as the names for battleships, and the navy in its battleships so named is typical of a Union invincible and indivisible. The Maine and the Texas, the Illinois and the Kentucky, the Wisconsin and the Alabama, the Massachusetts, the Oregon, the Indiana, the Iowa, and the Ohio, named after States of the North and South, are manned indiscriminately by Southron and Northron, who know no section or State, but only their common country, and who

make the victories of each ship the glorious heritage of all the States.

A battleship represents in its name the pride of some particular State, in its officers and men the pride of many States, and in its flag and fortunes the pride of the Nation. The Virginian on the deck of the Wisconsin, the Alabamian on the deck of the Maine, the Wisconsin on the deck of the Texas, forgetting that the State of its nativity was ever at war with the name-state of his ship, remembering only that now all the States are one people, with one flag, one army and one navy, astounds and will ever astound the nations by his courage, skill, seamanship, marksmanship, and by his humanity.

As the citizen of each State loves not his own State less in today loving more the name Oregon, cheering its every mention, so in the future will he laud and love the name Wisconsin, when the battleship so christened today from the lips of one of Wisconsin's fairest daughters has proven by her prowess that she was not rocked in vain in the cradle where once lay the Oregon.



POETS AND POETRY

*(Delivered at the Unitarian Club Dinner, April 27, 1898,
San Francisco.)*

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ESPECIALLY LADIES: A very high official of this club cautioned me to bear in mind in preparing my speech that you women wanted to be talked to as if you were men. I promised to bear this in mind, and to act accordingly, but I can not. If there is any merit in what I am about to say, it is because I anticipated, in its preparation, the inspiration of your presence. Could I talk to you women as if you were men, there would be no poetry in me, and you would not care to listen to me; and, when I am so old that I can talk to women as if they were men, then shall I pray to the Lord, *Nunc Dimittas, Domine!*

Among the many things that an orator should know, the most important is to know when to stop. Like a railroad, he should have terminal facilities. I promise you that I am well provided in this respect; I know when to stop.

Among the many things that an orator should not do is to begin a speech by talking about himself. This rule I am compelled to violate, owing to the unusualness of my surroundings. I am accustomed to speech-making in Bohemia, where the auditors seek only entertainment, which must either amuse or thrill. This evening I find myself in a more serious company. My colleagues are a learned professor and two reverend clergymen, and I am put forward to blaze the way along which they shall tread. I am

afraid I shall be of no service to them, as I am apt to try to mark the trees too high up, on limbs I can not reach, and overlook their broad trunks that are close at hand. I shall therefore simply endeavor to point to brighter worlds, and let these gentlemen lead the way, myself a willing and humble follower.

✧ I shall not attempt to philosophize upon poets, or to discuss learnedly the nature or mission of poesy.

“Who shall expound the mystery of the lyre?
In far retreats of elemental mind
Obscurely comes and goes
The imperative breath of song, that, as the wind,
Is trackless, and oblivious whence it blows.
Demand of lilies wherefore they are white,
Extort her crimson secret from the rose,
But ask not the Muse that she disclose
The meaning of the riddle of her might.”

I shall simply do a little rhapsodizing, string a few pearls upon a slender thread of my own spinning, and talk to you in the very words of the poets, quoting in defense of my plagiarizing these lines from Kipling:

“When 'Omer smote his blooming lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land and sea;
And what he thought he might acquire,
'E went and took, the same as me.

The market girls and fisherwomen,
The shepherds and the sailors, too,
They 'eard the old songs turn up again,
But kept it quiet—same as you!

They knew he stole; 'e knew they knowed,
They didn't tell, or make a fuss,
But winked at 'Omer down the road,
And 'e winked back—the same as us.”

Poets are dreamers ; but dreamers are the only ones who

“Hail the mystic bird that brings
News from the inner courts of things,
And hear the bubbling of the springs
That feed the world.”

Poets are dreamers, but

“A dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.”

Poets are dreamers, and dreamers are called the useless ones.

“Useless? Ay, for measure ;
Roses die,
But their breath gives pleasure—
God knows why.”

The poet's mission is to give pleasure.

“Poets should not reason ;
Let them sing !
Argument is treason—
Bells should ring.

He must use deduction
Who must preach ;
He may praise instruction
Who must teach.

But the poet duly
Fills his part
When the song bursts truly
From his heart.

For no purpose springing,
For no pelf,
He must do the singing
For itself.

Not in lines austerely
Let him build ;
Not the surface merely
Let him gild.

Fearless, uninvited,
Like a spring,
Opal words, inlighted,
Let him sing."

The poet's reward is love.

"Nor cross nor ribbon, but all others high above,
Others win these glittering symbols—he has earned
the people's love."

The poet's reward is immortality, and his fame is "self-embalmed in amber of eternal rhyme":

"The seasons change, the winds they shift and veer,
The grass of yesteryear
Is dead, the birds depart, the groves decay;
Empires dissolve and peoples disappear,
Song passes not away.
Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,
And kings a dubious legend of their reign,
The swords of Cæsars, they are less than rust,
The poet doth remain."

The Muse at his birth "kisses warm immortality into his lips," he sings for all eternity, and his voice is the "voice of everywhere."

This is true not only of those great poets who "touch their harps and nations stand entranced," of

"A Shakespeare flashing
O'er the whole of man's domain
The splendor of his cloudless soul
And perfect brain;
A Keats to Grecian gods allied,
Clasping all Beauty as his bride;
A Shelly soaring, dim-described,
Above Time's throng,
And heavenward hurling, wild and wide,
His spear of song;
A lonely Wordsworth, from the crowd
Half hid in light, half veiled in cloud;
A sphere-born Milton, cold and proud."

It is true of those lowlier ones, who see "what all men see—no more—in heaven and earth," "mere dreamers of the common dreams," "fishes in familiar streams," who "share the transitory gleams that all pursue," but on whose "lips the eternal themes again are new."

Poetry must be felt, not reasoned out. It should thrill the soul, not disturb the understanding. It is the spirit of divinity voiced by humanity, it is humanity's language of the soul. It is heart-beats expressed in verse, it is soul-throbs resonant in song, it is life crystallized in rhythm.

"For lo! Creation's self is one great choir,
And what is nature's order but the rhyme
Whereto the world keeps time?"

Poetry is the language of the heart, whereby every passion finds musical expression; Hope tripping lightly in iambic measure along its lyric pathway to fruition; Despair dragging heavily in spondaic movement along its epic road to failure; Love flying with verse-winged feet to the object of its adoration; and Patriotism in battle hymns inspiring soldiers to fight and die for their flag, in national anthems rousing the people to the highest pitch of patriotic enthusiasm, in times like these making manifest to Americans in the singing of "America" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" how much they love their country, and at all times in verse giving to heroism rhythmical immortality.

Poetry is the language of nature.

"The poem well the poet knows
In ambush lurks where'er he goes,
Lips hidden in each wind that blows.
Laughs in each wave,
Sighs from the bosom of the rose,
Wails from the grave."

These are the unsung songs with which nature is musical,
and the poet is nature's minstrel.

"Songs were born before the singer; like white
souls awaiting birth,
They abide the chosen bringer of their melody
to earth."

Let all the world reverence the poet! He comes to us a
song-burdened messenger, bringing to us songs hitherto
unsung to mortal ears. He has been within the pearly gates
and heard the angels sing. He has soared among the stars
and listened to the music of the spheres. He has worshiped
in nature's star-lit cathedrals, and heard the choir invisible
sing the oratorios of wind and wave, the requiems of the
forests, the anthems of the seas, the lullabies that soothe
to sleep the blushing rose, the golden poppy, and the blue-
eyed violet, and the hymns the lark heralds to the morning
star.

Let all the world bow to the poet! He is, it is true, a
slave of beauty, but

"The eternal slaves of beauty
Are the masters of the world."

"THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN"

*(Delivered at a dinner given by Mr. Huntington to the officials
of the Southern Pacific Railroad, San
Francisco, May 13, 1899.)*

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: The Toastmaster gave me the choice of subjects between "The Man Behind the Gun" and "The Woman Behind the Man Behind the Gun." I concluded that as the man behind the gun had a full day's job in dodging the bullets of the man in front of the gun, it was taking him at an unfair disadvantage to put a woman behind him, and I therefore eliminated the woman. The White Man's Burden is heavy enough as it is.

Through all the years since time was young the warrior has been the hero whom mankind has deified, crowned, and most belauded. The man behind the gun has ever received the people's idolatry, while he who has searched among the heavens and revealed to man some wandering star, or he whose eyes have penetrated into the mysteries of creation and discovered the secret of birth and death, and the kinship of all life, or he whose skill has found an antidote for disease, and given to humanity a conqueror of pain, may walk unheeded along the public highway, unacclaimed by blast of trumpet or beat of drum or the hosannas of the throng; and so it will ever be.

In this land of ours the places we most delight to honor with monuments of brass and stone are the battlefields where our soldiers fought and fell; the deeds that most inspire our songs and singers are those our soldiers do; and

it needs no great gift of prophecy to foretell that the names of Washington and Grant and Dewey will be as familiar as household words when those who wrote our laws or sang our songs or sat in our seats of justice will be known only to the learned few. This is because patriotism is the strongest emotion of the human breast, and war alone enkindles it.

Of all the peoples we are the most warlike, the quickest to resolve ourselves into vast armies, the most indomitable in a determination to conquer when enlisted, the most at home when behind the gun. There have we prospered.

The man behind the gun cleared this land of savages who would have massacred our ancestors and kept this country a wilderness, and he likewise drove from this land the foreigner who would have enslaved our Revolutionary sires and kept this country a subject land.

The man behind the gun vanquished in battle the descendants of Cortez, planted our flag in the halls of the Montezumas, and added California to our galaxy of stars.

The man behind the gun banished slavery from this land, and cemented with his blood these States into a Union indivisible forever.

The man behind the gun opened the waves to engulf the Spanish Armadas, climbed the heights of El Caney, and waded the swamps of Luzon, and emblazoned the courage and invincibility of the American soldier on glory's proudest heights, planted Freedom's Banner on Morro Castle, rebaptized humanity with the blood of heroes, and on the first day of May, 1898, proclaimed to the world from the cannon's mouth that the United States had arrived at man's estate, had come into its inheritance among the nations, and that henceforth from Manila its voice would be heard throughout the Orient.

Dewey, the immortal, the man behind the gun, has fulfilled prophecy. Thirty years ago Seward predicted that the Pacific Ocean would some day be the chief theatre of the world's great hereafter. This prophecy is in its fulfillment, this hereafter is at hand. Its day is dawning, its morning is advancing, and ere its sun has reached its meridian the Pacific Ocean will be the arena on which will be fought and won the struggle for the trade and the empire of the nations. Ages ago, when Greece and Persia fought for mastery at Salamis, when Roman triremes ruled the waves, when Anthony fled from Actium, lured by love to defeat and to death in Cleopatra's arms, when Turkish might was humbled at Lepanto, when Venice was queen of the seas, the Mediterranean centered man's ambitions, hopes, and fears. During the succeeding centuries o'er the Atlantic shone the star of destiny, emblazoning Nelson's fame. But now this star, the Morning Star of the twentieth century, bespangles the skies that dome the Pacific Ocean, lighting up with its earliest rays the Golden Gate that opens up our city to its queenship of the future, and gilding with a lustre that ne'er will fade the letters that spell the name of Dewey.

All hail to the man behind the gun! When money-getting was making selfishness supreme amongst us, subordinating public spirit to private gain, deafening our ears to the cause of humanity, and making patriotism a thing for sneer or jest, the report of his gun aroused our patriotic spirit, made us no longer ashamed to stand up and sing aloud the anthem to our flag, revitalized the supremacy of the nation over the individual, and, like England's drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, has encircled the earth with one continuous and unbroken acclaim to the power, might, and majesty of this Republic.

We need never fear the man behind the gun. I do not believe that you can ever enlist from the common schools of this country an army from whom any military system or discipline can eradicate that spirit of independence and love of liberty that has made this Republic a power for good among the nations.

All honor, then, to the man behind the gun! He deserves to be, above all others, the hero of all mankind, because he offers and too often gives his life for his fellow-beings. In every zone, in every land, his blood has crimsoned sea and sand for the cause he defended.

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground
His silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead,"

who died behind the gun.

WHAT HAS ART DONE FOR CIVILIZATION?

(Delivered at the twenty-second Annual Dinner of the Chit-Chat Club of San Francisco, November 9, 1896.)

MR. CHAIRMAN, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CHIT-CHAT CLUB: I feel that I am appearing before you under false pretenses. I have been requested by the Chairman of your committee to talk to you this evening upon art, upon the supposition, in his mind, that I know something about it. I have for years studied law, and I have found the law a very jealous and very exacting mistress. To art I have had but little time to give, and I confess my ignorance in this regard. The only reason that suggests itself to me as an explanation of my selection is that I am the President of the San Francisco Art Association.

My theme, I am told, is "What Has Art Done for Civilization?" Rather it should be, "What Has Civilization Done for Art?" Is not art the pictorial, sculpturesque, musical side of civilization? Is civilization possible without art? What is civilization? What is art?

Emerson defines civilization as "a certain degree of progress from the rudest state in which man is found." This progress has traveled along the turnpike of the centuries, up hill and down dale, climbing now over dizzy heights, descending now into deep abysses, trailing now across level, dusky, treeless plains, and again slowly ascending mountain ranges till it once more nears the clouds.

Art is variously defined. All writers, however, agree that "The purpose of art is the presentation of truth in the form of beauty."

Some one has said that "The mission of art is to speak to the soul while pleasing the eye." Another has aptly written that "Sculpture, painting, music, literature, taken together, are an expression of the human spirit realizing itself and its surroundings in the language of beauty"—that "Art involves two essential things, skill and beauty, and that there must be in art the evidence of human skill and the formation of a beautiful thing by it."

Art, therefore, is civilization expressing itself in the love of the beautiful. It idealizes life, and elevates mankind. It is the soul finding expression in the skill of the hand, and in the appreciation of the eye. Ruskin, Taine, or some other has truly said that great art requires all of your soul for its enjoyment, that it quickens the life of the soul, requires you to give yourself to its contemplation, becomes a part of your soul, and remains there an illumining, elevating, refining influence, and that "Commerce with the beautiful does not exist only at the moment of seeing or hearing, but that that is the moment of storage." Our minds become picture-galleries or shells within whose sinuous confines sweet harmonies linger.

Our California poet, Edward Rowland Sill, has thus expressed in verse this last thought:

"If men but knew the mazes of the brain,
And all its crowded pictures, they would need
No Louvre or Vatican; behind our brows
Intricate galleries are built, whose walls
Are rich with all the splendors of a life."

Artistic keenness means appreciation of beauty, and appreciation of beauty is the soul's opportunity.

What is the standard by which we estimate beauty? I eliminate music, as that would need a lecture by itself. I exclude architecture, as it combines the useful arts with the fine arts, about which latter only I talk this evening. I shall confine myself to sculpture and painting.

The only standard of beauty is truth, not distorted or modified, but as visible to the soul of the artist. It is nature freed from the trammels of time or circumstance.

"Art must imitate nature," says Taine; "and when it ceases to do this it declines." But in imitating nature the artist's aim must be not to photograph, but to make manifest what is to him the predominating character, the essential condition of being in the object. The faculty of perceiving and expressing this essential condition is artistic genius.

In this endeavor to express this principal quality the artist arrives at the ideal—that is, he removes the obstacles that fate or fortune, environment or circumstance, has placed in nature's path, and gives it a chance to perfect itself on the lines of its first intention. This development is beautiful, because it is natural; and you know that it is natural because it is true.

The ideal is the expression of what the artist feels he sees. The true artist feels that he sees the perfect form through the imperfections that clog nature, as Praxiteles saw the perfect figure of Venus sleeping within the rough-hewn block of marble. The aim of art is to cut away these imperfections, and to strive for the perfect, which must be the beautiful. A work of art must be, therefore, as Taine says, "a representation of an object more perfectly than it is found in nature." It is soulless nature plus soulful man evolved into the ideal.

Ruskin says that the living power in all the real schools of art is the love of nature; that art followed as such,

and for its own sake, irrespective of the interpretations of nature, is destructive of whatever is best and noblest in humanity; but that so far as it is devoted to the record or interpretation of nature, it is helpful and ennobling. Art culture, therefore, implies not only appreciation of the beautiful, but love of nature. It stimulates us to study God's handiwork, to distinguish the lines of beauty as God made them before man unmade them. It reveals to us the intelligence that guided creation, the skill that worked out creation, the beauty that thus found expression. It discovers to us that nature is perfect, because to have changed it would have made it imperfect. To idealize nature is not to change nature. The artist does not himself improve nature by idealizing it. He simply obeys the inspiration of nature and depicts her perfected in passing through the crucible of his soul. The artist in doing this works as nature wills.

Love of beauty is therefore love of nature, and love of nature is love of God. By love of God I do not necessarily mean religion as commonly understood. I mean the worship and adoration the soul offers up to the Supreme Artist who painted the skies and flecked them not with a cloud that marred their beauty, nor spangled them with stars but to add to the splendid effect of darkness light bepierced—who painted the valleys green, and cast a haze over rugged mountain sides—who varied the dullness of plains with the sheen of running waters, and painted o'er the green of spring with the gold of fall, that man might not tire of monotony, and then made man in His own image.

The most beautiful form of nature is, therefore, the human form divine, and art was greatest when the human figure rather than human thought occupied most its attention.

Ruskin says that "All progressive art hitherto has been

religious art," and that "Art was never employed on a great scale except in the service of religion."

I do not altogether agree with him. Religion may have furnished the occasion for the opportunity of art's greatest efforts, but it was not of itself the inspiration of the highest art known in history.

In ancient Greece art climbed nearest heaven and brought the gods to earth. It was essentially human. Praxiteles in carving his Venus sought to deify humanity by producing a perfect human form—to carve in marble his ideal of woman, if woman were divine—to give to man a type of beauty nature would have produced if, in creating woman, it had not been chained down by mortality. It was not divinity, but humanity, that his artistic soul worshiped.

In those days man's best efforts were spent in cultivating health and strength, and grace and beauty of form, and athletic skill. Greatest in Greece was he who came off victor at the Olympian games and gave his name to the coming years. Whether Apelles painted beauty of face or depicted on canvas the mysteries of religious worship, we know not. Sculpture alone tells of Grecian art, and it found best expression in that which most interested the people of that time. The artists of that age did as artists of every age must do—they filled mind and heart with the ideas and sentiments of their age. Hence their master idea was "the living, healthy, energetic, active human body, endowed with every athletic and animal aptitude." It was their delight to carve from stone undraped humanity. All of this involved no immodesty, because there was no need for modesty. The human body was not from shame of exposure scrupulously concealed. On the contrary, it would have been almost sacrilege not to have exposed it to universal admiration. It was held to be beautiful when healthy and strong and graceful. The nude did not exist. There

was nakedness, not nudity. Excess of clothing, blushes consequent upon nudity, predominance of lust in the mind in lieu of appreciation of beauty in the eye—these all came when the people deteriorated and men could no longer stand the fatigues of athletic contests. Then Grecian art declined.

The next great period of art was the Renaissance in Italy in the latter half of the fifteenth and the first half of the sixteenth centuries. Religion was then all-powerful, but it was much colored by human ambition. The Pope's earthly love of pomp and power gave Michael Angelo and Rafael the opportunities their genius craved; and Rafael's "Transfiguration," his Madonnas, his frescoes in the Vatican, and Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," and his frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, gave assurance to the world that art was not dead, but had risen from the grave to put on immortality. The aristocracy of church and state in Florence, Rome, and Venice at this time was devoted mainly to the pleasures of this world. He ruled who had the strongest arm and keenest blade and bravest heart. Physical health and strength and skill were every man's first care. The perfecting of the human body was one of man's chief aims. The most important acquirement in the art of drawing was to make a good drawing of a naked man or woman. Michael Angelo spent several years dissecting human bodies in order to know how to draw them. All the great artists of this period—Michael Angelo, Rafael, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Titian, and after them the Flemish Rubens—strove hardest to paint a perfect human body, because nothing else in nature was so beautiful. They were alike in this common inspiration. They differed only in treatment of this common theme.

In this difference lay their originality. Each depicted humanity as his soul conceived it, as his artistic eye saw it,

as his genius told him that nature would have developed it, if man and circumstance had not marred it. No one of them agreed with another, and yet all were correct, each from his own point of view. Had any one of them not been correct, had he attempted to create instead of devoutly copying nature as he felt he saw it, had his ideal not been built upon the real, he would have failed and his name would have been lost in the lapse of centuries. Art was poor and hysterical before the Renaissance, it became poor and unnatural after these great artists had passed away, and for the same cause as in ancient Greece.

The Venus of Milo and the School of Athens marked the two greatest periods in the history of art. These two masterpieces are beacon-lights of art, visible in the surrounding darkness of the centuries, like two distant lighthouses in the multitudinous seas. Art in each of these works reached its zenith.

What did art at its zenith accomplish for civilization? It should have done more than at any other time. It did not save culture, progress, national health, strength, or glory from decay. On the contrary, it was followed closely in each case by moral, physical, and national decline. It gave to the world at these periods the sublimest expressions of man's idea of the beautiful; it found its inspiration in nature, and in nature its highest type was the human body. It led man to the study of nature in the search for the beautiful; it taught him that God's grandest creation was man, and that health and strength were necessary to his full development. Surely this was a good lesson. Civilization is impossible without it.

But appreciation of the beautiful is one of the resultants of civilization, not one of its causes. It follows after the struggle for bread is successful, after the contest for wealth is won, after the conflicts of the battlefield are fought out to

victory. It refines, elevates, ennobles man, develops his soul, raises his gaze from the sod to the star. But it can not sustain civilization. If history teaches anything, the glorification of art is rather an indication that civilization is reaching its zenith and that the down grade is approaching. It is the light that crowns the summit and illumines man's best condition. Prosperity is not, however, the best school for mankind. Character is built up by struggling to be prosperous. Its most dangerous foe is the attainment of the end desired.

Are we not more civilized at the end of the nineteenth century than in the fifth century before Christ, or at the end of the fifteenth century after Christ? We are; but we are again fighting for bread, and the hosts of wealth and poverty are watching each other across the battlefield. The craving for the useful almost drives out the love of the beautiful. The eyes of the people are not trained to appreciation of painting or sculpture. Art is not in their souls. There is no public opinion on which art can feed. Uncultured wealth in seeking for culture is trying to build up, to encourage art, and bribe it to decorate its marble halls. But art that can be bribed, that goes for inspiration only to the money-bags of Cræsus, has no soul. Such is not great art. Nature reveals to it naught of her beauty. Art is, however, imperishable. Nature during certain periods simply withholds but does not throw away the key to her treasures.

At its own proper hour the love of the beautiful will again fill our lives as of old in Greece and Italy, and will find expression in the genius of some modern Praxiteles, Michael Angelo, or Rafael.

In the meantime, I would not turn away from the works of the artists of this nineteenth century. They, to some

extent, draw inspiration from inanimate nature, and so in landscapes give us the highest art of the day.

But, though this modern art is not as great as that of which I have spoken, it is teaching us what is ugliness; that the frescoes on the walls of our public libraries are as much educators as the books on the shelves; that education consists not only in filling the mind with the lore of books, but also in training the eye to a quick perception of the beautiful in nature; and that while the intellect may be satisfied to acquire data from photographs of nature, the soul is not content therewith, but must have the impressions that data make on artistic genius. This education in art, this development of love of the beautiful, this cultivation in us of a true appreciation of nature may be the precursor of that artistic condition of civilization when art will rediscover the human form, regardless of sex, when health, strength, athletic grace will be higher marks of beauty than dress or mere facial expression; when the female figure will be painted because it is beautiful of itself, and not for the passion it inspires; when art will find its highest inspiration where Phidias and Michael Angelo found it. This will be when our civilization is on a different plane, and truth is attractive because it is truth.

Art is, therefore, an expression of civilization, and expresses only that which for the time is in or of civilization. The highest art is, therefore, civilization in its most attractive phase, and has as such done much for man.

"THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES"

*(Delivered at the Banquet of the California Society of the Sons
of the American Revolution, February 22, 1902,
San Francisco, California.)*

MR. PRESIDENT, AND BROTHERS OF THIS DISTINGUISHED ORDER: I am very glad the President began this banquet with reading messages from the Daughters, because, though a bachelor, I am willing to allege upon information and belief that therein lies our sole hope of perpetuation.

I like these words on the opening page of your programme:

"One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One nation, evermore."

Those are glorious words. I am a Southerner, and we Southerners henceforth follow the flag, whether the Constitution does so or not.

Carlisle says that great men are profitable company. But there are different kinds of great men. The literature of the past twenty years has been luminous with the history of Napoleon, a man so wonderfully great that we must all believe the truth of his own statement, that centuries must pass before circumstances can combine to produce another such as he. But his greatness is like that of the meteor, that consumes while it illumines; its brilliancy the manifestation of its own destruction; its course preceded by darkness and followed by death. Such a great man is profitable only as a warning. The men whom this occasion

suggests are profitable as exemplars. By the lives they led, by the things they did, the world has been the gainer, mankind has been uplifted, and this country guided to its present grandeur and glory. I refer to the Presidents of the United States. Their records are writ in letters of light upon the parchment of the skies, where all may read and admire.

I have not time to recount them all, to read through this roll of honor. Their names, like household words, even children lisp in schoolroom declamations. Some of them are more familiar to us than others. Jefferson, whose administration began with the century just ended, earned his meed of glory when he penned the Declaration of Independence. But fate destined him for more renown, and made him her instrument to disseminate throughout this continent the spirit of independence by extending our domain from Plymouth Rock to where rolls the Oregon, from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

John Adams earned the undying gratitude of his countrymen by appointing John Marshall as Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Andrew Jackson is known familiarly as the hero of New Orleans, but his fame is more solidly based upon the fact that he set his iron heel upon nullification, and thereby postponed secession for thirty years. General Grant—what of him?

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
His silent tent is spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
That bivouac of the dead."

Of all the Presidents of the past, but one survives. All but one have gone to render an account of their stewardship to Him in whose hands are the destinies of all the nations. But that one need not apprehend his final account. When anarchy stalked abroad along its pathway of ruin and riot,

and the mob threatened to overthrow law and substitute the reign of the commune, Grover Cleveland suppressed the mob and made them bow to government under the law. When the railroad strikes were suppressed the country knew that there was a great man in the White House.

But, illustrious as were all these, there were three others, a great presidential trinity, whose names were not born to die, whom the country will ever recognize as three great Presidents. In the providence of God they were given us to lead this country through its three greatest crises.

It has been said of Washington that there were generals more brilliant and statesmen more profound. Yet it was he who, with soldiers whom the country neither fed nor clothed, vanquished the well-equipped armies of Europe. It was he who achieved our independence, and, in the language of Marshall, "more than any other agency contributed to founding this wide-spreading empire." Well has it been said of him that though with him the colonies nearly failed, without him they would have had to wait for a more favorable opportunity. These people, then numbering only three millions, organized into thirteen States, harmonized by his wisdom and controlled by the inspiration of his unique personality, founded that more perfect Union that, seventy-one years later, when organized into thirty-three States, with thirty-one millions of people, Abraham Lincoln gave his life to save. Washington created this Union; Lincoln preserved it. Washington brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty; Lincoln gave to this nation a new birth of freedom. Because of his wisdom and humanity, his malice toward none and charity toward all, his firmness to do the right as God gave it to him to see it, his fortitude and endurance, his guiding hand in time of trouble, we are able to say today, on this

one hundred and seventieth anniversary of Washington's birthday, as he said on the field of Gettysburg, "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

But what of the third of this trinity? It were eulogy enough to say of him that his election rekindled the fire in a thousand furnaces, started again the wheels to turning, refilled our factories with busy artisans, and made again the hum of industry our national melody. But more than that is William McKinley's due. During his presidency he could have said: "This is our day of greatest peril, because it is our day of greatest prosperity."

Yet, in the midst of this great prosperity, this land stands confronted with the greatest problems. Solve them it must. It can not go backward. Forward it must go, for progress is the rule of national as well as individual life. The trust that withered in Spain's palsied hand is now in our vigorous keeping. The dusky people of the Caribbean isles and the Filipino millions look to us for light and guidance. Shall they look in vain? Shall God's untutored millions share not in our golden largess? Shall we bury this treasure, or with this treasure shall we gather increase? We have arrived at man's estate. Shall we live out our manhood within the narrow bounds our boyhood knew? Shall the sun-rimmed horizon of living unto self blind our aspirations and limit our endeavors? Shall we take part in the world's affairs, or become a hermit nation, or shall we do our duty in that state of international life unto which it has pleased God to call us? Neither nations nor individuals can live to themselves alone. We are our brothers' keepers. In the great plans of the Almighty we have our part to perform in the working out of civilization. For our part of this great task we have been all our lives

preparing. With prophetic ink in the sibylline book of fate it has long been written what we have to do. As the drop of rain does not create but only starts the life lying dormant in the grain of wheat, and as the flash of lightning reveals but does not produce the visions of the night, so the flash of our victorious guns in the war with Spain simply revealed the new responsibilities and duties that had long been in preparation for our young shoulders. I believe that we will be equal to these new responsibilities and successfully bear these new duties to the end. I believe that the path of duty leads to national greatness. I believe that this country will keep pace with the quick step of events; that there will be no turning backward; that we will ever be a leader and exemplar among the nations, and will ever sacredly tend the lamp that liberty holds to light the world.

Thus could William McKinley have spoken, and truly would he have spoken. Therefore I speak truly when I say that, with unbending shoulders, he so bore these our new burdens, and with patriotism and wisdom he so discharged these our new responsibilities, that our day of greatest peril became our day of greatest glory, only saddened by his untimely taking off.

"A man of kindly heart, to kindly deeds disposed,
His soul by kindly light was led above the stars."

When a great man dies, men are apt to despair, and to say, in the words of Homer, "Ulysses has gone upon his travels, and there is no one left in Ithaca to bend his bow." The sentiment is a false one. There is always an arm to bend the bow when there is an arrow to be shot. In the evolution of fate the occasion always produces the man; the work always brings its own doer. And hence came Roosevelt. Young, strenuous, with faith in his

country's great destiny, opportunity-grasping, with courage for any difficulty her leadership may impose, too young in office for eulogy, yet giving promise of greatness, he takes his place in the line of Presidents, supported by the best wishes of every American who doubts not of his country.

AMERICAN IMPERIALISM

*(Delivered at the Banquet of the California Society of the Sons
of the American Revolution, San Fran-
cisco, October 29, 1898.)*

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: Hundreds of years ago there journeyed from palace to court, from court to church, from the throne to the altar, and from priest to king, a navigator who believed that the world was much larger than Roman Emperor or Vandal Chief or Spanish Monarch had ever dreamed, and that there were undiscovered lands rich in silver and gold that had never paid tribute to Rome, Constantinople, or Madrid. This man was Columbus, and in Spanish ships he crossed the trackless seas, and revealed this continent to an astonished world. Such veneration have we always shown for the name of this navigator, that, in 1893, we gave his name to that white city by the lake where all the children of the sons of men, from Greenland's icy mountains to Afric's burning sands, and from the wave-washed islands of many seas, gathered in friendly competition much that was best and most beautiful and useful in art and science and skill and trade and agriculture and manufacture, and we entitled it the Columbian Exposition, and to it not only were there sent from Spain truthful reproductions of those famous ships that brought Columbus to these shores, but also there came as the honored guests of this government royal representatives of that government that started Columbus on his inspired voyage. And yet, in 1898, after a lapse of only five years, these two nations have been at war, and

the big guns that in 1893 were but instruments of courtesy, and thundered only in friendly salutations, became engines of death, and belched forth missiles carrying destruction to Spanish ships.

For years the nations of Europe have been making the seas populous with their floating leviathans of war, while they have made the land resonant with the roll of drum, blast of trumpet, and tread of marching armies. Their ever watchful sentinels have been for years standing guard with bayonets crossed o'er national boundaries, while their mobilized fleets have given constant warning to neighboring thrones.

"At every bastioned frontier, every State,
Suspicion, sworded, standing by the gate."

During these years all our ways were ways of pleasantness, and all our paths were paths of peace, and this republic gazed with wonder, unmixed with alarm, at these mighty armaments, while its people's shoulders, unbent by military burdens, stooped only in thrifeful toil, and wealth filled their coffers that needed no soldier guard.

During this time the United States maintained an army and built a navy in no way commensurate with its resources, and, as we now discover, insufficient for its needs, apparently oblivious of the need of either.

Therefore today in this land, to which war seemed most remote, the call to arms rang out with all the suddenness of an alarm of fire at midnight, and we can hardly yet realize that from counting-room and college hall and scholar's desk and workman's bench our citizens by the hundred thousand rushed to enlist beneath the stars and stripes to fight a foreign foe upon foreign soil, that war has come and gone, and a new day of peace has dawned, disclosing the stars and stripes floating over the islands of the Eastern and Western seas where but lately the red and yellow

flag of Spain marked the death-bed of Spain's colonial power.

Why did we go into a war that we knew would, and that has, cost us millions in money and the lives of many of our brave soldiers and seamen? For territorial conquest? For this nearly all the other nations are now battling, or on the eve thereof. England is fighting a pathway for civilization up the Nile, leaving opportunities for English colonization in the wake of her victorious armies. France and England are almost locking horns in their scramble for territory in Western and Central Africa. Germany and England are both ambitious for aggrandizement in Southern Africa. Russia, Germany, England, and France are jealously watching one another in their preliminary steps for parceling out China.

We took upon our shoulders the burden of battle, we assumed the cost of carnage, we were prepared to wear crepe for our kindred killed, because we had determined to wage war for humanity's sake alone, because in the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, we had ordered Spain to leave Cuba.

We entered into a war out of which we expected that there should come to us only the sufferings of those who fall in battle, and the grief of loved ones at home, only sacrifices and burdens, and the satisfaction of having ended misery and misrule in a neighboring land, and of duty done and protection to the weak maintained. We fought to carry out the principle upon which this government was founded, namely, the uplifting of the weak and the resisting of the strong. Never before, since the crusades, has a nation embarked in such an unselfish adventure.

We went to war with Spain, and we taught her by the lesson of shot and shell that American gunners, backed by the impulse of freedom to enslaved and suffering human-

ity, are invincible; that a new day has dawned for the Antilles and the Philippines, and its sun is the torch that liberty holds to light the world.

Over the victims of Spanish misrule floated the buzzard, and the eagle winged its flight and drove this vulture from the islands of the seas.

After war developed, however humanitarian its inception, destiny, that shapes our ends, opened her Pandora's box, and out rushed a score of causative events that have driven us into the international world, into the company of the nations, where that nation will win that has the power and that one will hold that can. From a potential we must now become an actual great power, and upon the camera of the future we must cast one of the largest shadows or none at all.

Destiny works in a mysterious way its wonders to perform, and rarely reveals in advance what is forging in the workshop of fate. Behind the curtain of the future tomorrow waits, holding in its hands the unexpected and the inevitable, towards which the unerring and irresistible magnet of fate hurries the nations.

Yesterday we were hedged in by a Chinese wall of American isolation, and deaf, blind, and heedless of the world without, we neither accepted the responsibilities of our true place among the nations nor secured its advantages. Yesterday's tomorrow finds that wall razed by the magic battering ram of destiny, and o'er its ruins marched the Cuban and Philippine expeditions. No longer can our Ship of State keep within sight of the shores of an inland lake, but henceforth it must navigate the open sea. Upon this sea there are other ships, some large and powerful, others weak and small. With some of them we must in time come in conflict, with others we must sail in friendly companionship. If coming events have cast their shadows

before, and the friendly and unfriendly utterances concerning us that were heard but yesterday in Europe are prophetic of future international relations, there is a certain mighty Ship of State with which ours may eventually combine into an armada that shall rule the seas.

The time has come when we have colonial possessions beyond the seas, when our position is such that we are forced to be on the commission in whose keeping is the peace of the world.

This policy is called "Imperialism," and we are told that it means an abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine and of the policy of the Father of his Country. Washington's farewell address and Monroe's message are held up to us as the sheet anchors of our Ship of State, the infallible guides fate has given us to follow for all time, the breaking away from which will certainly bring national destruction.

Washington and Monroe were wise in their day and generation, but their day is not forever.

At the beginning of our history our national existence depended upon our isolation. It was then the custom of the great powers to trade small possessions as if they were jack-knives. In this way the Dutch colony of New York was acquired by England, and in this way the latter country traded Havana for the Floridas. The Europe that Richelieu had distributed so as to balance the nations Napoleon redistributed, drawing national boundaries along the compass lines of his ambition. After Napoleon the Holy Alliance grasped the dice-box of the kingdoms, and began to throw new combinations upon the green table of the nations. Its openly avowed aim was to suppress freedom, rivet anew the people's chains, and reburnish crowns whose luster had grown dim, and this policy was about to be applied to the restoration of Spain's dominion over her revolted colonies on this continent. Then it was that Monroe supple-

mented Washington's farewell address with his celebrated message.

Washington feared that the powers of Europe would be continually, as John Adams said, maneuvering to work us into their real or imaginary balances of power, to make us a makeweight candle in weighing out their pounds. Monroe feared that our national independence would be endangered by allowing the Holy Alliance to bring any part of this continent under its baneful influence, and make liberty here subservient to the greed and ambition of kings. Therefore the farewell address and the message crystallized as the foreign policy of this country the determination not to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe, not to allow the European powers to meddle in American affairs, not to permit these powers to transfer their American possessions from one to the other, and to withdraw this continent from European colonization. "The address," said Jefferson, "made us a nation; the message set the compass and pointed the course which we were to steer through the ocean of time opening to us." But Jefferson was also pre-eminently convinced that the constitution pointed the course which we were to steer through the ocean of time opening to us, and yet he did not hesitate to deviate, as he believed, from this course in purchasing Louisiana, justifying himself by the necessities of the situation, and by the conviction that constitutions and policies were made for countries and not countries for constitutions and policies.

Nothing in this so-called imperialism, however, is in conflict with either the address or the message. We do not propose to take a hand in the political game in Europe. The dual alliance of Muscovite and Gaul, the triple alliance of Austrian, German, and Italian, and England in her all-sufficient individuality, may do with their own affairs as they please, and look on unblushingly while Mussulmen

murder Christians, and Turkey dismembers Greece, and the United States will only point to the grave of its sons who died for humanity in Cuba, and to freedom's banner crowning Morro Castle, and will say to mankind: "Look on this picture and then on that."

We still adhere to the Monroe doctrine, and still assert that "the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers," and that "we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." We still stand ready to prevent any European power from doing what France attempted in Mexico, or England in Venezuela.

If, however, it still be maintained that the present policy is a departure from the policy of Washington and Monroe, then so let it be. Our hand is to the plow; we must follow the furrow to the end. The wind is off shore, and we must take advantage of the breeze, steering our course by the star of our destiny. No longer shall dead hands extend their fleshless fingers from century-old graves like skeleton guides to point the living present to any inexorable course.

If it be imperialism to favor territorial expansion, then imperialism began with Jefferson, who purchased Louisiana and favored the annexation of Cuba. It continued with Munroe, who partly purchased and partly seized Florida. It was characteristic of all who, by conquest and treaty, extended our domain from Salt Lake to the Golden Gate, and from the Rio Grande to Mt. Shasta. It includes among its votaries Andrew Johnson, who brought beneath our flag the land that is lit by the Aurora Borealis, and makes an imperialist of Ulysses S. Grant, who would have illu-

mined our galaxy of stars with the Southern Cross that brightens the skies o'er San Domingo.

We are told again that the new imperialism leads to the acquisition of territory away from this continent, to the annexation of islands that we can not govern as colonies, nor admit into the Union as States, nor endow with universal suffrage, nor populate with our people, but which we must nevertheless defend with our army and navy, and that this will demoralize our government, compel a large standing army and navy, increase our taxes, and bring us into conflict with other nations; that it sounds the knell of the republic and inaugurates the reign of the plutocrat and military autocrat.

If all this be true, it is unfortunate, as the Antilles, the Hawaiian Islands, and part, if not all, of the Philippines are already practically annexed. We can not give them back, and it would seem to be wisdom to seek how best to bear these new responsibilities that we can not avoid, rather than to waste our time in endeavoring to escape the inevitable.

But all this gloomy foreboding is not true prophecy. We can govern these possessions as colonies; we are not compelled ever to admit them as States; and it is not necessary that we populate them with our own people. For ages their population will not be fitted for statehood, if they can ever so become. We can carry to them law, order, and education; we can free them from the tyranny of church and caste; we can make freedom attractive to them by exemplifying its benefits, and we can thereby further and promote the cause of civilization. But we need not repeat the mistakes of our own history, and with utopian blindness extend to them the right of suffrage, and we will not demoralize our government by refusing so to do.

That we must increase our army and navy is true, and also is it true that thereby our taxes will be increased.

Our standing army should be increased. For years we must in our island possessions sustain the law with visible force until confidence is bred of justice, and the husbandman learns that he will reap what he sows, unmolested by native brigand or governmental bandit. Furthermore, our own land is full today of physical wrecks, and every encampment recently occupied by our army is fringed with the graves of our soldiers, all the victims of a policy that dwarfed our army at the bidding of the millionaire who feared the tax-gatherer, and of the Socialist who feared the preserver of law and order. Pay more for a living army, and you will pay less in pensions for dead or invalided soldiers. Imperialism will be a benefactor if it thus enables us, by increasing our military system both in numbers and efficiency, better to take care of those who offer their lives for their country.

Our navy also should be increased. The great contest of the future is to be for commercial existence, commercial extension, commercial supremacy. The battleship must keep open the course of the merchantman. Trade must live by the aggressiveness that is behind it, or it must perish.

Germany, with practically no colonies and no coast line, and with already a powerful navy afloat, has appropriated \$118,000,000 for new ships to be finished in 1904; France, with few colonies, has appropriated \$160,000,000 for new ships to increase her present large armament; Russia has appropriated \$46,000,000 for the same purpose. Every one of these men-of-war will be launched with its prow pointed to the Orient and the Tropics, where these nations hope to gain and build up trade by the acquisition of territory, and to keep this trade to themselves by closing to others the doors through which it comes and goes.

By treaty we have the right of admission to the Chinese market upon the terms of entire equality with every other nation. And yet we have allowed Talien-Wan to be ceded to Russia, and Kiao-Chou to Germany, without safeguarding this right. A sufficient safeguard will be the immediate ability to enforce it. We must not allow it to be impaired. Already the products of our fields and mines and factories have grown beyond our own consumption. Last year our domestic exports exceeded those of 1894 by \$100,000,000, or 77 per cent. Much of this goes to China. Our locomotives are whistling at the gates of Peking. Mongolian bloomers bestride American bicycles, and American typewriters print Chinese characters in the counting-rooms of Canton. Shall this trade continue and grow? Are we to hold our own in the Orient? Are all Oriental doors to be kept open to our ships and merchants?

In the keen competition of the immediate future for the vast trade of the Orient, where the flower of civilization is just budding, we must be in a position to demand and exact our share, or we will lose it. We must match Port Arthur and Kiao-Chou with Manila.

Behind courage there must be strength. Behind great national interests there must be immediate and sufficient protection known of all men. We have courage, but behind it little strength immediately available. We have great national interests, but it is now known of all men that the protection behind them, though possible, is remote. Neither in the Atlantic nor in the Pacific had we six months ago a spot where an American ship could coal as of right. Within six months the God of Battles has planted our flag upon islands in the Atlantic and unfurled it upon islands in the distant Pacific, and a friendly people have unfolded it where the waters break on Honolulu's coral reef. There

it will remain as long as American courage backs up American genius upon the decks of an American man-of-war.

With the Antilles protecting the eastern end of the Nicaragua Canal, and the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines as strategic and distributing points in the Pacific, we will be prepared to keep all trade courses and doors open to ourselves, and, if necessary, to coöperate with Great Britain, who at present is fighting single-handed for the "open door" in the Orient.

In this policy England's course runs with ours. May they always run together. In the eloquent words of our recent Ambassador to the Court of St. James: "These two peoples are bound by ties they did not forge and that they can not break; they are joint ministers in the same sacred mission of freedom and progress, charged by the imposition of irresistible hands with duties they can not evade."

Thirty years ago Secretary Seward said: "The Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast regions beyond will become the chief theater of events in the world's great hereafter." This prophecy is in its fulfillment. This hereafter is dawning, its morning is at hand. Before its sun nears the meridian this ocean will have become the international arena in which the empires will struggle for the trade of the world. The two great combatants will be the Slav and the Anglo-Saxon. The Slav is young in accomplishments, but mighty in possibilities and limitless in resources. The Anglo-Saxon is today in the prime of a healthy, vigorous manhood. He has behind him the glorious record of centuries of noble achievements. He has been the King Arthur at the round table of civilization.

It was the Anglo-Saxon race that shattered Spain's world-spreading empire, curbed the ambition of Philip the Second, crushed his armada, and checked the growth of absolutism and ecclesiasticism. It was the Anglo-Saxon race, more

than the snows of Russia, that vanquished Napoleon, prevented the triumph of personal Imperialism, and stood guard at St. Helena over the military genius of all the ages. It is the Anglo-Saxon race that is "the pioneer of progress and the stubborn defender of liberty," and that gave mankind civil liberty, whereby authority and law are harnessed together to the chariot of modern civilization; and it is this Anglo-Saxon race from which we are sprung. "We, too, are heirs of Runnymede, and Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's deeds are not alone our mother's." If we are to help this race continue on in its apparently divinely appointed path, and do our duty in this new sphere of national and international life in which it has pleased God to put us, we must start out upon our new career with no uncertain tread, meeting our new obligations as fearlessly, resolutely, and successfully as our revolutionary fathers met theirs when they founded this Republic.

I believe that we will be equal to our opportunities and faithful to our stewardship, and that, though "the Republic has on her shoulders the mantle of empire, and has taken the sceptre of empire in her hands, and has set upon her own head the crown of empire," she will ever remain a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, ever heedful of the cause of humanity, ever watchful of the liberties of her people, better equipped to attend to her people's needs, and her imperialism will be only a broader democracy.

LAW AND COMMERCE

(Delivered at a Dinner given by the Merchants and Manufacturers of San Francisco to Charles M. Hays, the new President of the Southern Pacific Company, January 18, 1901.)

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: I am terrified at being called upon to talk about commerce, as I know nothing about the subject. I am heartbroken in being asked to talk law to so many possible clients with no fee in sight. My only consolation is that a layman generally pays very dearly for law that he gets for nothing, and this is not so much of an Irish bull as it sounds. I hope, however, that the two, law and commerce, will always be linked together; that is, I hope that commerce will never get out of law, for lawyers must live. A poet (probably Goldsmith) well and truthfully said:

“Merchants and railroad men may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made,
But a bold lawyer, the country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.”

This poet, as you see, anticipated our hosts of this evening in bringing merchants and railroad men together. They should be together. Like the lion and the lamb, they should lie down together. As to which one will get up outside of the other I can only say that I would suggest David Harum's advice, “Do unto the other man as he would do unto you, but do it first.”

You men of commerce have as your guest this evening a new railroad man, who has been for several years absent

from his native land doing missionary work among the heathen, and I am reliably informed that he is one of the few missionaries in foreign lands that recently did not have to get out in a hurry. He tells me that he left no broken china behind him.

Mr. Hays has returned to this country for his country's good, and I am informed by him that this country never ceased to be his country, and that he came back every year to vote for McKinley. I think that a good patriot and a good railroad man is a very good combination, the equal of a good man of commerce, and almost as good as a lawyer. Speaking, therefore, about law and commerce, I congratulate this city upon the acquisition of such a citizen. He has a great opportunity. May he be equal to it! While he is becoming acquainted with us, with our ways, with our coast, and with the great properities committed to his care, give him encouragement rather than criticism, bearing in mind the inscription that not many years ago was usually suspended over the band at a miners' ball: "Do not shoot the musicians, they are doing the best they know how."

I know of no position upon this Coast, either in law or commerce, that carries with it as onerous duties, as great responsibilities both to the public and to the individual, as the presidency of the Southern Pacific. Through his company he must come in many shapes and knock at many doors and pay tribute to and take tribute from all our industries. He is the great evangel of transportation on this Coast, and as nothing has contributed more than improvement in transportation to make the nineteenth century the greatest of all centuries, bringing nations and states nearer together, making possible a more general enjoyment of the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life, and giving to want more of the largess of wealth, so as a manager of trans-

portation he has a great work to do in keeping up this improvement and in helping to make the twentieth century an equal contributor to the world's advancement.

In this connection I desire to say that nothing more distinctly characterizes the wonderful creative, executive, and financial ability, the tremendous grasp of innumerable details, the persistence, energy, and courage of the late C. P. Huntington than the fact that the great duties that Mr. Hays is about to undertake as president of the Southern Pacific are but a part of those that Mr. Huntington bore with unstooping shoulders to a ripe old age. Many hands are required to bear the burden his two hands bore alone. Such men are the builders of nations.

Now, my friends, speaking of law and commerce, may you have much of both! May your lawyers flourish and your merchants thrive! The opening century comes full of promise to this country and this Coast. Your city fronts the Orient. The star of empire, the morning star of the twentieth century, now domes the Pacific and lights with its earliest rays the Golden Gate that opens up to this metropolis its queenship of the future. May naught dim its luster but the smoke of myriad locomotives and myriad steamships and myriad factories, rising o'er your bay and city like clouds of incense to your commercial greatness! May all the prosperity that can be produced by a fertile soil, mines rich in silver and gold, a mild climate, an industrious people, grand harbors, great opportunities, and a flag that honors and protects, be yours! May the new century keep its promise to the ear and break it not to hope, and may you ever congratulate yourselves both on your law and your commerce, for ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, where commerce accumulates and lawyers decay.

FROM PLYMOUTH ROCK TO THE GOLDEN GATE

*(Delivered at the Annual Dinner of the New England Society
of New York, at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York,
December 22, 1903.)*

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: When Patrick Henry heard of Bunker Hill, he sent word to Massachusetts: "I am not a Virginian; I am an American." When I received the kind invitation of your Vice-President to attend this annual gathering of the New England Society of New York, I said: "I am not a Californian; I am an American." Therefore, like Patrick Henry, I accepted the New England invitation.

Steam and electricity have so annihilated space and time, and brought so close together the Atlantic and Pacific, that their roarings almost commingle in one diapason of the waves; while commerce and a new spirit of nationality have so nearly obliterated State and sectional lines, and we are all so tied and bound together, so near to one another—neighbors, though whole wide leagues apart—that we realize as never before that statehood pales before Americanhood; that the greatest birthright of every one of us, whether he hails from New England's rocky coast, the everglades of Florida, or the orange groves of California, is that he is an American, and that Americans are one people, with one tongue, one flag, one country indivisible forever.

It is this spirit that makes every one of us of all the forty-five States feel that he is no longer a stranger in

any part of this American continent over which float the Stars and Stripes, however distant he may be from the place of his nativity.

Therefore, though I have journeyed over mountains high and rivers broad and plains of almost boundless reach to attend this feast, and though my home lies beyond the horizon's dip, I am no stranger among you, but one of you, glad and proud to assist in honoring the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. As we Americans say, "We, too, are heirs of Runnymede, and Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's deeds are not alone old England's," so we Californians say, "We, too, are heirs of Plymouth Rock, and the Mayflower's fame and the Pilgrims' deeds are not alone New England's."

The sentiment to which you have asked me to respond, "From Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate," is a grand one, more suited for an epic poem of Homeric proportions than for an after-dinner brief oration. Ulysses compassed not so much in all his fabled wanderings.

The sentiment begins with the sowing of the seed, it ends with the reaping of the harvest. It begins with hope born of faith, it ends with fulfillment produced by destiny. The poet would make it read,

"From the New England manse, with its mosses,
To the California mission, with its crosses."

My surroundings this evening suggest that it might be paraphrased, "From the cabin of the Mayflower to the banquet hall of the Waldorf-Astoria," or "From pinching poverty to wondrous wealth as great as that of Ormus or of Ind."

If, when John Carver landed from the Mayflower with his little band of poorly fed and poorly clad Puritans, he could have foreseen this room of splendor, this luxurious

table, these wines, the silks and satins and precious stones our fair guests adorn, he would have immediately re-embarked and sailed back to Leyden, for to him there was no doubting that

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

We are glad he had no such revelation, for we know that wealth may accumulate, and yet men not decay.

Every generation is apt to think those burdens the heaviest its shoulders have to bear, those dangers the most perilous its courage has to brave, those responsibilities the greatest it has to face.

When Abraham Lincoln was invited by this honorable society to attend its annual reunion in 1864, he replied: "The work of the Plymouth emigrants was the glory of their age. While we reverence their memory, let us not forget how vastly greater is our opportunity."

The Puritans bore burdens and dared dangers that would have crushed most people, but they had very little opportunity save the opportunity of failing. With no warmth against the cold save the fire of faith that burned upon the hearthstones of their hearts; with famine imminent and death their daily visitant; with no resources save strong arms, courage, and high resolve; few in number and poor in purse, they began the building of an empire whose foundations were the rights of man, and they built upon the Rock of Ages. "They were men (coequal with their fate) who did great things, unconscious they were great." Little did they dream what the morrow would bring forth. Surely Destiny works in a mysterious way its wonders to perform, and rarely reveals in advance what is forging in the workshop of fate.

When Lincoln came the corner-stone had been laid, the building had progressed far in its construction. The experience of its founders was a guide for its completion.

Let us not forget how vastly greater was our strength in 1864 than theirs in 1620. We had the opportunity and the power of forever silencing in our republic the clanking of a bondsman's chains, of proving to the world that the States whom God had joined together no man could cast asunder, of demonstrating to the attentive nations that this government of the people, for the people, and by the people should not perish from the earth.

Let us not forget how still vastly greater than in 1864 is our strength as well as our opportunity in 1902. The temple is completed, and from its dome Liberty holds a torch to light the world.

For thousands of years the world has been growing toward this consummation, the dedication of this great work, the coming to manhood of the American republic, the supremacy among the nations of this government of the people.

For nearly three centuries we have been on our way from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate.

What a transcontinental procession! Not at all times a peaceful one, nor always one of triumph, the sword and the gun oft supplanting the olive branch, and wayside graves like monumental urns marking many a stage along this life journey of a nation.

First comes John Carver with his little band, their only charts and guides the Bible and the Bill of Rights they drew up in the cabin of the Mayflower. Down through more than one hundred and fifty years this procession slowly moves in safe obscurity, growing like a mountain stream into a river by the commingling of its waters with those of many tributaries. At last, out of the darkness of colo-

nial life it emerges into the faint light of a nation's dawning. There are now many captains of many bands, but with difficulty held together. George Washington and Alexander Hamilton and John Adams lead, and behind them march abreast the Puritan and the Cavalier, to whom alike the guns at Bunker Hill were a call to arms. They fight the great fight for national independence, and then this procession, now a nation, laurel crowned, resumes its march with Washington, the Virginian, at its head. From the Atlantic it advances, crossing rivers, climbing mountains, ever following the sun. Before it forests fall, and behind it golden fields mark the fertility of its footfall. Cities, towns, and hamlets note its resting places, in every one of which the church and the schoolhouse show the impress of the Puritan.

New leaders appear—Marshall from Virginia, and Webster from Massachusetts—holding aloft the Ark of the constitution, a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, leading the nation along the only highway whereon it could cross the continent.

Half the journey is made. The Puritan hundred has grown into the nation's millions, the thirteen colonies into many States. Suddenly the guns of Fort Sumter call a halt. The nation threatens to break in two, the procession to part asunder, when, lo, from out the ranks there steps "a tall man, sun-crowned, one who rises above the fog and smoke of public station," Abraham Lincoln, under whose leadership the nation, no longer half-slave and half-free, but wholly free, reunites, never to divide again, and the procession moves on, never to halt again until it reaches the Golden Gate, where stands guard California, "the youthful queen of the Pacific, in her robes of silver gorgeously inlaid with gold," in her eyes that light of prophecy that unrolled the future as a scroll to Seward, when he

predicted that the Pacific Ocean would one day be the chief theatre of the world's great hereafter. That day has dawned. Its morning star, the star of empire, is now rising above the horizon that rims the Pacific, and its first rays illumine the Golden Gate.

Was our journey ended at this portal of the sunset sea? For a while we thought so. But God disposes, and the end was not yet. Suddenly, like an alarm of fire at midnight, the explosion of the Maine called us to arms, and we took upon our shoulders the burden of battle for the right of others to live and, like ourselves, be free; we sent our army for the first time from this continent to invade a foreign land, planted our flag upon the islands of the Orient seas, and brought them nearer to Plymouth Rock.

The sentiment of my discourse now reads, "From Plymouth Rock to Manila Bay, and not a step backward."

So far we have overcome all difficulties, surmounted all obstacles. This is our hour of greatness, our hour of greatest power, and, therefore, our hour of greatest peril. This is our hour of greatest opportunity.

The Republic therefore needs our prayers as much as it deserves our praises, our watchful care, our caution, our utmost zeal and strenuous endeavor as much as our most unbounded admiration. But yesterday with bowed head and bended knee, before humble altars and gilded shrines, in chapels and cathedrals, with grateful hearts, we offered up thanksgiving for God's unparalleled generosity during the year now closing. May He have given as bountifully of His wisdom as of His wealth!

The seat of wealth and power that once found lodgment within the walls of Carthage, thence beneath the eagle's wings made Rome its home, thence to Constantinople traveled, and thence to Venice, where it lingered a

while, and then guarded by the lion dwelt in London, again finds safe shelter beneath the eagle's wings.

And yet, at this moment of prosperity, our country stands confronted by the gravest problems. Solve them it must. It can not stand still. Forward it must go, or to decay be doomed, as progress is the immutable law both of individual and national life.

The trust that withered in Spain's palsied hands is now in our vigorous keeping. The dusky peoples of the Caribbean and Hawaiian Isles and the Filipino millions look to us for light and guidance. Shall they look in vain? Shall God's untutored millions share not in our golden largess? Shall we bury our treasure, or with this treasure shall we gather increase? We have arrived at man's estate. Shall we live out our manhood in the narrow bounds our boyhood knew? Shall the sun-rimmed horizon of living unto self blind our aspirations and limit our endeavors? Shall we take no part in the world's affairs, and become a hermit nation?

Neither individuals nor nations can live to themselves alone. We are our brothers' keepers. This nation in the great plans of the Almighty has its duty to perform in the working out of civilization. For its part of this great task it has been its whole life preparing. With prophetic ink in the sibylline book of fate there has long been written what it has to do. As the drop of rain starts but does not create the life lying dormant in the grain of wheat, as the flash of lightning reveals but does not produce the visions of the night, so the flash of our victorious guns in the war with Spain simply revealed the new burdens and responsibilities that had been for years in preparation for our young shoulders.

Shall we profit by this opportunity? Shall we be true to the memory of those we honor this evening? Shall we

allow prosperity to destroy that strength of will and spirit of liberty that survived the hunger and the cold and the suffering of the winter of 1620 on the bleak New England coast? Shall we prove that wealth may accumulate, and yet men not decay? We are men of mighty days; shall we be equal to our days?

I believe that we will continue to be equal to any opportunity fate has in store for us, that we will bear our burdens and responsibilities with unbending shoulders successfully to the end, that we will do our duty in this new state of international life into which it has pleased God to place us, and that we will be faithful to our stewardship both beneath the rising and the setting sun.

I believe that not in vain have we journeyed from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate, peopling a continent with a vast, a mighty, a God-fearing, a liberty-loving, and a prosperous people, and establishing and perpetuating as an example to the nations and a benediction to mankind government based solely upon the rights of man.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

(Delivered at a dinner given by the Alumni to President Alderman of the University of Virginia, San Francisco, April, 1906.)

MANY years ago, in a very old city of the dead, in old Virginia, I read on a modest shaft the following impressive epitaph: "Author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia," and I knew, as I read, that I stood by the grave of one who had achieved immortality by making mortality more bearable to his fellow man.

On July 4, 1893, I was visiting my old home, Petersburg, Virginia, and I noticed that there was no celebration, no beating of drums, nor blowing of horns, no waving of flags, nor marching of troops, and I exclaimed to a friend: "Why this silence! This should not be. This day, of all the days, is Virginia's day, when every other State must salute her. On this day the Old Dominion has the right of the line. This is the birthday of American independence, celebrated in every clime and on every sea, proclaimed in prose and sung in song wherever freedom blesses the children of men, and Virginia, above all others, should celebrate it with hallelujas and hosannas from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, and cover with flowers that grave on Monticello's slope where sleeps her immortal son, Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence."

Proud, as I am, of being a citizen of California, this land "where summers never cease their endless chant of light and peace, whose moonlight poured for years untold has drifted down in dust of gold, whose morning splendor, fallen in showers, leaves ceaseless sunrise in her flowers," I envy the man born in that State that gave to the union Washington, Jefferson, and Marshall, one the father of his country, one the father of the constitution, one the father of the University of Virginia.

Were I a Virginian, it would cause me to hold my head a little high to know that he also was a Virginian who without a beacon, without a chart, but with unwavering eye and steady hand, guided his country safe through darkness and through storm to the fulfillment of that proclamation of freedom that was penned by the hand of another Virginian, who with Washington, Madison, Monroe, and Tyler, entitled Virginia to be called the mother of Presidents.

Were I a Virginian, my pride would know no bounds when I recalled that it was another Virginian who by his decisions secured the perpetuity of this Union, and made the constitution a band of steel instead of leaving it a rope of sand, who by his judicial statesmanship made the constitution the corner-stone of an empire boundless in its capacity for growth, made it possible for an American citizen to cross the continent from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate and always beneath the protecting ægis of the one flag that claims the glad reverence of Massachusetts, Virginia, and California alike, and is cheered with equal enthusiasm at Harvard, Charlottesville, and Berkeley.

Washington, Marshall, and Jefferson were "tall men, sun-crowned, men who rose above the fog and smoke of public station," and we here this evening feel that it has been a great privilege to have studied at the college that Jeffer-

son founded, and that bears the name of the State that produced these three men. All three builded better than they knew. Jefferson, when he made the Louisiana purchase, did not anticipate that his successors would cross the Rockies and join to the sisterhood of States California, "the youthful queen of the Pacific, with her robes of silver inlined with gold," nor did he dream that, in less than a century after his University opened her doors, one of her graduates would be the honored Chief Justice of a great commonwealth fronting the Orient, or that her president should in a distant clime, "where the West melts away into the rising East," proclaim to his fellow-countrymen the glory justly due to the father of the University of Virginia.

Jefferson helped greatly to make possible this expansion, not merely because he believed in the people, in government of the people, by the people, and for the people, but because he believed in the education of the people, and worked towards that end; because he believed that government by the people must be by an educated people, that there must be not only primary education for the many, but higher education for the few "to form the statesmen, legislators, and judges on whom public prosperity and individual happiness so much depend," because he believed that "nothing more than education advances the prosperity, the power, and the happiness of a nation."

By their works ye shall know men. Sir Christopher Wren, standing beneath the dome of St. Paul's, exclaimed, "*Si monumentum videres, circumspice.*" Thomas Jefferson, standing beneath the dome of the rotunda of the University of Virginia, could as truthfully have said, "*Si monumentum videres, circumspice.*" Great as is his reputation as Governor of Virginia, Minister to France, and President of the United States, greater will be his title to fame as

father of the University of Virginia. From its halls have come and will continue to come many statesmen, legislators, and judges to keep this people worthy of the independence Jefferson proclaimed.

All hail to the University! It is a light set upon a hill, and for ages it will shine as one of the brightest beacon lights of culture, whose rays shall dim the stars that sparkle o'er Atlantic and Pacific seas and all the lands 'twixt Monticello and where burns the Southern Cross.

WILLIAM SPROULE

(Delivered at a farewell dinner to William Sproule at Pacific Union Club, San Francisco, September 6, 1906.)

MR. CHAIRMAN: When I see this magnificent banquet, these lights, this brilliant room, these distinguished guests, and look at the guest in whose honor this is done, I realize that God is good to the Irish.

This is the most difficult speech I have ever attempted. There are many men for whom it is a pleasure to make a farewell speech. One would willingly sit up all night in its preparation, if one were sure that such men would really go. But this is not so when it is one's dearest friend that is leaving. Then it is that you realize that it is not true that from the abundance of the heart one speaketh. Lovers speak but little when their hearts have most abundance.

When Sproule told me that he was about to be married, I felt that I could not forgive him for abandoning me, until I saw his bride, and then I envied him. Now that he is taking both bride and himself away to make a distant city his permanent home, my loss is irreparable, my grief inconsolable.

A poet has spoken of California as "the State that guards the dying day, whose burning tear, the evening star, drops silently to the waves afar."

California, alas! has had cause to drop many a burning tear during this year of our Lord, 1906, and now she must shed another burning tear, scalding hot from the furnace of her afflictions, when Sproule leaves. But her face

will be like a brighter day, sunshine and rain at once, a rain of tears for herself o'er the loss of so gifted a son of her adoption, the sunshine of her smiles for his unparalleled success.

San Francisco lies in ashes at our feet, her palaces, her temples, and her marts shapeless masses of stone and brick and twisted iron, her columns crumbling in the dust, her church spires no longer pointing to the skies, her greatness a memory, her future a hope, her greatest need men, "tall men, sun-crowned, men who rise above the fog and smoke of public station, men who can live and dare not lie." Such a man is William Sproule, and he is leaving San Francisco. Did I love him less, I would selfishly beg him to stay. But the sacrifice on his part would be too great. He goes to fulfill his destiny, and, if the past and present be prophetic of the future, we are confident of the brilliance of that fulfillment.

You all know his history, his rise from an humble clerkship to the high and responsible position of freight traffic manager of the Southern Pacific. You have read this history in the daily papers, and you share his pride in it. Sproule tells me confidentially that he has read it so often that he is beginning to believe it himself, and that now when he hears of the death of a very great man, he finds that he does not feel very well himself.

But, seriously speaking, he may well be proud. He has had great opportunities, he has been equal to his opportunities, and that is greatness. He came here a foreigner, poor and friendless. He leaves here known, respected, admired, loved, and honored by the community. No one ever came here more unknown or with fewer friends. No one has ever left here better known or with more or truer friends.

Versatile in talents, strong in character, firm in purpose, and complete in performance, it will require more than one man to be his successor, and the big men of New York will take notice when this young Lochinvar comes out from the West.

May health, happiness, and high esteem continue to illuminate his climbing fortunes, and may kindly circumstance lead his footsteps often back to the Golden Gate, where many warm hearts will ever extend him glad welcome.

CARNEGIE LIBRARIES

(Delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of the Carnegie Library, Pacific Grove, November 9, 1907.)

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I deem it a privilege to be invited to take part in these proceedings, to be so honored by Pacific Grove. I congratulate you on your city. You can look back with satisfaction on your past; you can contemplate with pride your present; you can look forward with confidence to your future, assured of the fulfillment of your fondest hopes and highest ambitions; you can justifiably hang on your outer wall a banner bearing the announcement, "Watch Us Grow."

I regret that I have no address worthy of this occasion, and must beg you to be content with a few desultory remarks.

It has been the fashion to declaim against the money of millionaires as "tainted money." This was, of course, before the present financial stringency, when at least *some* money was visible to the naked eye. If this stringency continues much longer, I am afraid it will be difficult for most of us to even *recognize* money at sight, much less to distinguish between the tainted and untainted coin.

But, as I have said, it has been the fashion to declaim against money as tainted money, because the owner of it has accumulated too much of it. If it be true that money becomes tainted when too much of it is accumulated in

the same exchequer, I know of no better way of removing the taint than by devoting it to some great public purpose.

The University of Chicago loses none of its splendid opportunities for educating the youth of the Middle West because of the fact that the money that has built it up and afforded it its great educational facilities was a part of the Rockefeller millions. The Stanford University is no less a benefaction of incalculable value to the youth of the Pacific Coast because its foundation and support are the dollars that came from the railroad coffers.

And so, the libraries that adorn countless towns in many climes and serve as beacon lights of culture to so many nations, let their light shine before men no less brilliantly because they are the gifts of a millionaire, who, by his broadminded philanthropy, has immortalized the name of Carnegie.

Men climb to dizzy heights of fame by many different ladders. By many means have men achieved immortality. For many reasons have men's names been enrolled in the Hall of the Immortals. The upward paths of some, like Cæsar and Napoleon, may be traced by footprints stained with blood; of others, like Lincoln and Washington, by the wise government the one founded and the other secured, rather than by the victories they won; and of Andrew Carnegie by the multiplicity and magnitude of his gifts to science, to letters, and to education. He has made possible the collection of books in every town where the English language is spoken.

Books are our best, our wisest, and most faithful companions. They instruct, they entertain, and they console us. Books, like searchlights, penetrate the darkness of the past and supplement our fading memories. Like the noon-day sun, they illumine the present, and make our limited field of vision almost boundless as Omniscience. They are

bridges that span the centuries, bringing the remotest times near neighbors to the present. They annihilate space and time, and make our libraries whispering galleries wherein the faintest voice from the most distant place and time can reach the dullest ear.

By books alone can man preserve the sayings and the songs of the singers and the seers of all the yester-years.

Like a garden without flowers, like a night without stars, would be a land without books.

Libraries are orchestras, and they play for us all the symphonies; they are choirs, and they sing for us the world's doxologies.

Libraries are theatres, and therein are performed all earth's tragedies and life's comedies.

Libraries are laboratories wherein science works out her miracles; they are observatories, and therein men find their answers in the stars.

Libraries are pantheons where every soul may solace seek, and every worshiper his God may find, from the Christian Jesus to the Chinese Joss; they are schools where every pupil may his lesson learn.

Libraries are storehouses wherein men store the wisdom and the experience of the ages. Destroy them, and all our yesterdays might as well have never been.

I know that there is a different theory from the above, for a poet has said that a civilized man can live without books, but that civilized man can not live without cooks. This is not true. Many a civilized man would have lived longer but for his cook. I therefore stick to my eulogy.

All praise then, and honor, and gratitude to the founder of this library, Andrew Carnegie.

SOUTHERN COOKING

*(Delivered at a dinner given by Thomas H. Williams,
San Francisco, March, 1908.)*

WE WERE invited here this evening to partake of some Southern cooking. The invitation created an appetite. As a theme for a speech Southern cooking is an inspiration. It is worthy of the genius of a Shakespeare, of the eloquence of a Cicero, and of the pen of a Bulwer-Lytton, who wrote, as you know, that civilized man can live without books, but that he can not possibly live without Southern cooks and Southern cooking.

It has nourished many great men—Presidents, generals, and jurists, Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Madison, Monroe, Marshall, Lee, and Stonewall Jackson, the statesman who wrote the Declaration of Independence, the President and general who gave to this government the possibility of its then beginning, the judge who by his construction of the constitution secured to this government perpetuity.

It has nourished a brave and gallant people, one not always wisely brave, but always assuredly so.

When their war for secession was over, their battles fought and lost, their armies broken and scattered, their leaders dead or captives, and their conquered banner but a funeral shroud, a party of ragged and barefooted Confederates were slowly trudging home, discussing as they went the feasibility of migrating to some new country to rebuild their shattered fortunes, when one of them remarked: "You fellows can do as you like, but I am going home,

kiss my wife, plant a crop, and if the Yanks fool with me, I'll lick 'em again."

Only Southern cooking could have produced such men, such a people.

I do not forget the glories of a New England boiled dinner. I know that it is responsible for the Boston Tea Party and Bunker Hill, that it is one of the corner-stones of the republic, that upon it are founded the church, the schoolhouse, and the town meeting, and that but for its sustaining power Webster would not have achieved immortality, and yet it pales its ineffectual indigestibility before that trinity of Southern cooking, those chef-d'œuvres of a Southern kitchen, sweet potatoes, corn bread, and o'possum.

I rejoice that the Southern men were so few, or this union might have been divided, Southern cooking been contraband in California, and we would have missed this enjoyable evening, this sumptuous banquet, this bounteous hospitality.

All glory, then, to Southern cooking, all gratitude to the host of this Southern feast.

AN EASTER TALK

*(Delivered at a literary and musical entertainment for the benefit
of Maria Kip Orphanage, San Francisco, at
the residence of W. F. Goad.)*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The change from the fair maidens who just sang so sweetly to the man who is about to address you is rather abrupt. It could not possibly have been more so, unless either one of my two colleagues had taken my place. I was about to say that the change reminded me of the hooting of an owl following the singing of the lark; but I can not flatter myself with even the appearance of wisdom, as a fellow-Bohemian, at the Christmas jinks, recently told me, after hearing me speak, that I did not *look* clever.

This is my first appearance in a variety entertainment of this kind. Two other members of this troupe, and who do this kind of specialty business, are waiting just outside of the stage door of this theatre. They are playing it rather low down on me, and are ready to fold their tents and steal away if they see me thrown out. If, when I finish, you feel that you can not stand anything more, you would do well to leave. I would, however, advise you to remain, as I do not think that either of these gentlemen, with all their talent, can do worse than I am doing. When they speak you will see suspended over the stage the notice: "Do not shoot the performers; they are doing the best they know how!" As for me, I throw myself on your mercy.

You are met together, at the price of one dollar per head, for charity. I beseech you to devote one dollar's worth of it to me.

It is said that anything, moral or immoral, good or bad, goes if charity is its ostensible purpose, as charity covers a multitude of sins. Let me have the benefit of this covering. In search for an idea I have in vain laid bare my mind—cut my mental dress low, as it were. Let your charity extend to mental as well as physical décolleté. In society the one needs a covering as much as the other.

On Sunday last, had you asked of the little ones of the world the meaning of Easter, they would have answered that it was that particular time of the year set apart for staining eggs. Thus is the entire Christian scheme of salvation reduced to a child's sport, and the faith of all Mayfair that the death of the Savior had enabled it to sin with impunity found to be resting upon an eggshell.

Were that egg to smash, and you had each one to rely for salvation upon your own sacrifices, I do not think that any one of you would ever forgive the hen for her poor workmanship.

If the Lenten season, with its fasting and penance and prayer, had not cleansed your consciences free from all sin, I would hesitate before thus disclosing to you how slight is the foundation for a faith that is so unselfish on your part.

If, however, the egg can be used to suggest the weakness of an old faith, it is also utilized to illustrate the strength of a new faith called evolution. We were recently told by Professor Le Conte that the whole doctrine of evolution is found in the egg. But here again we find ourselves in trouble. We know what is to be evolved from the egg. We know that there will come a hen who will lay other eggs and cackle to her neighbors much thereafter; or, may-

hap, a rooster who, in plumage gay that should not be his, will crow with exceeding pride over another's achievements. But we do not know whence came the first egg, what hen laid it, or who laid the hen.

Away, however, with these doubts. This Easter season is a time not for doubt, but for hope's fruition, when nature fulfills its promise in every budding plant and flowering tree, and offers up the perfumes of spring as the incense of its gratitude, teaching that from seeming death new life may come.

I am not here to preach a sermon. My reverend father has always attended to that part of the business, using me, probably, as a terrible example. But I can not refrain from saying, while in this train of thought, that the object of this particular charity whose cause we are trying to assist, to wit: the care of motherless and fatherless children, helps to faith, and suggests that sentiment which must have been uttered by every god who is a god, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." In behalf of them I am willing to forego even that small portion of your charity that a few moments ago I desired for myself.

Theirs is the true religion, a faith born of love, by love sustained; its altar a mother's breast, its shrine a mother's heart, its song of praise a mother's benediction, its sweetest music her lullaby. She is the high priestess of their religion, the goddess of their idolatry.

Children love without the need of hope, they trust without thought of questioning, they gather the rose not knowing of the thorn or of the serpent underneath. To them there is no tree of good and evil, and the Garden of Eden is still their playground. To them there is no resurrection, because they know not of the crucifixion. To their eyes the crown appears without the shadow of the cross behind

it. To them time and space are not. The past without a beginning and the future without an ending they encompass within the narrow limits of the present, while the sun and moon are within their reach, and their tiny hands stretch out to pluck a star as a jewel for their beloved. To them all things are possible. They wave the magic wand of love and grasp the infinite. To them dreams are real, and Dreamland lies just beyond the sunset. Do you not believe it? Then listen to Little Boy Blue:

“O mother, my love, if you’ll give me your hand,
And go where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land—
The Dreamland that’s waiting out yonder.
We’ll walk in a sweet posie-garden out there,
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming,
And the flowers and the birds are filling the air
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There’ll be no little tired-out boy to undress,
No questions or cares to perplex you,
There’ll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,
No patching of stockings to vex you;
For I’ll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,
And sing you asleep when you are weary,
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I’ll nestle my head
In the bosom that’s soothed me so often,
And the wide-awake stars shall sing, in my stead,
A song which our dreaming shall soften;
So, mother, my love, let me take your dear hand,
And away through the starlight we’ll wander—
Away through the mist to the beautiful land—
The Dreamland that’s waiting out yonder.*

*Eugene Field’s “Mother and Child.”

When, therefore, the mother dies, and the child's altar loses its priestess, the shrine of his idolatry is robbed of its divinity, and the walls of his temple fall about his feet like broken toys, and the present seems a starless midnight beneath whose horizon no Easter morning awaits expectant the resurrection of the Lord, childhood's loss moves heaven and earth to tenderest sympathy, and its weeping touches every heart above and beneath the stars. Help, then, the orphans! you will not lose thereby, but will lay up treasures, for the Son of God has said: "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these little ones, you have done it unto me."

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE STATE

(Delivered at the Commencement-Day exercises of the University of California, May 17, 1893.)

MR. PRESIDENT: By calling on me at this moment you have shown that you know my weakness. I like to follow a woman. But, in this regard, I am in the fashion here at Berkeley, as the whole college this year follows a woman, the fair young medalist. I wish to say, however, that I am compelled to differ from this young lady in her theory of life. Her theme today was "Discontent, a Factor of Progress." Her rule does not always hold good. If she and the other young women graduates are factors in progress, and they are very fair ones, I boldly proclaim that there is no discontent in *me*. My condition passes beyond content into realms of bliss.

Today, for the first time since I was old enough to know better, I proudly admit that I am a bachelor. I did not know that a bachelor could be so interesting and fair to look upon until I beheld this forenoon the new accessions to our ranks. It seems rather odd to call a woman a bachelor. I am perfectly willing, however, to surrender my title to any one of them, and will lay down my arms to her who will hold out hers. I am, therefore, glad to be here. This university is doing a grand work. Nature made woman a thing of beauty. This university, in opening its doors to woman and awarding her its highest honors, is making her a thing of thought. The better equipped women are mentally, the more cultivation men must acquire.

This makes me keenly regret that I did not secure a wife before this broader education made women more discriminating in the selection of a husband.

But, apart from these considerations, I am glad to be with you today, because I delight in college associations. I like the atmosphere of university life. I believe in university education. I believe that the education of the many springs from the higher education of the few. I believe that the common schools of America find their inspiration in and spring from the universities, as do the rivers from mountain lakes high up near the clouds. I believe in sustaining most liberally all universities, and most especially this one, because it is the university of the State of California.

Love of culture and a due appreciation of university education attract my good wishes for the success of every college. But love of my State, my pride in her greatness, and my hopes for her future enlist all my interest, energy, and ambition in helping in the building up to a position worthy of California that institution of which all Californians should be the most proud, the State university.

Every college man regards with reverence, affection, and pride his alma mater. Its memory recalls the ambitions, the aspirations, the struggles, and the friendships of his early manhood. If, however, you associate with his alma mater the name of his State, you add a patriotic glow to his college enthusiasm, and patriotism stimulates culture.

My alma mater is the university of Virginia. I know the feeling that exists in the Old Dominion in this connection. Every Virginian who has attended that university regards her diploma as if it were a patent of nobility, and loves the university more because he loves his State so much.

This feeling I would foster and stimulate in California towards the university of California, and I appeal to regents, professors, and alumni especially in this regard. You have your hand on the plow, follow the furrow to the end.

You, regents, hold in your keeping a sacred trust, you have assumed a heavy responsibility, you will be held to a strict accountability. The people of this State are at last wide awake to the great importance of your duties. Continue to devote to your task an attention as unselfish as it is conscientious, as intelligent as it is earnest, and the regency of this university will be, as it should be, the highest honor a citizen can receive, a certificate that he is a patriot, a gentleman, and a scholar.

You, professors, are the real helmsmen of the Ship of State. In every counting room, professional office, and public position in this State your influence must prevail more and more as your graduates increase in number. Magnify your office.

You, alumni, have the power to magnify this university. Bear in mind that the stronger and better equipped your university becomes, the stronger and better equipped will your State be, and the more reason will you have for being proud of both.

State pride is the vital spirit of State prosperity, and we all know what abundant reasons we have for our pride in California. Her destiny is a glorious one. The imagination almost runs wild when one attempts to recall how nature has blessed her. The republic has been called "A Sisterhood of States." In this sisterhood there is none fairer than California, the daughter of the setting sun, a "Fair Vestal throned by the West." Around her brow a wreath of orange blossoms, o'er her head a bower of roses, beneath her feet a carpet of wild flowers, in her eyes the

blue of the violet, and in her hair a golden sheen. That graceful poet who once lived among you and who sang so sweetly, in whose verse is the freshness of the morning, the quiet of the evening, and the soft light of the rising sun, Edward Rowland Sill, felt California's charm and tuned his harp to sing her praises. He described her as

"The land that guards the dying day,
Whose burning tear, the evening star,
Drops softly to the waves afar;
The land where summers never cease
Their sunny chant of life and peace;
Whose moonlight, poured for years untold,
Has drifted down in dust of gold:
Whose morning splendors, fallen in showers,
Leave ceaseless sunrise in her flowers.

* * * * *

"O wondrous gift, in goodness given,
Each hour anew our eyes to greet,
An earth so fair—so close to heaven
'Twas trodden by the Master's feet."

THE WAR WITH SPAIN

*(Delivered at Reno, Nevada, before the State University,
June 2, 1898.)*

MR. PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN OF THE FACULTY, YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE GRADUATING CLASS: I know of no more responsible task, nor one that should receive more serious attention, than that of addressing a class of graduates, young men and women who have reached the parting of the roads where the traveler must make the correct choice or go astray; who have before them their first real problem, whose correct solution must determine their lot in life; who have reached the end of playtime, whose aftermath is work which must result ill or well as it is wisely or unwisely performed; who must no longer make mistakes; who must now make their choice, knowing that "whoever chooses must choose aright. Wrong choice carries its own destruction"; and who must be told that "earth bears no balsam for mistakes." Bearing all this in mind, I would like to develop these thoughts along a line personal to yourselves. But there is today one question that above all others demands consideration, and therefore I have determined to talk to you upon the momentous problem that recently confronted this nation, and to endeavor to help you to the conclusion, if you have not already reached it, that the President and Congress have attempted the only solution that was possible under the circumstances, and that would leave us still worthy of the

sacred trust of protection to the weak which God has always imposed upon the strong.

I feel that I can in no other way so forcibly impress upon you the grave importance of right judgment and the fatality of wrong judgment, the necessity of honestly, fearlessly, and wisely solving the great problems of life, and the disasters that follow their wrong solution.

I would have you now and always seek first to find reasons for believing your country to be in the right, rather than to hasten (as do too many) to prove that she is in the wrong: I would have your first impulse patriotic rather than critical. While every true American is for his country, right or wrong, yet how much more strenuously is he her supporter, if he believes that she is in the right! A nation, like an individual, must choose aright.

When the news of the Maine disaster shocked the nation and electrified seventy millions of freemen, and Congress, the South joining hands with the North, by unanimous vote, appropriated fifty millions to the country's needs; when the President's call for volunteers was responded to instantly alike in New Orleans and in Boston, and the Rebel yell mingled in patriotic chorus with the Federal cheer; when the grandson of Grant enlisted upon the staff of the nephew of Robert E. Lee, and the gray and the blue blended into the red, white, and blue; when Baltimore welcomed with Southern hospitality the celebrated Sixth Massachusetts Regiment which in 1861 it had mobbed with Southern hate, giving it flowers and cheers in place of stones and jeers, hugs and kisses in place of kicks and hisses, and upon Baltimore's banner was engraved "For our country and humanity: Baltimore and Boston clasp hands. May the memory of 1861 be effaced by the welcome of 1898"; when the South consecrated its allegiance to our one flag with the death of one of her sons, Ensign Bagley,

the war's first victim, and with his blood sealed the reunion of the States, I felt that only a great and just cause was worthy of such manifestation of the absolute and eternal oneness and indissolubility of our Union, and that the war was not a mistake, and was worth all its cost. When the sailor Meek uttered, as he died aboard the ill-fated Winslow, "Tell them I died like a man," I felt that such a man should not be sacrificed but in a holy and just war, and I believe that the cause for which he died is worthy of the sacrifice. I hope that you will in your cool judgment as well as in your glowing patriotism fully agree with me.

Hundreds of years ago there journeyed from palace to court, from court to church, from the throne to the altar, and from priest to king, a navigator who believed that the world was much larger than Roman emperor or vandal chief or Spanish monarch had ever dreamed, and that there were undiscovered lands rich in silver and gold that had never paid tribute to Rome, Constantinople, or Madrid. This man was Columbus, and in Spanish ships he crossed the trackless seas, and revealed this continent to an astonished world. Such veneration have we always shown for the name of this navigator that in 1893 we gave his name to that White City by the Lake where all the children of the sons of men, from Greenland's icy mountains to Africa's burning sands, and from the wave-washed islands of many seas, gathered in friendly competition much that was best and most beautiful and useful in art and science and skill and trade and agriculture and manufacture, and we entitled it the Columbian Exposition, and to it not only were there sent from Spain truthful reproductions of those famous ships that brought Columbus to these shores, but also there came as the honored guests of this government royal representatives of that government that started Columbus on his

inspired voyage. And yet in 1898, after a lapse of only five years, these two nations are at war, and the big guns that then were but instruments of courtesy, and thundered only in friendly salutations, now are become engines of death, and belch forth missiles carrying destruction to American and Spanish ships.

For years the nations of Europe have been making the seas populous with their floating leviathans of war, while they have made the land resonant with the roll of drum, blast of trumpet, and tread of marching armies. Their ever watchful sentinels have been for years standing guard with bayonets crossed o'er national boundaries, while their mobilized fleets have given constant warning to neighboring thrones. "At every bastioned frontier, every State, Suspicion, sworded, standing by the gate."

During these years all our ways have been ways of pleasantness, and all our paths have been paths of peace, and this republic has gazed with wonder, unmixed with alarm, at these mighty armaments, while its people's shoulders, unbent by military burdens, have stooped only in thrifeful toil, and wealth has filled their coffers that needed no soldier guard.

During this time the United States has maintained an army and built a navy in no way commensurate with its resources, and, as we now discover, insufficient for its needs, apparently oblivious of the need of either.

Therefore today in this land, to which war seemed most remote, the call to arms rang out with all the suddenness of an alarm of fire at midnight, and we can hardly realize that from counting room and college hall and scholar's desk and workman's bench our citizens have rushed to enlist beneath the stars and stripes to fight a foreign foe upon foreign soil, and that the flag flying from nearly every housetop means war and not a holiday.

For the first time the army and navy of the United States leave this continent to invade a foreign land. Never shall I forget the day when the California and other regiments embarked for Manila. There was cheering, singing, booming of guns, and waving of flags, and there were mothers and wives whose hearts were heavy and whose eyes were lusterless with tears that would flow. Never shall I forget the succeeding day when those three ships in stately procession steamed along the city front and out through the Golden Gate towards the Orient. The flags dipped a parting salute, from a thousand housetops good-byes were wafted to those departing heroes, from loving lips went the sad adieu, "Good luck to those who see the end, good-bye to those who fall." Why were these sons and fathers and brothers and lovers leaving home in this martial array? For territorial conquest? No! For this nearly all the other nations are now battling, or on the eve thereof. England is fighting a pathway for civilization up the Nile, and leaving opportunities for English colonization in the wake of her victorious armies. France and England are almost locking horns in their scramble for territory in Western and Central Africa. Germany and England are both ambitious for aggrandizement in Southern Africa. Russia, Germany, and England are jealously watching one another in their preliminary steps for parceling out China. But the United States has hitherto refrained from acquiring territory beyond this continent, and has pledged itself not to appropriate Cuba by means of this war. Should other Spanish possessions be taken by us, as some have been, it will be as an incident of the war, not as its cause or inspiration.

Do we seek more power? No! Of what benefit would more power be to us, holding, as we do, that government exists not for its own aggrandizement, but only for the

benefit of the individual citizen, who wants not power, but liberty, happiness, and competence.

Then why have we gone into a war that must cost us millions in money and the lives of many of our brave soldiers and seamen?

Possibly it might be answered that Cuba has been a nuisance, that we will no longer have a nuisance next door, and that we have determined to abate this nuisance. But such was not, though it could have been our motive.

We have taken upon our shoulders the burden of battle, we have assumed the cost of carnage, we are prepared to wear crape for our kindred killed, because we have determined to wage war for humanity's sake alone, because in the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, we have ordered Spain to leave Cuba.

We have entered into a war out of which we could expect that there should come to us only the sufferings of those who fall in battle, and the grief of loved ones at home, only sacrifices and burdens, and the satisfaction of having ended misery and misrule in a neighboring land, and of duty done and protection to the weak maintained. We are fighting to carry out the principle upon which this government was founded, namely, the unlifting of the weak, and the resisting of the strong. Never before since the crusades has a nation embarked in such an unselfish adventure.

We have heretofore been engaged in several wars. We have fought for our own liberty and independence; to maintain the sacredness of our flag upon the seas; to add Texas and California to our national domain; and to preserve this union. But this war is not for ourselves, but only for the right of others to live, and like ourselves to be free.

Ex-President Harrison recently said: "Our foes now are not, thank God, those of our own household. That was a

war for the life of the union, this is a war for humanity. That for ourselves; this for the oppressed of another race. We could not escape this conflict. Spanish rule had become effete. We dare not say that we have God's commission to deliver the oppressed the world around. To the distant Armenians we could only send the succor of a faith that overcomes death and the alleviations which the nurse and the commissary can give.

"But the oppressed Cubans and their starving women and children are knocking at our doors; their cries penetrate our slumbers. *They are closely within what we have defined to be the sphere of American influence. We have said 'To us, not to Europe,' and we can not shirk the responsibility and the danger of this old and settled American policy.* We have as a nation toward Cuba the same high commission which every brave-hearted man has to strike down the ruffian who in his presence beats a woman or child and will not desist. For what, if not for this, does God make a man or a nation strong?"

"The mission of this country," says Richard Olney, lately Secretary of State, "if it has a mission, as I verily believe it has, is not merely to pose, but to act—and, while always governing itself by the rules of prudence and common sense, and making its own special interests the first and paramount objects of its care, to forego no fitting opportunity to further the progress of civilization practically as well as theoretically, by timely *deeds*, as well as by eloquent *words*. There is such a thing for a nation as a 'splendid isolation,' as when for a worthy cause, for its own independence or dignity or vital interests it unshrinkingly opposes itself to a hostile world. But isolation that is nothing but a shirking of the responsibilities of high place and great power is simply ignominious."

Before the first gun was fired many of us were irresolute and full of doubt as to the necessity or justice of the war. As a nation we are said to be very irresolute and very full of doubt up to the point when we wake the "drumming guns that have no doubt," after which there is no more irresolution till the last shot is fired. But, as there were some who continued to denounce President Cleveland long after even the British Prime Minister had admitted that this government in the Venezuela matter was acting within its right and according to its traditions, so there are some of us who still challenge the necessity of this war. Fortunately those who so think are in the minority, and probably have no flags as yet flying over their homes and offices. Such a patriot, whose heart is not in the struggle, would never have made the name of Dewey rival that of Nelson in immortality.

I wish your patriotism and mine to be able to hold up its head and challenge the justification of mankind for its zeal in this fight. Thrice is he armed who knows his cause is just.

Cuba was discovered in 1492 by Columbus on his first voyage, and was almost immediately colonized by the Spaniards in their peculiar manner, to wit, by exterminating the natives, causing a native chief to exclaim to the missionaries of the Cross: "If there are Spaniards in heaven, I prefer to go to hell." After four hundred years of Spanish rule in Cuba, aptly named the "Gem of the Antilles," the paradise of the Tropics, fertile in soil beyond all compare, rich in all mineral wealth, and capable of great commercial development, is today a political, agricultural, commercial, and financial wreck, whose most active business and trade is that of grave-digging, and where there is neither "peace nor war, but desolation and distress, misery and starvation." Less in area than the State of

New York and with a smaller population than the city of New York, it pays its Governor-General a salary as large as that received by the President of the United States, and is burdened with a debt of \$300,000,000, incurred by its alien rulers mostly to feed fat a host of foreign officials, and in crushing the liberties of its people.

Since 1777 the supreme power in this island has been bestowed upon a Governor-General, who has been invested with the absolute power of the commandant of a city during the time of siege.

Since that time office, power, patronage, distinction, and rank in their native land have been denied to all Cubans, and since that time race hatred, "a mountain of hate and a sea of blood," between the blacks and the creoles on the one side and the Spaniards on the other has been the cause of Cuba's troubles, whereby this poor land, once called "the ever faithful isle," has been torn and rent asunder until today it is a shambles and a pesthouse.

One insurrection has followed close upon another, the cry of liberty bursting from the dying lips of a captured rebel leader, being instantly caught up by some successor.

There was an insurrection in 1829, another in 1848 lasting three years, another in 1855, another in 1868 lasting ten years, and another in 1895 now waging.

During all this period Spain has been not only a poor mother to Cuba, but a bad neighbor to us.

The Cuban question is not a new one to us. For a century it has with varying intensity demanded our consideration. From Jefferson to Buchanan eight of our Presidents have advocated the annexation of Cuba. In 1809 Jefferson prophesied its annexation, and in 1823 John Quincy Adams repeated this prophecy. From time to time we have apprehended its acquisition by some other European power, and we have repeatedly announced that we

would not allow this island to pass from Spain to any other power.

The probability that the Holy Alliance and King Ferdinand might make Cuba the base of operations against these revolted South American provinces led to the message of President Monroe, in 1823, which was the official announcement of what is known as the Monroe Doctrine, to wit, that we will not allow the acquisition by force of any part of this continent (including Cuba) by any European government.

In 1825, when the South American countries had revolted, and Spain was endeavoring to drown the cause of freedom and the hatred of oppression in the blood of the oppressed, Henry Clay said: "If war should continue between Spain and the new republics, and Cuba should become the object and the theatre of it, its fortunes have such a connection with these United States that they could not be indifferent spectators, and the possible contingencies of such a protracted war might bring upon this government of the United States duties and obligations the performance of which, however painful, they might not be at liberty to decline."

In 1825 John Quincy Adams suggested to Spain an indirect purchase of Cuba by the United States. In 1848 President Buchanan revived this idea of purchase and in 1853 President Pierce renewed it.

In 1854 the United States Ministers to England, France, and Spain jointly protested to the powers of Europe that the possession of Cuba by a foreign country was a menace to the peace of the United States, and proposed that Spain should be offered the alternative of taking two hundred millions of dollars for her sovereignty over Cuba or have it taken from her by force.

In 1869 Secretary Fish protested against Valmaceda's brutal warfare against the Cubans, and added that this government could not admit the indefinite protraction of such barbarities.

President Grant, during the insurrection of 1868 to 1878, in vain offered his mediation for the purpose of effecting the peaceful separation of Cuba from Spain, and in 1875 intimated that the United States might have to intervene in order to stop the loss and misery in Cuba.

In 1873 we came to the verge of war over the execution by the Spanish officials of the captain and fifty-three of the crew of the *Virginus*, an American steamer, loaded with supplies and ammunition for the insurgents.

In 1896 President Cleveland said:

"The spectacle of the utter ruin of an adjoining country, by nature one of the most fertile and charming on the whole globe, would engage the serious attention of the United States in any circumstances. It should be added that it can not be reasonably assumed that the hitherto expectant attitude of the United States will be indefinitely maintained. * * * By the course of events we may be drawn into such an unusual and unprecedented condition as will fix a limit to our patient waiting for Spain to end the contest. When the inability of Spain to deal successfully with the insurgents has become manifest, and it is demonstrated that her sovereignty is extinct in Cuba for all purposes of its rightful existence, and when a hopeless struggle for its re-establishment has degenerated into a strife which means nothing more than the useless sacrifice of human life and the utter destruction of the very subject matter of the conflict, a situation will be presented in which our obligations to the sovereignty of Spain will be superseded by higher obligations which we can hardly hesitate to recognize and discharge."

President Cleveland offered mediation, and Spain replied that there was no effectual way to pacify Cuba unless it should begin with the actual submission of the insurgents to the mother country. Too well had a century's experience of cruelty, oppression, extortion, bad faith, and tyranny the most crushing taught the Cubans what submission to such a mother meant, too well did they know that there was poison on such a mother's lips, and that her embrace was death. There was consequently no submission, no pacification, but, instead, the driving of 400,000 people, the women and children, the old and helpless, the sick and infirm, all who would not or could not fight under either banner, into vile pens to starve and die, and the laying waste of the homes they had occupied, until the dead by the hundred thousands filled these shambles, putrefying proofs of Spanish honor, Spanish pride, Spanish cruelty, and Spanish incompetency to govern Cuba. Weyerlerism added new terrors to inhumanity.

You know what President McKinley has said of this policy of devastation and concentration :

"It has utterly failed as a war measure. It was not civilized warfare. It was extermination. Against this abuse of the rights of war I have felt constrained on repeated occasions to enter the firm and earnest protest of this government.

"The long trial has proved that the object for which Spain has waged the war can not be attained. The fire of insurrection may flame or may smolder with varying seasons, but it has not been and it is plain that it can not be extinguished by present methods. The only hope of relief and repose from a condition which can not longer be endured is the enforced pacification of Cuba. In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of endangered American interests which give us the right

and the duty to speak and to act, the war in Cuba must stop."

Then came the blowing up of the *Maine*, and the killing of two hundred and fifty-six American seamen in Havana harbor, and Spain's practical response, "What are you going to do about it?" Then war was declared because it was unavoidable, peace and war being not always of our own choosing.

This government of the people, by the people, and for the people could no longer sit idly by and see a neighboring people destroyed by a tyrant because, forsooth, his sovereignty was imperiled by their struggle to be free.

This Christian, human, civilized people could no longer listen to the sounds of suffering that every wind brought from Cuba, and could no longer witness scenes of cruelty surpassing the Inquisition, and not lift a hand to help, because, forsooth, a tyrant's honor would be thereby offended.

This government, which had spent two millions in trying to stop filibustering, could no longer expend its revenues in helping Spain to continue its tyranny and cruelty; it could no longer have the administration of its internal affairs disturbed by this constant obtrusion of a question that Spain could not settle and which the conscience of our people demanded should be settled.

This government and this people could not forget or forgive the treachery or the criminal incompetence that destroyed the *Maine*.

We had in vain tried diplomacy. We had long listened to the promises that the Spaniards knew they could not keep, to proposals of reform that they knew they did not intend to grant. "We were dealing with a power whose methods have discredited her in the realms of truth and justice, a power which has never lifted its heel from the

neck of a subjugated people until compelled by force," a power that could not treat the insurgent Cubans with humanity because it could not understand humanity towards an insurgent.

Therefore we are at war with Spain, and we propose to teach her by the lesson of shot and shell that American gunners backed by the impulse of freedom to enslaved and suffering humanity are invincible, that a new day has dawned for Cuba, and its sun is the torch that liberty holds to light the world, a torch whose flame it is our sacred duty to keep burning.

Over the victims of Spanish misrule floats the buzzard, and the eagle has winged its flight to drive this vulture from the Antilles.

For centuries Spain commanded the attention of the civilized world and the tribute of many nations. Her armies spread her power by land, and by sea her vessels carried her flag to many distant climes. By conquest and discovery she rivaled ancient Rome in greatness. In the sixteenth century Philip the Second had upon the continent of Europe no antagonist worthy of his steel. His army was the largest and best disciplined in the world, his fleet were more numerous than that of any other power. Upon his brow he could place the royal crowns of Spain, Portugal, Naples, and Sicily, and the ducal coronets of Milan and the Netherlands. In Africa and in Asia his domain extended, while in America he was head of an empire Cæsar would have envied. Since the downfall of the Roman Empire no such preponderating power has existed in the world.

Today she again attracts the attention of the civilized world, but this time by her dying groans rather than her shouts of victory, by the smoke of the smouldering ashes of her grandeur rather than the glare of the camp fires of her conquering armies, by the cries of the helpless vic-

tims of her cruelty and intolerance rather than by the hal-lujahs of a free and prosperous people.

For centuries possessing ports in many lands, colonies in every clime, and subject islands in many seas, today, at the close of this century, from her crown drop all her ocean jewels, and neither East nor Western Ind will longer do her obeisance.

In the sixteenth century, when Boabdil, the last of the Moors, pausing in his retreat before the victorious Spaniards, looked down from an eminence, since called the Hill of Tears, for a last glimpse of the beautiful Alhambra, and wept, his royal mother reproached him for bewailing as a woman the kingdom he had not defended as a man. At the close of this century, as the last Spanish sovereign to rule over any part of this Western World weeps that the gem of the Antilles will never again glisten in the Spanish crown, and that the Spanish flag will no longer wave over the islands of the Eastern or Western sea, well may her royal son reproach her for bewailing as his mother the lands she had not protected as a queen, well may the Angel of Mercy reproach her for bewailing in her Spanish pride the million of subjects to whom her government had been merciless.

The last Moorish sovereign looked back upon a land where his ancestors had ruled with tolerance, and where the Alhambra remained, a monument of Moorish art and genius to challenge the admiration of mankind as long as love of the beautiful holds sway in human souls. The last of the Spanish sovereigns to rule in Cuba looks back upon a land where she and her predecessors had ruled with savage intolerance, and where the Reconcentrado barracks will remain, monuments of Spanish brutality, at the description of which mankind will shudder as long as one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

Let crowned heads waste their sympathy upon this royal mother and son for the impending loss of a throne that does not deserve to stand. We, recalling the Moors whom the occupants of this throne centuries ago massacred, the Jews whom they pitilessly drove into helpless exile, the Protestant martyrs whom they burned at the stake, the natives of South America whom by millions upon millions, by whole races and nations, they remorselessly exterminated, and the Cubans whom the present queen has starved into the submission that comes with death, recalling the fact that for every one of the 200,000 soldiers the queen has sent into Cuba one Cuban man, woman, or child has died from starvation, or disease engendered thereby, that, though Spain has claimed sovereignty over the Philippines for four hundred years, she has conferred the blessing of civilization and Christianity upon only a small part thereof, neglecting and abusing her stewardship, we have sympathy only for the colonists upon whom the blighting shadow of this throne has so long fallen so fatally.

The history of Spain has been the history of exaggerated pride, overwhelming intolerance, and extreme cruelty, illuminated by the torch of Torquemada, while across it like a bar sinister runs a trail of blood from the chambers of the Inquisition.

Earth bears no balsam for mistakes, whether they are committed by individuals or by nations, and Spain's mistakes have left her shorn of her rich colonies, with a bankrupt treasury, a ruined credit, a tottering throne, an illiterate population, and anarchy threatening her social existence. In her political philosophy the king, the noble, was everything, the people nothing. "Her heavy throne, ringed by swords and rich with titled show, is based on fettered misery below." She chose the wrong road, and wrong choice has worked her destruction. The fate of all the empires

that have preceded her on this road to national decay awaits her. She is a dying empire.

“Why died the empires? Like the forest trees
Did nature doom them? Or did slow disease
Assail their roots and poison all their springs?
The old-time story answers; nobles, kings
Have made and been the State, their names alone
Its history holds; its wealth, its wars their own:
Their wanton will could raise, enrich, condemn.
The toiling millions lived and died for them.”

For Spain the handwriting is on the wall. Her doom is sealed. It was long ago written in prophetic ink on sybilline leaves that we would be God's chosen messengers of his vengeance upon her for her sins. “A hideous skeleton among living nations, a warning spectacle to the world, if her punishment had not overtaken her, men would have said ‘there is no retribution, there is no God.’”

I have stated that we have entered upon this war solely to put a stop to man's inhumanity to man in the Island of Cuba, expressly disavowing any design of territorial acquisition as to this island. Other things may have whetted our zeal, but they would not alone have caused war. But now that war has developed, destiny, that shapes our ends, hew them as we will, has opened her Pandora's box, and out has rushed a score of causative events that are leading and driving us into the international world, into the company of the nations, where that nation will win that has the power, and that one will hold that can. From a potential we must now become an actual great power, and upon the camera of the future we must cast one of the largest shadows or none at all.

Destiny works in a mysterious way its wonders to perform, and rarely reveals in advance what is forging in the workshop of fate. Behind the curtain of the future tomor-

row waits, holding in its hands the unexpected and the inevitable, towards which the unerring and irresistible magnet of fate hurries the nations.

Yesterday we were hedged in by the Chinese wall of American isolation, and deaf, blind, and heedless of the world without, we neither accepted the responsibilities of our true place among the nations nor secured its advantages. Yesterday's tomorrow finds that wall razed by the magic battering ram of destiny, and o'er its ruins marched the Philippine expeditions. No longer can our Ship of State keep within sight of the shores of an inland lake, but henceforth it must navigate the open sea. Upon this sea there are other ships, some large and powerful, others weak and small. With some of them we must in time come in conflict, with others we must sail in friendly companionship. If coming events have cast their shadows before, and the friendly and unfriendly utterances concerning us that are heard today in Europe are prophetic of future international relations, there is a certain mighty ship of State with which ours must eventually combine into an armada that shall rule the seas.

If all this be not merely fancy, and the time shall come when with colonial possessions beyond the seas, with our Atlantic and Pacific Coasts tied more closely together by the Panama Canal, and with our flag floating over as large a navy as our political and commercial interests require, we are compelled to disregard Washington's farewell address, and to form a foreign alliance, then, as Mr. Chamberlain recently said of the United States, I say of England:

"There is a powerful and generous nation, using our language, bred of our race and having interests identical with ours. I would go so far as to say that, terrible as war may be, even war itself would be cheaply purchased

if, *in a great and noble cause*, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack should wave together over an Anglo-Saxon alliance."

With the exception of England, none of the European nations give us credit for our real motives in this war. To most of them we are an impertinent, obtrusive, bullying, menacing, grasping people, not content with all of America, but ambitious of intruding into Europe, Asia, and Africa. Not only have they misconstrued our motives, but they have also doubted our courage and skill in battle, thinking us simply a nation of shopkeepers. Dewey's gunning has shattered this ill-disguised contempt of us, it has shown them, to use the words of a typical Yankee, that if we can slaughter our pigs in peace we can also slaughter our enemies in war, it has proven that, though in this land wealth has accumulated, men have not decayed, and that victory upon the waves is still the birthright of American seamen.

By England alone are we entirely understood, and but for her recent firm stand Austria, Italy, France, Germany, and Portugal would most probably have attempted forcibly to stay our arms. This appreciation and friendly conduct have brought much closer together these two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, whose laws and institutions are in a great measure the same, who "of all the great powers are the only two in whose national life freedom, in any real sense, has made her home," who "are the only two who have not by choice been bound in the frightful chains of that military madness which has turned the European continent into a camp," who "are both very cordially detested and very bitterly envied by most of the military powers," and of whom Jefferson said in 1825: "These two nations holding cordially together have nothing to fear from the united world. They will be the models for the

regeneration of man, the sources from which representative government is to flow over the earth."

It was the Anglo-Saxon race that shattered Spain's world-spreading empire, curbed the ambition of Philip the Second, crushed his Armada, and made England mistress of the seas. It was the Anglo-Saxon race, more than the snows of Russia, that vanquished Napoleon, prevented the triumph of personal imperialism, and stood guard at St. Helena over the military genius of all ages. It is the Anglo-Saxon race that is "the pioneer of progress and the stubborn defenders of liberty"; it is the Anglo-Saxon race that gave to mankind civil liberty, whereby authority and law are harnessed together to the chariot of modern civilization; and it is this Anglo-Saxon race from which we are sprung. In our religious proclivities, in our system of laws, and in our literature we are as Anglo-Saxon as the British. "We, too, are heirs of Runnymede, and Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's deed are not alone our mother's." We are Anglo-Saxon in the men who today are the controlling element in our population, who lead and represent us, and we propose in the near future that the nations of the earth shall respect our guns and gunners as much as they do those of our English cousins, and that we as well as England shall henceforth be recognized as much for our strength as for our trade.

In the keen competition of the immediate future for the vast trade of the Orient, where the flower of civilization is just budding, we must be in a position to demand and exact our share, or we will lose it. We must match Port Arthur, Wei-a-Wei, and Keao Chou with Manila.

When the Panama Canal is completed, as in the near future it must be, at either end our sentinels must stand guard, and our flag must have a resting place on some of

the islands that command the Caribbean Sea, Gulf of Mexico, and Atlantic Ocean.

Behind courage there must be strength. Behind great national interests there must be immediate and sufficient protection known of all men. We have courage, but behind it little strength immediately available. We have great national interests, but it is now known of all men that the protection behind them is possible, but remote. Neither in the Atlantic, Pacific, nor in the Orient have we a spot where an American ship can coal as of right. If we would be as independent as we can be powerful, all this should be changed.

The God of Battles has planted our flag upon islands in the distant Pacific. He will soon unfurl it upon islands in the Atlantic. A friendly people may soon unfold it where the waters break on Honolulu's coral reefs. From now on, wherever it is raised, except in Cuba, it is raised to stay, and there it will remain as long as American courage backs up American genius upon the decks of an American man-of-war.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes." "Whoever chooses must choose aright." God grant that the American people have chosen aright, that they have made no mistake in fighting this battle for humanity, and that its effect upon our future may redound to the glory of our country, and to the dissemination and perpetuation of popular government throughout the world.

CHARACTER

*(Delivered at the University of Nevada, Reno, Nevada,
September 11, 1908.)*

YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA: I hope that the young ladies will not feel that, in the remarks I shall present to you, I am overlooking them. Apparently I shall be addressing only the young men, because I shall confine myself, for brevity, to the use of the personal pronoun "he," instead of using the phrase "he or she." Though my experience has been nothing to speak of, and my information only hearsay, yet I am convinced that "he" always embraces "she." Therefore, for all of you is my speech intended.

Just a little over ten years ago I had the pleasure of addressing the students of this university. It was at the commencement exercises in June, 1898. A most memorable incident marked the occasion. The war with Spain had just begun, a wave of patriotism was sweeping over the country, and flag-raising was the order of the day. A new flag was to be raised on your campus. The judge of this district delivered a very eloquent address. The flag was made fast to the halyards and hoisted. There was a dead calm, and the flag, as it slowly ascended, clung listlessly to the pole, as if it felt no concern in what was taking place. The crowd looked on in silence. Instantly, however, when it had reached the top of the pole, and the cannon began to boom and the band to play in its honor, it seemed to awake to its position, its might, majesty, and dominion. I imagine that

it called upon the winds for their obeisance, for immediately out of the heavens they came, and, borne upon their noiseless wings, it was unfurled in all its starry splendor of red, white, and blue. It was the most inspiring sight our eyes had ever seen, and from every throat cheers rang out in patriotic applause. Then it was that a lady standing at my side exclaimed, "God knows when the wind should blow."

While this was occurring the Oregon was flying this flag on its famous voyage around Cape Horn that ended in victory over the Spanish armada at Santiago. Recently sixteen battleships, each one vastly superior to the Oregon, have borne it on a voyage of peace from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and are now carrying it around the world, receiving for it the admiration and hospitable greeting of applauding nations.

Since June, 1898, one more star has appeared upon its firmament of blue, upon this flag of ours we so proudly proclaim the Star-Spangled Banner.

Love and respect that flag! Let your manhood and womanhood be worthy of its protecting folds!

It may be admitted as a truism that scholarship is not an end, but only a means to an end, and that that end is correct living; that a college education that simply stores the mind with knowledge has failed in its purpose; and that knowledge is valuable only when it is the handmaiden to character. I speak of character apart from success, as something more valuable than success. It is that quality that enables a man to stand the test of a great emergency, as did many of the buildings in San Francisco during the earthquake of April, 1906, while others, grander, taller, and more conspicuous in the world's eye, crumbled and fell. It is that quality without which a man can not acquire the entire confidence of any one. It is made up

of humility, self-understanding, strength, courage, honor, and devotion to duty.

Without it genius is a will-o'-the-wisp leading to disaster. With it genius is a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, a sure guide to safety and success.

The main purpose, therefore, of each one of you is to develop character, and in this you will have succeeded if in after life it can be said of you, as has been said of Grover Cleveland:

"He stood like a soldier at his post, with no thought but the performance of his duty, and with very little hope of reward except that which came from his own conscience."

Grover Cleveland is one of the world's admitted heroes, and this because he labored with no thought but the performance of his duty. It is this spirit that fills the world with numberless heroes, recognized and unrecognized.

Recently in New York, in a baseball game between two of the leading clubs, the pitcher of one of the clubs pitched a remarkable game and won a victory for his club, while his baby at home was dying. Never before had he demonstrated such ability. He was absolute master of the ball. It obeyed his wish to the slightest curve. It magically approached the plate, moving upward or downward at his bidding, completely baffling the greatest batters in the opposing club. They could not unravel his curves, and his club won a great victory. Then, while thousands of people were wildly cheering his great pitching, he went to his dressing-room, collapsed, and wept like a baby, and rushed to the railroad station to board a train for the bedside of his dying child in Pennsylvania.

He was simply a baseball player, his name unknown to fame, and yet, had he been a slayer of thousands in the

game of war, where powder backs the balls, and victory by its cruelty humanity appalls, no greater hero would he be. He had done his duty for duty's sake, and sacrificed himself, and this is heroism equally on the ballfield as on the battlefield.

Dickens somewhere speaks of a quiet nook in a country churchyard, where the daisies bloom on the bosoms of the dead. I know of a quiet nook in a country graveyard where pine-burrs cover the bosoms of the dead, and pine trees point in solemn mien the pathway of the soul from the sod to the sun. Some years ago, while aimlessly wandering through this city of the dead, then long abandoned, I noticed a tombstone bearing the following inscription:

“Brave, gifted, generous, and faithful, he
closed a life of usefulness and purity by a
death of honor.”

Impressed with the beauty of such an epitaph, I sought the name of the hero so obscurely buried. On the opposite side of the shaft I noted the following words:

“No, leave me here, I might put you in peril.”

These were his last words, when, wounded, he was offered assistance from the field. Upon the third side was written the following:

“Henry Meredith,
Born
in Hanover County,
State of Virginia,
on the 14th day of August,
A. D. 1826,
Died
in battle, at Pyramid Lake,
in Utah Territory,
on the 13th day of May,
A. D. 1860.”

Inquiring in Nevada City, where this cemetery is situated, I learned that Meredith, while leading a company of

volunteers against the Indians near Pyramid Lake in Utah, in 1860, had been ambushed and wounded. The quotation upon his tomb was the expression of his unselfish soul. He knew that they could not save him, but would risk their lives by remaining with him. He stood like a soldier at his post, with no thought but the performance of his duty and the safety of his comrades by the sacrifice of himself. He was in every sense a hero, though today quite unheralded.

This humble monument and this almost forgotten grave teach us one of life's bitterest and yet one of its best lessons.

To be buried in some pantheon erected by a nation to its illustrious dead, to be enrolled in some temple of fame as one of those who were not born to die, to have one's name carved high up, above the fog and smoke and dust of daily life, where the sunlight of glory forever illumines; to be sung of in song, and read of in story—these are thought to be life's greatest inspirations to successful endeavor. Such a reward is considered the bag of gold at the end of the rainbow-path of promise.

To die upon the firing line, facing the foe and holding on to the flag, and yet to have one's name omitted from the rostra; to risk one's life or give it in the performance of duty; to live a life of usefulness and purity and die a death of honor, and yet be buried in a quiet nook in an obscure country graveyard, far from the madding crowd, where one is soon forgot, would seem to be but a poor reward for heroic living or heroic dying, and might well justify the exclamation:

"Ill hath it ended that was well begun,
Into the shadow and out of the sun."

And yet, to come to such a desperate conclusion would be

to read wrong the lesson of life, to misinterpret its true inspiration.

The grandest pantheon, the sublimest temple of fame, is not one built by human hands. It has one great architect, but builders as countless as the sands of the sea or the dew-drops of the dawn. It is constructed of sacrifice as well as of success; of brave failures as well as of successful endeavors; of battles nobly fought, though not always won; of good deeds and kind intentions; of pure lives and honest ones; of faith maintained and confidence unabused; of honor unstained, and of charity that vaunteth not itself. Its corner-stone is the Rock of Ages. Fire can not consume it, nor earthquakes overthrow it. It has tablets for all the world's heroes, for the many that lie obscurely buried and are by men forgot, no less than for those whom a Westminster entombs and whom none forget. No one worthy to be enrolled therein has lived in vain.

If we read life's lesson aright, we learn that man's noblest incentive is not other men's praise or the world's applause, but his own approval, and that that can come only from the consciousness of duty done for duty's sake. The task performed, its own reward must bring.

Nearly two hundred and fifty years ago Lord Mansfield gave most eloquent utterance to this idea. John Wilkes had been outlawed and banished, and had returned and applied for a reversal of the judgment of outlawry. The matter came on before Lord Mansfield sitting in the Court of Kings Bench. The king bitterly opposed the reversal, and the court room was filled with Wilkes' enemies, who even threatened the life of the Chief Justice. But the latter, facing this angry mob, and indifferent to a monarch's frown, granted Wilkes's petition, and then addressed the mob in these words: "I wish popularity, but it is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after. It

is that popularity which sooner or later never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means. I will not do that which my conscience tells me is wrong upon this occasion to gain the huzzas of thousands or the daily praise of all the papers which come from the press."

Strive not, then, primarily for applause, but for the accomplishment of the undertaking before you; live only for results by labor accomplished and with honor achieved; let the permanence of your work be more precious to you than your glory as a worker; subordinate self to attainment; fix your gaze upon your task and not upon your mirror; fight for a cause, and not merely for victory, and not only will the world be the better for your living, but you will hear the angels sing: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy king."

It has been said that, if there is one place above another where a man should be sure of acquiring habits of the strictest honesty, it is a college. "The valuable thing which a university should give a student is the ideal of truth as the supreme object of human endeavor." Possessed of such an ideal, he can not fail in duty.

Recently two members of the squad of Harvard oarsmen, including one of the 'varsity eight, were suspended from the university and could not row. The news was received with something like consternation by those who were eager for a Harvard victory, and multitudinous were the requests for leniency. Even President Roosevelt petitioned for their reinstatement. The grand old president of Harvard, however, uninfluenced by power or place, loving honor more than a college victory, did not know what pressure was nor compromise with wrong, and replied to the President of the United States in these memorable words: "Each man did a dishonorable thing. A keen and sure sense of honor being the finest result of college life,

I think the college and graduates should condemn effectively dishonorable conduct."

At the University of Virginia the students have acquired habits of such strict honesty that cheating at examination is considered an act that no gentleman would commit, and they themselves compel a fellow-student who cheats to leave college. In the language of President Elliott, they thus very effectively condemn dishonorable conduct.

I hope that you emulate in this the University of Virginia and have adopted as your rule of conduct, "No gentleman will cheat at examinations."

It matters not whether you cheat in your examinations at college, or in your business in after life. In either case you attempt to obtain under false pretenses that to which you are not entitled, in either case you do a dishonorable act, in either case you cease to be a gentleman.

Bear in mind that it is the first falsehood that is the push that starts you downhill. It is so hard to stop the descent and climb back. *Facilis descensus, difficilis ascensus*. It is so hard after the first falsehood to hold up your head and look yourself in the face.

As you can never fearlessly meet the gaze of the man who knows you have cheated, so you can never hold up the mirror and fearlessly meet your own gaze when once you have cheated. Be honest in your examinations, and you will be a student unafraid of any one.

The student who cheats cheapens the diploma of his alma mater. A diploma, when honestly obtained, is a certificate of merit, but when dishonestly obtained it is a badge of shame.

As a notable example of those who had a keen and sure sense of honor, I need only mention the name of John W. Mackay, whose statue adorns and honors this university, and of whom an orator said, at the recent unveil-

ing of this statue: "He never lied or cheated, or under any subtle pretense of any kind deprived another of what was rightfully his."

Mr. Mackay's life is a striking instance of that life about which I have spoken and that I would have you lead. He never sought the limelight of public approbation. He seemed to care little for the world's applause. He rose from poverty to plenty by doing his duty in that state of life in which it pleased God to put him. He was able, industrious, honest, and kind.

I remember an instance concerning him in connection with the death of that well-known Bohemian and poet, Daniel O'Connell. On the day of the announcement in the press of O'Connell's death, I received a message from Mr. Mackay requesting me to come to his office in the Nevada Block in San Francisco. Upon arriving there he handed me a check drawn to my order for one thousand dollars, and directed me to cash it and send the money to O'Connell's widow, at the same time strictly enjoining me from letting her know the name of the donor. He had known and helped O'Connell in the old bonanza days in Virginia City; he knew that he never had much money; he supposed that his family were left destitute, and he wanted to help the poor and needy without any desire for gratitude or to establish a reputation for philanthropy, but merely because he wanted to be kind.

As a notable example of those who had a keen and sure sense of duty I mention again the name of Grover Cleveland. He had the instinct of duty regardless of glory, and in this respect was like the sailors in Nelson's fleet who, when the Admiral's famous message, "England expects every man to do his duty," was delivered to them, muttered "Duty! We've always done it. Why not?"

Just before the expiration of Cleveland's last term of office he said to a friend, who wished to publish a defense of his administration: "In a few hours I shall cease to be President. The people seem to have deserted me, and I would advise you to withhold this publication. Since I have done my duty as I saw it, I feel that I need no defense."

At another time a prominent Democrat said to him: "If you attempt to stand above your party you will find yourself in the cold before you are through with it"; to which he replied: "Yes, people who occupy high altitudes are often in the cold. As for me, I shall do right as God gives me to see the right, and let the consequences rest with Him." He did not accept Meredith's aphorism: "Expediency is man's wisdom. Doing right is God's." On the contrary, he believed that doing right was man's wisdom as well as God's.

A eulogist has truthfully written of him: "The honors and trappings of office were nothing to him, the obligations and duties of office were everything to him. He accepted an issue as it was presented to him, and chose his part without considering his own fortunes." His election was the triumph of character, his fame its eulogy.

America has produced many men gifted with genius and with a sure and keen sense of honor, and inspired by zeal for the performance of duty, but undazzled by the prospect of personal power. The greatest of these was Washington. Never a seeker for place, he never hesitated to obey his country's call, and ever served her with a patience, patriotism, and prowess that neither adversity nor calumny discouraged, nor did lust for power ever divert him from the singleness of his purpose, the performance of his duty, or his noble self-neglect.

Alexander Hamilton's genius for statescraft made him the interpreter of the Federal idea that was the corner-stone of the Union, but it was Washington's character that upheld Hamilton at every crisis of the struggle and without which Hamilton could not have welded the victorious colonies into a more perfect union.

There may have been statesmen more profound and generals more brilliant in achievement than Washington, but no one of a loftier character, and therefore a recent English historian has written of him that he was a man whom it has never been possible to praise beyond its merits.

Lincoln was most like Washington in unselfish devotion to duty, never swerving from the path that conscience prompted and humanity dictated, unruffled by calumny, undismayed by defeat, untempted by ambition, unspoiled by the possession of imperial power.

This was his golden rule of life: "I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to the light I have." Memorize this rule thus worded: "I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. Knowing the right, I must not the wrong pursue."

Chief Justice Marshall was America's greatest jurist, great not only as the expounder of the constitution, but as its most fearless judge. To him more than to any other do we owe our present form of government. When Aaron Burr was on trial before him for treason, his hands red with the blood of Alexander Hamilton, whom Marshall loved, the people throughout the country demanding his conviction, and the President of the United States using all the influence of his high office to bring about the same result, the Chief Justice charged the jury to acquit, and thus referred to all this outside pressure: "That this court dares not usurp power is most true. That this court

dares not shrink from its duty is not less true. No man is desirous of becoming the peculiar subject of calumny. No man, might he let the bitter cup pass from him without self-reproach, would drain it to the bottom. But if he has no choice in the case, if there is no alternative presented to him but a dereliction of duty or the opprobrium of those who are denominated the world, he merits the contempt as well as the indignation of his country who can hesitate which to embrace."

Grant, Lee, and Stonewall Jackson are three other American heroes whose memory is "hallowed in the minds of their countrymen not so much by their victories as by their unfailing honesty and steadfast regard for duty," the last mentioned of whom, Stonewall Jackson, said, "What is life without honor? Degradation is worse than death." Well might he have added, "There is no curse so terrible as that which lights a bosom fire for him who gives away his honor."

Grant, Lee, and Jackson illustrate well the point of my story. The first was a conqueror, the others followed a conquered banner. Yet the world still debates their respective merits and leaves undecided the question of supremacy. Monumental brass and scripted marble alike attest the greatness of each. In North and South is glowing tribute paid to victor and to vanquished, and their fame is the common heritage of us all. This is because each in character stood high, and, surpassed by none, was the other's peer.

These men all had high ideals and lived up to them. They hitched their chariots to the stars and drove by the light of their stellar steeds.

Students of this university, these college years are but the practice-innings for the real game of life that is to be played, but the initial training for the battle of life

that is to be fought, but the first steps in the journey toward the goal of fulfilment. Make no mistakes! "Earth bears no balsam for mistakes." Let the men I have mentioned be your guides. Have high ideals. "Strike upwards, even if you strike at the stars." Any one of you may become a captain-general of industry, controlling the destinies of many men and the investment of many millions, or a captain-general of war and have your bones entombed where rolls the Hudson, or a captain-general of the sea and sail a mighty fleet of battleships from West to Eastern Ind, with all the nations wondering. Any one of you may become one of the world's greatest orators and by the sole magic of your eloquence nominate yourself for the presidency, or one of its greatest poets and, like Byron, touch your harp while nations stand entranced, or one of its greatest dramatists and, like Shakespeare, make the world your stage and all humanity your theme, or one of its greatest jurists and, like John Marshall, make your fame a beacon light in the domain of the law, or one of its greatest statesmen and, like Alexander Hamilton, make the strength of your government a monument to your participation therein. Any one of you may become one of the world's greatest engineers and harness the mountain torrents to drive the wheels of industry, or conserve the waste waters to make the wilderness blossom as the rose. Any one of you may become a great astronomer and wrest their secrets from the stars. Any one of you may be the man who sets the mark for which his fellow-men shall strive. But, if you do not attain to any of these high pinnacles, you can by high character, correct living, and unflinching devotion to duty contribute to man's uplifting.

No one of you may become, like Napoleon, a human meteor dashing across the skies, blinding by its glare and destroying by its heat, but every one of you may become,

as it were, a ray of the sun, helping to bring light where there was darkness, warmth where there was cold, life where there was seeming death, and all together, constituting the sun, whence all blessings flow.

Bear in mind that no general ever alone won a battle. It is to the common soldier who holds the bridge that the victory is often due. It is the private soldiers who form the firing line. It is the man behind the gun who is the bulwark of the flag. In the history of Rome it took twenty centuries to corrupt the man behind the spear.

I would not advise you, as Cardinal Wolsely advised Cromwell, to fling away ambition, because that was the advice of one who, though he "had trod the ways of glory," yet "had ventured, like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, far beyond his depth," and had robbed his land to enrich himself, and who fell because of his own baseness. I would, on the contrary, stimulate in you ambition, not that by which the angels fell, but that which makes gods of men.

To fling away ambition because, when centered all on self, like Sampson, it pulls down upon your head the temple it forced you to build, would be like abandoning steam because when ill applied it destroys him who would control it.

Be ambitious "to do justice for truth's sake and your conscience, to be just and fear not, to love yourself last!"

Be ambitious to thine own self to be true, to build up character so that when the supreme moment comes you will be available. Supreme moments are the exclusive opportunities of men of character.

Therefore I say unto you, though you remain all your life a private in the ranks, be until death the captain of your soul! Keep the faith, be true! Act well your part, there all the honor lies! Be good because you abhor the bad, pure

because you shrink from impurity! Show kindness because unkindness is repellant to you! Help the helpless because such is the duty of the strong! Lead the blind because such is the mission of those who can see! Be industrious because idleness degrades! Live clean lives for cleanliness's sake! Tell the truth for truth's sake! Love honor for honor's sake! Work for work's sake, and "work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." Do your duty for duty's sake, and remember that, though a man without a sense of duty may possibly be brave, no man controlled by a sense of duty can be a coward! Remember that by each arm, however weak, there is a bow to be bent and an arrow to be shot! Train your arm and eye that you may shoot true, thinking only of the target! Remember that every one has his work to do! Apply your every energy to the task in hand, thinking only of its accomplishment! Remember that the work is greater than the worker! Follow your calling with humility as you worship at your altar with reverence! Remember that to every one some opportunity comes! Be equal to your opportunity, for therein greatness lies. Remember that to every one life is worth living, if he but live it worthily, and he must live it worthily if he lives it to his own approval. This he will have done if, upon the tombstone over his grave, even though it be in a quiet nook in a country graveyard, where pine-burrs cover the bosom of the dead, this epitaph be carved:

"He fought a good fight, he never lied
or cheated, he closed a life of usefulness
and purity by a death of honor."

Let me commend to you the advice given by the great Pasteur, towards the end of his illustrious career, to his pupils: "Whether your efforts are favored by life or not,

be able to say when you are near the great goal: 'I have done what I could.' "

"Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought;
Whose high endeavors are an inward light,
That makes the path before him always bright;

* * * * *

"Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means, and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire;

* * * * *

"'Tis the man who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Or left unthought of, in obscurity—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won;

* * * * *

Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause—
This is the happy warrior; this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be."

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION

(Delivered at Sacramento, July 4, 1900.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Abraham Lincoln said: "We hold this annual celebration to remind ourselves of all the good done in the progress of time, of how it was done, and who did it, and how we are historically connected with it; and we go from these meetings in better humor with ourselves; we feel more attached, the one and the other, and more firmly bound to the country we inhabit. In every way we are better men in the age and race and country in which we live, for these celebrations."

Every year, on the Fourth of July, the people of the United States of America take stock of themselves.

On this annual occasion they look about themselves, and take stock of the rest of the world.

On this day, as each year rolls round, they make good resolutions for the future, and reread the Declaration of Independence, a document which Jefferson penned in a few moments, but which the civilized world was more than eighteen centuries in producing.

Therefore, today in the closing year of the nineteenth century, we again take stock of ourselves and our neighbors, again read the Declaration of Independence, and, in the sight of God and man, again resolve to preserve untarnished our heritage of freedom, to ever maintain this a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, and, keeping in mind the glorious traditions of the closing century, to so live that our descendants may find in our

lives traditions just as glorious, to so live that when the twentieth century, just dawning, has itself become history, our wisdom, our loyalty, and our patriotism shall be revered as we revere the wisdom, loyalty, and patriotism of those who more than one hundred years ago made good the Declaration of Independence.

Within the past year the Czar of Russia invited all the nations to confer together in order that there might be henceforth and forever peace on earth, good will among men, in order that the nations might dwell together in brotherly love, the sword be turned into the plowshare and the pruning hook, and war's dread alarms no longer interrupt the harmonies of peace. And yet, ere time could dry the ink in which were writ the proceedings of this conference, Englishmen and Boers in South Africa were crimsoning many a battlefield with their blood, and England's victories were establishing her suzerainty from Cairo to Capetown; American soldiers in the islands of the Orient were planting the seeds of American civilization and watering them with their blood; and in China the first guns were fired in the death struggle that is inevitable between the decadent and destructive civilization of the Orient and the progressive and regenerating civilization of the Occident. Towards the Celestial Empire, whose four hundred millions are just waking from their sleep of centuries, point now the prows of the battleships of the nations, and it is a consummation devoutly wished for although almost past being hoped for that they fight not one with another.

Everywhere armies are growing, and increasing navies fret every sea with their rapidly multiplying leviathans of war.

Everywhere the nations are fortifying their shores, sharpening their swords, and filling their arsenals with shot and

shell and powder as powerful as man's explosive genius can concoct.

"At every bastioned frontier, every state, Suspicion, sworded, standing by the gate."

What is the cause of all these warlike preparations?

Why in the midst of peace do the nations prepare for war?

The answer is that the nations of Europe must expand into Asia and Africa, or some must perish. The struggle is for supremacy of trade, for new markets and new fields of industry, and in this struggle every nation will take that has the power and every one will hold that can.

England in Egypt is not merely the conqueror of the Mahdi. Her victories under Kitchener would be needless butcheries were they not the means whereby English capital and English enterprise may find fruitful opportunity in increasing the fertility, the industries, the trade, and the prosperity of the land of the Nile.

England in South Africa would be waging a war entirely one of conquest were it not that her success is intended to and will produce greater opportunities for the crowded industries of Europe.

Russia, Germany, Italy, France, England, and Japan long since practically invaded China and seized each one a landing place upon her soil, not for conquest, but as a post of vantage whence each may strive to secure its share of the fabulous trade the future will build up in the Orient.

The increasing sharpness of the competition among the nations for existence, for trade extension, for trade supremacy, and especially for the trade of China's millions, is the underlying cause for the armament of the nations.

Among these competing nations the one that is causing the greatest anxiety to its fellows, the one that is forging ahead of the others, the one most courted and most feared,

the one predestined to be the banker of the world and the arbiter of its destinies, is the United States of America.

We are building locomotives for railroads in Europe, Asia, and Africa, we are building bridges to span the Nile and mining machinery for the Transvaal, we are selling ironware in Birmingham, carpets in Kidderminster, watch cases in Geneva, and bicycles for every road in Europe.

In this keen rivalry among the nations for mastery in commerce we are bringing sweat to the brows of them all, we and they alike recognizing that the doctrine of evolution and of the survival of the fittest applies equally to nations and to individuals. We believe that we will prove to be the fittest.

The sharp competition which we are forcing upon European nations has already been made the subject of official investigation, both in England and Germany, and their trade reports do not hesitate to state that it is no longer the competition of the "United States against the individual nations, but of the combined European countries against the United States."

In 1830 the United States had only 5.4 per cent of the world's commerce. By 1897 this percentage has increased to 9.7, while in the meantime the percentages of Great Britain, France, Germany, and Russia, respectively, have decreased.

The value of the annual product of the manufacturing industries of Great Britain is only 44 per cent, of Germany only 35 per cent, and of France only 30 per cent of that of the United States.

We can supply our domestic market by running our factories only eight months of the year, and, therefore, we must sell abroad one-third of our products.

During the fiscal year ending in June, 1899, our foreign products for the first time crossed the \$2,000,000,000

mark, and our exports exceeded our imports by over \$500,000,000.

Our people are prosperous, and there is work for all that seek employment. Our farmers are paying their mortgages, and capital finds ready investment. Our flag is respected at home and abroad. And yet, at this moment of prosperity, we stand at the parting of the ways. We have arrived at man's estate. What shall our manhood be? Shall we choose the road that leads to the uplands, that will utilize our manhood and make it great and glorious; or shall we select that path whose down grade needs neither struggle nor courage to travel and whose terminal is the low land of sloth and decay? Upon our choice depends the history of the next century.

During the spring of the year 1898 we went to war with Spain, and from counting room and college hall and scholar's desk and workman's bench our citizens rushed to enlist beneath the Stars and Stripes to fight a foreign foe upon foreign soil.

For the first time the army and navy of the United States left this continent to invade a foreign land.

We took upon our shoulders the burden of battle, we assumed the cost of carnage, we were prepared to wear crape for our kindred killed, because we had determined to wage war for humanity's sake alone, because in the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, we had ordered Spain to leave Cuba.

We entered into a war out of which we expected that there would come to us only the suffering of those who fall in battle, and the grief of loved ones at home, only sacrifices and burdens, and the satisfaction of having ended misery and misrule in a neighboring land, and of duty done and protection to the weak maintained. We fought to carry out the principle upon which this government was

founded, namely, the uplifting of the weak, and the resisting of the strong. Never before since the crusades has a nation embarked on such an unselfish adventure.

Destiny works in a mysterious way its wonders to perform, and rarely reveals in advance what is forging in the workshop of fate. Behind the curtain of the future tomorrow waits, holding in its hands the unexpected and the inevitable towards which the unerring and irresistible magnet of fate hurries the nations.

Yesterday we were hedged in by a Chinese wall of American isolation. Deaf, blind, and heedless of the world without, we neither accepted the responsibilities of our true place among the nations nor secured its advantages. Yesterday's tomorrow finds that wall razed by the magic battering ram of destiny, and o'er its ruins marched the Cuban, Porto Rican, and Philippine expeditions.

Two years ago, on the first of May, Dewey's destruction of the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay made us an Oriental power. Two years ago on the fourth day of July Sampson's and Schley's destruction of the Spanish fleet at Santiago made the Antilles a part of the American continent.

When the war ended our flag floated over Porto Rico and the Philippines Islands as American territory, and over Cuba in trust for freedom and good government.

Shall our flag remain where fate and valor planted it, shall we retain these islands, shall we give them up, what are our duties to the peoples of these islands and to ourselves, are the great questions that today much and most concern this country and upon which our statesmen are divided irrespective of party. They are questions most opportune upon this particular occasion, and I shall discuss them briefly from what I consider the true American standpoint.

On the Fourth of July, if upon no other occasion, an American should be an optimist. Upon this Fourth of July in particular an American should find a silver lining to every cloud.

Upon this Fourth of July I am an optimist, and my imagination, born in sound reason and inspired by hope, carries me forward along the rainbow path of promise to a glorious future for my country.

We are told that we should haul down our flag from Morro Castle and leave Cuba, and that in staying there we are breaking faith with the people of this island. I do not believe that the American people ever will break faith with any one. We gave our bond and sealed it with our blood that when we had driven Spain from Cuba we would establish there a stable government, and that then Cuba should be free and independent to follow her own destiny. This promise we made while all the listening nations marveled, and this promise we are trying to fulfill. Whatever may be the future of this queen of the Antilles, whether she attempts to go it alone, as an island republic or, like Hawaii, seek the protection of the American flag, we all know that her choice will be freely made, and that this choice will be made by a Cuba ruled by law, disciplined by order, and blessed with the plentitude of peace.

As a result of this war we find ourselves with colonial possessions beyond the seas, and in such a position that we are forced to be on the commission in whose keeping is the peace of the world. A recognition of these facts and the adoption of a policy demanded by the logic of events is called "imperialism," and we are told that it means an abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine and of the policy of the Father of His Country. Washington's farewell address and Monroe's message are held up to us as the sheet anchors of our ship of state, the infallible guides

fate has given us to follow for all time, the breaking away from which will certainly bring national destruction.

At the beginning of our history our national existence depended upon our national isolation. It was then the custom for the great powers to trade small possessions as if they were jack-knives. In this way the Dutch colony of New York was acquired by England, and in this way the latter country traded Havana for the Floridas. The Europe that Richelieu had distributed so as to balance the nations Napoleon redistributed, drawing national boundaries along the compass lines of his own ambition. After Napoleon the Holy Alliance grasped the dice-box of the kingdoms, and began to throw new combinations upon the green table of the nations. Its openly avowed aim was to suppress freedom, rivet anew the people's chains, and reburnish crowns whose luster had grown dim, and this policy was about to be applied to the restoration of Spain's dominion over her revolted colonies on this continent. Then it was that Monroe supplemented Washington's farewell address with his celebrated message.

Washington feared that the powers of Europe would be continually maneuvering to work us into their real or imaginary balances of power, to make us a make-weight candle in weighing out their pounds. Monroe feared that our national independence would be endangered by allowing the Holy Alliance to bring any part of this continent under its baneful influence, and make liberty here subservient to the greed and ambition of kings. Therefore, the farewell address and the message crystallized as the foreign policy of this country the determination not to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe, not to allow the European powers to meddle in American affairs, not to permit these powers to transfer their American possessions from one to another, and to withdraw this continent from European colonization.

"The address," said Jefferson, "made us a nation; the message set the compass and pointed the course which we were to steer through the ocean of time opening to us."

We still adhere to the Monroe Doctrine, and still assert that "the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for foreign colonization by any European powers," and that "we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." We still stand ready to prevent any European power from doing what France attempted in Mexico or England in Venezuela.

The Monroe Doctrine was never more alive than it is today, and when our delegates to the Peace Congress at The Hague signed the arbitration agreement there they annexed as a condition to their assent the provision that the European governments could not intervene in American affairs.

If, however, it still be maintained that the present policy is a departure from the policy of Washington and Monroe, then so let it be. Our hand is to the plow; we must follow the furrow to the end. The wind is off shore, and we must take advantage of the breeze, steering our course by the star of our destiny. No longer shall dead hands extend their fleshless fingers from century-old graves like skeleton guides to point the living present to any inexorable course.

We are told again that the new imperialism leads to the acquisition of territory away from this continent, to the annexation of tropical islands that we can not govern as colonies, nor admit into the union as States, nor endow with universal suffrage, nor populate with our people, but which we must nevertheless defend with our army and

navy, and thereby increase our taxes; that to retain the Philippine Islands is to govern them without their consent; that this sounds the knell of the republic, and inaugurates the reign of the plutocrat and military autocrat.

If all this be true, it is unfortunate, as the Philippines are ours by conquest and by purchase. We can not give them back, and it would seem to be wisdom to seek how best to bear those responsibilities that we can not avoid, rather than to waste our time in endeavoring to escape the inevitable.

But none of these prophecies of evil will be realized. Calamity howlers have predicted the downfall of the republic upon every similar occasion in the history of the country. When in 1803 Jefferson purchased the great Louisiana Territory it was claimed that this accession threatened at no distant day the subversion of the union, and when in 1848 we purchased from Mexico the land we now inhabit, Daniel Webster proclaimed that this acquisition was an outrage upon the constitution.

The objection that we can not acquire or govern territory without the consent of the governed has the same historical inspiration. This, like many other objections, both to the war and its results, springs from that spirit of antagonism to any change that has always characterized the silurians in every department of life, the spirit that made possible the French Revolution, that opposed the American Revolution and would have continued British tyranny in America, that cost Spain her colonies, that always faces toward the past and would make all the tomorrows but repetitions of yesterdays!

Did we ask the consent of the inhabitants of Louisiana or of the Floridas when we purchased these lands? Did we consult the wishes of the people of New Mexico and California when we purchased these lands from Mexico?

Is there any difference in principle between the suppression of the insurrection in New Mexico and California and in the Philippines in 1899 and 1900? Have we ever obtained the consent of the natives of Hawaii or of the Alaska Indians to be governed from Washington? Louisiana was inhabited by many nationalities and native tribes, both numerous and warlike. There were 30,000 whites in the Territory. We annexed them without their consent, and we governed them by a military government in which they had no part. In no respect were the people consulted as to their government. The same was true as to all the Northwest Territory that includes what is now Ohio and the adjoining States. All this was done by the men who signed the Declaration of Independence, or who were their immediate successors.

These men were all practical men. They knew that no popular government can stand long or accomplish much for the good of the governed that is not carefully adjusted to the conditions and intelligence of the people who are to live under it. They, therefore, acquired territory without consulting the inhabitants and gave them that government that in their opinion was best suited to their needs, never stopping to ask how far the government so created derived its just powers from the consent of the governed. They met the condition that confronted them, and their justification is the government they bequeathed to us.

We must follow the same common-sense policy. In determining the question as to the form of government to be given to the people of Porto Rico and the Philippines we must bear in mind that the vast majority of them are unable to read or write; that they have had no experience in any real self-government, or any really honest government, but have been for centuries under the dominion of arbitrary power; that in all their experience

and traditions law and freedom have been ideas which were not associated with each other, but opposed to each other. We must bear in mind that a people who are in this condition, who have never acquired any real understanding of the way to conduct a popular government, who have never learned the fundamental and essential lesson of obedience to the decision of the majority, would lapse into anarchy or fall under oligarchy if entrusted now with self-government. We would be committing a crime, an outrage upon these people and upon the civilized world, we would be recreant to our trust if we did not train these people in the art of government before allowing them to govern themselves.

“The people of these islands have acquired the moral right to be treated by the United States in accordance with the underlying principles of justice and freedom which we have declared in our constitution, and which are the essential safeguards of every individual against the powers of any government, because they are essential limitations inherent in the very existence of our government.” They are entitled to demand that they shall not be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, that private property shall not be taken for public use without compensation, that no law shall be passed impairing the obligation of contracts or freedom of religious worship, that all men shall be equal before the law, because we have declared that these rights belong to all men, because there is an implied contract between our government and every one under its dominion that these rights shall be respected and enforced, because observance of them is part of the nature of our government. I do not think that any of you doubt but that Congress in the exercise of its constitutional power to make all needful rules and regulations

respecting the territory belonging to the United States will hold itself sacredly bound by these limitations.

It will take years to eradicate from our island possessions the evil effect of centuries of Spanish misrule. For years we must in the Philippines sustain the law with visible force until confidence is bred of justice, and the husbandman learns that he will reap what he sows, unmolested by native brigand or governmental bandit. This will require a standing army as large as is now provided by law. A great hue and cry is raised against a large standing army, and from the pages of history are culled the bloody records that standing armies have imprinted there of their onslaughts upon the lives and liberties of the people. History, like the Bible, can be used to prove any crime or virtue that human fears or hopes may conceive. But history is but an incomplete and an inaccurate narrative of the past. It tells nothing of the living present. It is for today and tomorrow that we are now planning and legislating. The people of this century and the next are to produce the soldiers for our army. This army will be of the same warp and woof as the people whom it is feared they will oppress. They will be American citizens, as an American does not cease to be an American citizen when he becomes an American soldier. Does any one seriously believe that from the common schools of this country there can be enlisted an army from whom any military system, life, or discipline can eradicate that intelligence, manhood, independence, and love of liberty that has made the United States the land of the free? Does any one believe that the people that dared in their infancy to battle with England and wrested from her unwilling hands independence and sovereignty, that has extended the boundaries of this republic from the Atlantic to the Pacific, across arid plains, over snow-clad mountains and in the

face of hostile savages, that stopped not at the ocean's bounds, but brought within our domain islands in the sunset sea, that fought and won the War of the Rebellion and the War with Spain, that has built up this government as a tower of strength for struggling humanity from whose summit liberty lights the world, that has planted a school-house upon every hill and on each schoolhouse has unfurled its flag, does any one believe that the descendants of those that fought at Bunker Hill or Gettysburg or Santiago have aught to fear for their liberties from a standing army organized from their midst? If there be such a man, then I pity him, and I would not trust him on the firing line.

Be assured, therefore, my fellow citizens, that you have not wandered away from the paths your fathers trod, that your government has not changed from a republic to an empire, that the Declaration of Independence is today as much as ever your guiding cloud by day and pillar of fire by night. In acquiring and governing the Philippines you follow the example not only of the men who founded this republic, but also of those who saved it. The Southern states attempted to break up this union. They withdrew their consent to be governed by the union. They wanted to sacrifice the union to save slavery. Upon the principle that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed they based their right to secede. The Federal government determined to preserve the union, to sacrifice slavery to save the union, to keep the union intact with or without their consent. Thanks be to the God of our country that this was said and done, and that no mere declaration of words was allowed to break up this greatest of nations.

The American people have for over a century been growing in power and wealth and righteousness. They have expanded in territory, increased in wealth, multiplied in

numbers, developed in power, and held fast to popular government. Ever vigilant and watchful of their own interests, they have poured out their blood and treasure in defense of the rights of others. I do not believe that all of a sudden, in the twinkling of an eye, they have changed in character, purpose and ambition, courage and determination. I do not believe that a people who began a war to rescue the Cubans from oppression can end it by oppressing the Filipinos. I do not believe that we will establish in the Philippines a government different in principle from our own, though different in form. I believe that we will give them law, order, and education; that we will free them from the tyranny of both native and foreigner, and that we will make freedom attractive to them by exemplifying its benefits. I believe that, as President McKinley has said, we will by our treatment of the Filipinos lead them to feel that it is their liberty and not our power, their welfare and not our gain, that we seek to enhance, and that as our flag has never waved over any community save in blessing, they will acknowledge that it has not lost its gift of benediction by its world-wide journey to their shores.

Great nations must bear great burdens. That is what makes them great. Our nation did not seek this Oriental burden. It was thrust upon us by circumstances that we did not expect and could not control. But we have this burden to bear, this responsibility to fulfill, this duty to perform. We have never yet shrunk from a danger, neglected an obligation, or failed in a task. We will not close the century with an act of cowardice or an admission of incompetency.

In advocating the retention of the Philippines every American can hold up his head, look the world in the face, and feel conscious of the nobility of the duty he has

set himself to perform; and that person is only a vain prophet of evil who says that therefor he will ever have cause to hang his head.

Especially in California are the people interested in this Philippine question. Our shores are washed by the same sea that breaks upon the coast of Asia. The commercial possibilities are, however, tempting and dazzling to this entire country. Our share of this commerce is growing by leaps and bounds. In cotton goods alone are exports to China increased from 35,000,000 yards in 1893 to 221,000,000 in 1899. In two years our exports to the Philippine Islands have increased from \$200,000 to \$2,500,000. With England, Germany, France, Italy, and Japan holding posts of vantage and spheres of influence in China we, without Manila, would have in time become beggars for the crumbs that fell from their tables. With Manila and the Philippines as ours we demand and secure from them the "open door" for all, and we are in position to do our share in preventing China from closing it against all, and in the rescue and protection of the foreign ministers in China. We have never taken by force or diplomacy any of the ports of China, and as the new master of Manila we do not want or seek or need any part of her territory. We would prefer that the Chinese Empire should remain intact, and under the sole dominion of the Emperor of China, and we will do everything possible to the accomplishing of this result. But we will also do everything possible to protect our national representatives both from personal and official injury and insult, and also all our citizens living or traveling in China, and, therefore, when the safety and liberty of our ambassador to Peking became endangered, our marines joined the relief expedition under General Seymour and were among the first to enter Tientsin, the Oregon sailed with her "round-the-Horn" gait

from Hongkong to Taku, a regiment of United States infantry hastened from Manila to rescue their countrymen, General Chaffee started across the Pacific to fight his way to Peking, if necessary, as he fought his way up the heights of San Juan and El Caney, and we are preparing to send, if necessary, more regiments and ships to teach China that no one can affront us with impunity.

It is hoped that this trouble will soon be over, and that China, with or without outside assistance, will speedily have peace within her borders, and be able to insure the safety of the stranger within her gates. But, if this hope be not fulfilled, you may rest assured that the civilizing of the Orient can not be permanently stopped, that China can never again close her doors to the peaceful invasion of the traders of the Orient.

You may also be assured that if the United States is compelled, in conjunction with the allied powers, to do further battle in China, in protection of its people's rights or punishment of their wrongs, the American soldier, fighting side by side with the soldiers of Europe, will make manifest to the world the superiority of his disciplined individualism over their machine-drilled battalions, and add another laurel to the chaplet that crowns our boys in blue.

In what a humiliating position would we have been in this sudden outbreak if those boys in blue had not been nearer to the scene of action than San Francisco?

Thirty years ago Seward predicted that the Pacific Ocean would some day be the chief theater of the world's great hereafter. This prophecy is in its fulfillment, this hereafter is at hand, its day is dawning, its morning is advancing, and ere the sun has reached its meridian the Pacific Ocean will be the arena on which will be fought and won the struggle for the trade and the supremacy of the nations. Ages ago when Greece and Persia fought for the mastery

at Salamis, when Roman triremes ruled the waves, when Anthony, lured by Cleopatra, fled from Actium, when Turkish might was humbled at Lepanto, when Venice was queen of the seas, the Mediterranean centered man's ambitions, hopes, and fears. During the succeeding centuries o'er the Atlantic shone the star of destiny emblazoning Nelson's fame. But now this star, the morning star of the twentieth century, bespangles the skies that dome the Pacific Ocean and lights up with its earliest rays the Golden Gate that opens up to our metropolis its queenship of the future.

With a chain of coaling stations and home ports stretching across the Pacific, linking together San Francisco, Pago-Pago in the Samoan Islands, Honolulu in the Hawaiian Islands, Guam in the Ladrones, and Manila in the Philippines, this ocean becomes an American sea, policed by our cruisers, over which in ever increasing numbers will sail the ships bearing our growing commerce with the Orient.

Under such circumstances the twentieth century comes full of promise for the United States, and particularly for California.

Therefore, my fellow citizens, we can look with pride upon our past, with satisfaction of duty done upon our present, with hope upon our future. True to our traditions, ever watchful of our liberties and of the rights of others committed to our care, loyal to our flag and all that it represents, confident that in the future we will not change in sturdiness of character and uprightness of purpose, but will continue to grow in wealth and power so that as our tasks so shall our strength be, feeling that we will ever be a light set upon a hill, an exemplar and leader among nations, we have every reason and right on this anniversary of our independence to be proud of our country, our flag, and ourselves.

A POLITICAL ADDRESS

(Delivered at Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Friday evening, October 5, 1900.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: All my life I have been a Democrat. After mature reflection I have determined to publicly change my political affiliation, and this evening I make this public confession of the faith that is in me.

I am opposing the Democratic party because it is now radical, revolutionary, impractical, and populistic, and because its present aspirations are a menace to the welfare of the country.

I am supporting the Republican party because it is conservative, practical, progressive, and creative, and because its success at this election is necessary to the continuance of prosperity.

I am leaving the Democratic party because that party has dethroned Jefferson, the man of thought, the statesman, the philosopher, who believed in sound money and territorial expansion, and has enthroned Bryan, a man of words, who mistakes epigrams for ideas, rhetoric for philosophy, declamation for wisdom, personal ambition for patriotism, and a dishonest dollar for an honest one.

I am entering this campaign against the Democratic party because it has nominated for the presidency a man who, as the old Democratic war horse, Henry Watterson, said only two years ago: "He is not the material of which the people of the United States have ever made a President, nor of which any party has ever before made a candidate,"

because his speeches tend to disturb the peace and order of the State by their appeals to class distinctions that do not exist and to an antagonism between capital and labor that can not obtain in this country as at present organized; and because he is not honest with the American people.

I am entering this campaign on behalf of the Republican party because its candidate for the presidency has as President proved himself to be a skillful pilot to our ship of state in stormy seas, has shown himself to be one whom sudden emergencies can not confuse, nor great problems overcome, during whose wise administration the country has been blessed with prosperity and crowned with national glory, and whose continuance in office for the next four years is a guarantee to our hopes of their anticipated fulfillment.

Four years ago the country was startled by the utterances of the Democratic National Convention as embodied in the Chicago platform. At no prior time in its history had the United States been in so deplorable a condition. An industrial depression covered the land like a pall. For several years the unemployed had been growing in numbers, in want, and in despair. Factories were empty, furnaces were cold, and mills had ceased to grind. Banks were closing their doors, and depositors were losing their savings. Railroads could not pay their interest, and were passing into the hands of receivers. The only armies that paraded the land were disorderly mobs of idle workingmen. Strikers in most every department of labor threatened the stability of the government. Neighbors were friends or foes as want or wealth united or divided them.

It was after several years of these growing evils, and at a time of general gloom and discontent, when the growlings of hunger were becoming ominous, and lean hands were threatening to take by force or stealth the bread they

had no opportunity to earn, that three political national conventions assembled to nominate candidates for the presidency.

The Democrats, denouncing with bitterness Grover Cleveland, the only Democrat who had led them to success since 1856, and who was in integrity of character, nobility of purpose, in fearlessness and fortitude, one of the greatest Americans, and the natural enemy of the Altgelds and Bryans and Tillmans, read him out of the party, and with him Thomas Jefferson, threw all their teachings after them, and installed in their stead the Boy Orator from the Platte, William Jennings Bryan, who mistook Bryanism for populism, and called it Democracy. They sent him abroad as a Populistic aspirant for the presidency, and authorized him to preach class distinction, to stir up bitterness on the part of the many who had not against the few who then had; to cry out against the fortunate, the frugal, the prudent, the successful; to put a premium on failure and a discount on success; to threaten the independence of the judiciary; to invite the people to financial disorder and certain bankruptcy; to contradict every doctrine of economics and to endeavor to bring about a financial impossibility—the stability of the double standard of gold and silver at a fixed arbitrary ratio of sixteen to one, independently of every other nation.

The silver convention, with like Populistic passion, was also captured by the rhetoric of this man's cross of gold.

The Republicans answered all this political and financial madness with a platform that stood for sound, honest money, for an independent judiciary, for protection to American industries, for union and not for disunion, for peace and prosperity, and not for disaster and dissension, and upon this platform they placed William McKinley.

Bryan predicted that the going out of his jack-o'-lantern would leave the world in utter darkness, impenetrable even by the flame that liberty holds aloft to light the world.

McKinley predicted that Republican success would mean prosperity in place of poverty, work instead of violence for idle hands, wealth at home, honor and respect abroad.

McKinley was elected, and all the fog and dust of Bryanism disappeared, and this country stepped out of the shadow and into the sun.

It was because I believed that this would be the result that in 1896 I voted for McKinley. It is because I believe that the election of Bryan on the rechristened Chicago platform would undo much of McKinley's good work, would disturb business, arrest enterprise, and suspend the labor of thousands; it is because of McKinley's policy of honor, and because of Bryan's proposed policy of dishonor, that I shall again vote for McKinley.

The paramount issue in this campaign is Bryanism, and Bryanism means political dishonesty, political inexperience, political bad judgment, and the domination of personal opinion influenced by fanaticism over the wisdom of statesmen and the experience of a century of struggle and growth. As the Democratic party has indorsed Bryanism, I am opposed to the Democratic party.

In this campaign we have an unusual opportunity of comparing the two candidates by the promises made by McKinley four years ago and their fulfillment, and by the predictions made then by Bryan and their non-fulfillment.

A very gifted American orator once delivered a lecture which he entitled "The Mistakes of Moses." This evening I propose to speak of the "Mistakes of Bryan."

We all know that hindsight is more reliable than foresight, and that it is easier to be a historian than a prophet, yet we also know that there always must be prophets, lead-

ers, guides, whose duty it is to point the way, and whose skill to guide must be in proportion to their ability to profit by their own experience or the experience of others. Of what availeth the lessons of yesterday if they help us not in meeting the inevitable tomorrow?

Judged by this standard, Mr. Bryan has shown himself little adapted to lead or guide the people. In 1896 he did not point out a road for us to travel that would not have led to disaster, and every road that he designated as dangerous has led the people in safety to the land of prosperity they so eagerly and so long had sought. In the language of President McKinley, "The prophet of evil no longer commands confidence, because he has been proved to be a false prophet."

FOREIGN TRADE.

In the campaign of 1896 Bryan made the following prophecy: "If McKinley and the Republican party are successful and put in power for the next four years, wages will be decreased, hard times will come upon us, mortgages on our homes will be foreclosed by the money-lenders, shops and factories will close. We will export no goods, and we will import from foreign lands all the goods we use. Thus will ruin come, and misery will be with us."

During the past four years have we been able to sell our products abroad? Today we can supply our domestic market with manufactures by running our factories only eight months of the year, for our productive power has increased in forty years threefold, while our population has increased only one hundred and forty-two per cent, and we must therefore export one-third of our total manufactures or close down our factories for the remaining four months. The economic policy that keeps our mills running during the entire twelve months should therefore meet with the people's approval.

I submit that the Republican party has kept the factories running for a full period of twelve months through an economic policy based on protection to American industries and on an honest dollar.

In 1892, under the McKinley tariff, our exports for the first time passed the billion-dollar mark. In 1893, the first year of Cleveland's administration, under the depressing effect of threatened free trade, our exports were \$180,000,000 less than in 1892. In 1895, when the Wilson Democratic tariff was in full operation, our exports were \$222,000,000 less than in 1892. In 1897, the first year of McKinley's administration, under the encouraging influence of the promise of protection and the assurance of financial honesty, our exports again touched the billion-dollar mark, making a gain of over \$200,000,000.

During the last two years of Cleveland's last term, and under the Wilson Democratic tariff, our exports exceeded our imports only \$180,000,000. During the last two years of McKinley's administration, and under the Dingley Republican tariff, our exports exceeded our imports more than \$1,000,000,000.

In other words we sold to foreigners \$894,000,000 more of products during McKinley's last two years, and under Republican tariff, than we did under Cleveland's last two years and under a Democratic tariff, and this is sufficient reason for the smoke coming out of every smoke-stack and for the scarcity of labor.

At the end of the Harrison administration the balance of trade in our favor was \$212,000,000. At the end of Cleveland's administration the balance had decreased to \$102,000,000. At the end of McKinley's administration this balance will exceed \$544,000,000.

These figures include all our exports, of both manufactures and raw goods, and they are very comforting. Much

more comforting, however, because they concern more of our people, and more strongly refuting Bryan's prediction that under the gold standard we can not sell our products abroad at remunerative prices, are the following figures as to manufactures alone:

In 1896, under Cleveland, we paid to foreigners for manufactures \$333,000,000, and sold to them manufactures only to the amount of \$288,000,000, leaving a balance against us of \$105,000,000. In 1897, under McKinley, we paid out for manufactures \$27,000,000 less and received \$49,000,000 more than in 1896, leaving a balance against us of only \$27,000,000.

In 1898 we received more for manufactures than we paid out, leaving a balance in our favor of \$60,000,000, and in 1899 this balance was increased to \$80,000,000. In 1900 we are exporting every day more than \$1,000,000 of the products of our factories, and we are not losing money on the goods.

To sum up these statistics: During McKinley's administration our excess of exports over imports has been over five times as much as it was during the one hundred and six years prior thereto—\$383,028,497 against \$2,028,884—and yet, according to Bryan, protection has slain its thousands and the gold standard its tens of thousands.

Such has been the outcome of Bryan's predictions. He predicted the downward course of wheat if silver continued to fall, and yet we all remember how wheat began to rise soon after the defeat of the free coinage of silver.

When Bryan was nominated in 1896 wheat was 65 cents a bushel, silver was 69 cents an ounce. Six months thereafter wheat was \$1.04 and silver was 65 cents. In May, 1898, wheat was \$1.30 and silver was 56½ cents. At the date of Bryan's second nomination wheat was 50 per cent

higher and silver 12 per cent lower than at the date of his first nomination.

GOLD STANDARD.

The following are some of Bryan's mistakes as to the gold standard:

At Newton, Ia., on August 10, 1896, he used the following language: "The law upon which we base our fight is as sure as the law of gravitation. If we have a gold standard prices are as certain to fall as the stone which is thrown into the air."

In his acceptance of the Democratic nomination at New York, in 1896, he said: "A gold standard dissolves all enterprise and paralyzes industry. A gold standard is ruinous to merchants and manufacturers. Salvation of business occupations depends on business conditions, and the gold standard both lessens the amount and threatens the permanency of those salaries." A gold standard has compelled the American people to pay an increasing tribute to the creditor nations of the world." "Savings-bank depositors know that under a gold standard there is increasing danger that they will lose their deposits because of the inability of the banks to collect their assets; and they will further know that, if the gold standard is to continue indefinitely, they may be compelled to withdraw their deposits in order to pay living expenses."

At Minneapolis, Minn., he said: "The gold standard means dearer money; dearer money means cheaper property; cheaper property means harder times; harder times mean more people out of work; more people out of work means more people destitute; more people destitute means more people desperate; more people desperate means more crime."

We have now a gold standard, and have practically had it since McKinley's election. Have prices fallen as com-

pared with Cleveland's administration? Did the election of McKinley discourage enterprise and paralyze industry? Have times been harder than before McKinley's election? Are we paying an increasing tribute to foreign nations? Are savings-bank depositors withdrawing their deposits to pay living expenses? Let us see.

As to prices.—On October 1, 1897, six months after McKinley became President, prices had risen 2 per cent, and in July, 1899, they had risen 11 per cent.

In 1896 the highest price of wheat in New York was 68 cents a bushel; in 1900 it was 92½ cents. In like manner, corn was 30 cents, now 47 cents; oats 23 cents, now 28 cents; lard was 3½ cents, now 6.9 cents; beef was \$9 a barrel, now \$12; Ohio XX wool was 17 cents, now 30½ cents. In the one article of live-stock prices have so risen that the farmers today can sell out for \$501,444,474 more than they could have obtained in 1896.

As to labor.—In 1898 and 1899, Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, made his reports as to the condition of the laboring men:

In January, 1898, within less than a year after the inauguration of President McKinley, he said in a published article: "That terrible period for the wage-earners of this country which began in 1893, and which has left behind it such a record of horror, hunger, and misery, practically ended with the dawn of the year 1897. Wages had been steadily forced down from 1893 till towards the end of 1895, and it was variously estimated that between two million and two and a half million wage-earners were unemployed."

In December, 1899, he said in his report to the convention of the American Federation of Labor: "The revival of industry which we have witnessed within the past year is one for general congratulation, and it should be our pur-

pose to endeavor to prolong this era of more general employment and industrial activity. In this effort no power is so potent as organized labor, if we but follow a right and practical course. It is beyond question that the wages of the organized workers have been increased, and in many instances the hours of labor either reduced or at least maintained."

Mr. Gompers could also have said that the true friend of the wage-earner is he who opens a factory where a man may earn his living by the sweat of his face, independence waiting on strength and opportunity and not on any man's favor, and that that man, though he speak with the eloquence of Paul, is a wage-earner's enemy who, in place of a factory, opens a soup-house where hunger waits upon generosity and independence gives place to gratitude!

As to savings banks.—Instead of the depositors in savings banks withdrawing their deposits, we find that the number of depositors increased 622,324 in three years under McKinley, and the amount of deposits increased \$419,000,000.

In the State of New York alone there has been an increase of 103,168 depositors in savings banks in the past year. These depositors know of Bryan's prophecies in this regard, and also of his threats, and while remembering the failure of his prophecies they will see that he is not put in a position to carry out his threats of restoring the free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1, and thus cut their dollars in two, and force them to draw them out in order to pay living expenses.

As to commercial failures.—Bryan said in his 1896 speech of acceptance: "It is only necessary to note the increasing number of failures in order to know that a gold standard is ruinous to merchants and manufacturers."

Note the following list of commercial failures in the United States: 1896, 15,088; 1898, 12,186; 1899, 9,710.

The total sum of the failures in 1899 was \$41,000,000 less than in 1898, \$137,000,000 less than in 1896. The failures under Harrison amounted to \$114,000,000, under Cleveland to \$226,000,000, under McKinley to only \$91,000,000.

As to foreign tribute.—The gold standard, instead of increasing our tribute to foreigners, seems to have lessened it.

Not only are we now able to pay our foreign debts at the rate of over \$800,000,000 a year, such being the annual balance in our favor, but in the past eighteen months we have loaned money to other nations—\$3,000,000 to the city of Montreal, \$10,000,000 to Russia, \$26,000,000 to England, \$10,000,000 to Sweden, and \$25,000,000 to Germany.

As to scarcity of money.—On March 14, 1900, we finally established by law the gold standard, that monometalism which the Chicago platform, rechristened at Kansas City, stated “has locked fast the prosperity of an industrial people in the paralysis of hard times.”

If this is true, this lock must have been broken, for this country has so completely emerged from hard times that today its manufactures exceed those of England, France, and Germany combined; it is exporting annually \$500,000,000 more than it imports; its farmers can not get enough men to harvest their crops; its railroads can not get cars enough to carry the freight; its savings banks are so swamped with deposits that they do not know where to invest them, and its credit is so good that between the passage of this gold-standard law on March 14 and June 1 it refunded over \$285,000,000 of its 3-per-cent, 4-per-cent, and 5-per-cent bonds, with its bonds bearing only 2 per cent at par, and thus saved over \$7,000,000 in interest, while English consols, that have always been considered the best securities on the market, and which were

bearing $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent interest, were two points below par. Instead of our prosperity being locked fast in the paralysis of hard times, we are furnishing food and products to foreign consumers at a good profit, we are lending them money at fair interest with which to pay their bills to us, and we have so much money to invest that even in the present unparalleled expansion of business we can't find ways enough at home of salting down our profits.

Bryan predicted in 1896 that the successful opposition to the free coinage of silver at the arbitrary ratio of 16 to 1 would make money scarce, and that there would be no addition to the currency without free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, and yet since the defeat of free coinage the total amount of money in the country has increased over \$500,000,000 (from \$1,509,725,200 to \$2,060,525,463), the total amount of gold and gold certificates has increased over \$300,000,000 (from \$498,449,242 to \$814,063,155), and the per capita of money has increased from 21.10 to \$25.

It is true that the production of gold during the last four years has been very large, in 1899 the United States alone producing \$72,500,000 and the world at large producing \$312,307,819, and to this increased production alone Bryan attributes our prosperity and the increase of money in circulation. He overlooks the fact that this gold has stayed in this country to pay for our increasing exports, and that this gold has remained here because there is no longer any fear of the 50-cent silver dollar.

He overlooks the fact that under the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 this gold would have left this country as fast as it was produced or came in.

During the campaign of 1896, because of Bryan's prophecies of evil, because of his free-silver fallacies, because of hard times, because of commercial, agricultural, and financial depression, because of the fear of Bryan's election,

gold was at a premium. It was withdrawn from circulation, withheld from investment, and locked up in the deposit vaults or sent abroad. You could not borrow money on anything, not even on real estate.

During this campaign in the midst of good times, of commercial, agricultural, and financial prosperity, because of the success of the Republican policy of protection and honest money, and because there is no possibility of Bryan's election, gold is not in hiding, but is seeking investment, and is so plentiful that we are loaning money to the rest of the world, and our treasury has today the greatest gold stock of the world. The most important factor showing our great prosperity is the fact that in 1897, 1898, and 1899 the large merchandise balance was attended by considerable gold imports, but in the past twelve months, with the stock of gold in the United States unusually large, America has left abroad the whole of the large favorable trade balance, and has also sent abroad a considerable amount of gold.

During Cleveland's administration American securities held abroad were thrown upon the market because of the fear of the adoption of free coinage in this country and of our paying our bonds in 50-cent silver dollars, and Cleveland had to borrow gold to bolster up American credit. At the end of McKinley's administration American credit is so good that its 2-per-cent bonds sell at par.

Mr. Bryan has shown himself unfit for the high office of President, not only because the logic of events has proved the fallacy of all his opinions, but because he stubbornly refuses to be convinced of his error, and places his self-created infallibility above the truth itself. The Democratic portion of his partisans were willing to admit that the free coinage of silver was not again worth fighting for and would not be acceptable to the people, and yet, with the history of the immediate past, with the living present, nay,

with the history of the Democratic party before him, he forced them to again declare this absurdity as a principle of Democracy. He must know that all attempts to fix a legal ratio at any rate differing from the commercial ratio have proved disastrous when coupled with the free and unlimited coinage of the inferior metal. He must know that a very small variation of the commercial ratio from the coinage ratio, even a variation of one cent, is sufficient to expel the superior metal from the country and disturb all business. He must know this, because this is not a new question, because Jefferson and Jackson and all the great founders of the Democratic party knew and admitted it. When the first United States coinage act was passed, it provided for the free coinage of gold and silver at a ratio of 15 to 1, but this act could not make the two metals circulate together, as the ratio was not correct, and discriminated against gold, and consequently gold was exported. In 1834 the ratio was changed to 16 to 1, a discrimination against silver, and silver was driven out. The true ratio at that time was somewhere between 15 to 1 and 16 to 1. But small as was the variation in either case from the commercial ratio of the two metals, it was sufficient to drive out of circulation the metal whose commercial value was discriminated against.

Today the commercial ratio is 32 to 1. How much more disastrous would therefore be the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the coinage ratio of 16 to 1?

The result in 1834 was that the Democratic financiers of that time admitted that "the fluctuations in the value of gold and silver can not be controlled" and a committee from the Democratic Congress reported in February, 1834, "that there are inherent and incurable defects in the system which regulates the standard of value in both gold and silver; its instability as a measure on contracts and its

mutability as the practical currency of a particular nation are serious imperfections, whilst the impossibility of maintaining both metals in concurrent, simultaneous, or promiscuous circulation appears to be clearly ascertained; that the standard being fixed in one metal is the nearest approach to invariableness, and precludes the necessity of further legislative interference."

This report is good monetary philosophy today, and has been adopted by all the nations except China, Corea, Persia, Siam, Mexico, and some of the smaller republics of Central and South America. It is the philosophy of the nations that do 95 per cent of the world's commerce.

A country on a double basis of gold and silver, with the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, necessarily will become a country with a silver basis alone, as witness Mexico and China. A country with a double basis of gold and silver, with a limited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, is on a gold basis, and it gets its share of the world's gold which its proportion of the world's business brings to it.

We have the satisfaction of knowing that of all the nations the United States attracts and holds the largest stock of gold because the volume of its business transactions exceeds that of any other nation. We have also the satisfaction of knowing that its every paper or silver dollar is exchangeable at par in ordinary business transactions for gold at the same nominal value. We are doing business on this basis, and to our great enrichment. We have given our pledge to the world that the word "dollar" in every American contract or obligation means a dollar in gold or the actual equivalent thereof. We have said to the laborer that a dollar's wage means one hundred cents in gold.

To violate this pledge to laborer, investor, creditor, whether foreign or domestic, would be an act of dishonor.

I feel that the American people understand this question and appreciate it, and that "they hold their financial honor as sacred as their flag, and can be relied on to guard it with the same sacred vigilance."

But let us look the danger full in the face. There are some \$700,000,000 of United States bonds payable in coin. They were sold for gold coin and upon the implied understanding that they will be paid in gold coin, principal and interest. Mr. Bryan could order the interest to be paid in silver, and he would order it to be paid in silver.

It is claimed that the payees could take their silver to the treasury and have it redeemed in gold. It is claimed that under the present currency law free silver is impossible. It is claimed that any weakness in this law can be cured by the present Congress after Bryan's election and before his inauguration. But all this could not remedy the evil of his election.

The election of Bryan would be accompanied by the election of a Democratic House of Representatives, and the State legislatures would make the Senate Democratic in 1901.

Industry, commerce, and enterprise are based on credit, and credit is based on confidence, and when confidence is destroyed credit dies, and confidence would be destroyed by the election of Bryan—pledged to destroy the gold standard; pledged to act independently of all other nations in establishing our financial policy; pledged to take the United States from the front rank of the nations that do 95 per cent of the world's business and place it with those that now do only 5 per cent; pledged to substitute free trade for protection; pledged to unsettle everything, to introduce confusion where now is order, uncertainty where now is certainty, the silence of idleness where now is heard the busy hum of industry, the crowded soup-house for the full

dinner-pail, to place an Altgeld on the supreme bench, a Tillman in the cabinet, to turn over to Aguinaldo, with his pockets lined with the traitor's gold and his hands red with the blood of our soldiers, the trust we agreed in sight of God and man faithfully ourselves to fulfill.

The American people know that the payment of one set of coupons in silver would be an earnest of what is to come, that it would therefore jeopardize the credit of this government and this people, that immediately loans would become difficult, investments would stop, payments would be enforced, manufacturing would be suspended or curtailed, and idle workingmen would curse the cry of imperialism that was used to blind them to the real dangers of Bryanism.

The last Democratic convention selected the Fourth of July as its date of meeting, and endeavored to bring about the nomination of Mr. Bryan upon that day in order that he might appropriate as his own special platform the Declaration of Independence. He, however, did not then fully appreciate this opportunity, but preferred to build his platform with his own well-worn plank of 16 to 1, and he threatened to decline to lead the grand old party to another defeat unless this silver heresy was again declared to be the shibboleth of the party. He would not be a candidate upon a platform that did not declare in favor of 16 to 1, and yet he became a candidate upon the platform that subordinated it to imperialism, and declared the latter the paramount issue of the campaign.

The controlling spirit of giving this paramountcy to imperialism was Richard Croker, boss of Tammany and boss of the ice trust, a trust that included among its stockholders most of the leading Bryanite, pro-silver, anti-trust Democratic officials of New York, a trust that raised the price of ice and shut off all 5-cent purchases during one of the

hottest summers New York ever had, and thus made it hot for the poor, whom Mr. Bryan thinks Providence placed under his special care. Mr. Croker, in his worry over his ice troubles, precipitated by Roosevelt, evidently forgot a published statement of his in which he said: "I believe in holding whatever we have gained by annexation, purchase, or war. . . . If the great country west of the Rocky Mountains were filled with wild Indians, how long would it take us to suppress them and make them respect our laws and constitution? The same thing applies to the Philippines and other countries that may fall into our hands by the providence of peace and war."

The leading newspaper supporting this paramount issue is the San Francisco *Examiner*. It evidently has forgotten that on April 27, 1899, it said: "We trust that Mr. Bryan will yet range himself in line with the national aspirations for expansion. . . . The popular instinct of a nation can not be changed in sixteen months, nor can a creature of expediency be converted into a statesman by an appeal to the truths of history. Mr. Bryan may think he is close to the people, and that his silly talk about 'imperialism' moves them, but he will soon find out that the Americans are as much in favor of expansion today as they were when they applauded the acquisition of Louisiana Territory by that noted imperialist, Thomas Jefferson."

On the ninth of August Mr. Bryan journeyed to Indianapolis to be formally notified of his nomination by the Democratic convention. The notification was made in a public park, whither he was escorted by brass bands and uniformed clubs, and where thousands assembled to hear him sound the key-note of his campaign. He was expected to open the Democratic campaign and to give to all Democratic orators their political cue. His address was carefully prepared and read from manuscript. It filled columns in

the newspapers, and yet there was scarcely one word in it about the people of this country or their intersets. The Filipinos centered all his attention, and the American workman's crown of thorns and cross of gold were forgotten for the more absorbing troubles of the Malays. Not even the disfranchised negro of the South was remembered by this man whose convention met on the fourth day of July. His tears would flow for the distant brown man but not for the black man at home.

I can readily understand that Mr. Bryan appreciated the fact that the American people do not need his solicitude, and that therefore he must go far from home to find some one over whom to lament, just as he went far from his own home to receive the notification of his nomination.

He seems, however, to have forgotten his letter of acceptance of his nomination in 1896, wherein he said "until the money question is fully and finally settled the American people will not consent to the consideration of any other important question," for he still claims that the money question is not settled, or he thinks that the American people have forgotten it. He will find that the American people will never consider the money question as settled until he ceases to be a menace to the financial stability of the country, and that they will consider him to be such a menace until he retracts the following statement made by him in 1896, to wit: "If there is any one who believes that a gold standard is a good thing, or that it must be maintained, I ask him not to cast his vote for me, for I promise him it will not be maintained in the country longer than I am able to get rid of it."

Mr. Bryan will find that the American people know that his cry of imperialism, the calling it the paramount issue of the campaign, is but a mask to cover his purpose to establish the free coinage of silver, a mask to cover his

purpose to bring in free trade, a mask to cover his purpose to overthrow the banking system, a mask to cover an attack on the Supreme Court, and a purpose to reorganize it if he can get the opportunity.

Some one has well said that this talk of imperialism is like the rattle of a snake that hurts nobody, but that free silver is the poisoned fang in the head of the reptile that is dangerous.

But what of imperialism? Mr. Bryan enlisted in the war against Spain not as a private, but as a colonel. The war ended but with no additional laurels on Colonel Bryan's brow, and he looked around for an opportunity to get into the procession. The band-wagon with Mr. McKinley, and Roosevelt, and Dewey, and Sampson, and Schley, and Shafter, and Wood, and Lawson, and Chaffee, and McArthur aboard had gone by, but there was still a chance to get in at the head of the second division, which he hoped would be remembered best because it would be seen last. The treaty of Paris acknowledging the independence of Cuba and ceding to us Porto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines was before the Senate for ratification. There was danger of its defeat. The leading Democratic papers were bursting from expansion. The hour of the great coup had come, and Mr. Bryan was the man for the hour. Here was a chance to become marshal of the second division of the parade. To see the opportunity was to grasp it, and the Nebraska colonel doffed his uniform and hied him, at his own request, to Washington to save the treaty. According to his ambition his duty was in Washington. Before the vote was taken on the treaty the Filipinos had succeeded in bringing about a clash of arms with the American army, and while the vote was being taken they were shooting at our flag and our soldiers. That should have been Mr. Bryan's signal for opposing the

treaty if he was then in favor of an immediate promise of independence to the Filipinos. He knew that the treaty ceded Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands absolutely to the United States; that it provided that the United States should pay \$20,000,000 for the Philippine Islands; that the independence of Cuba was guaranteed, and not the independence of either Porto Rico or the Philippines, but that, on the contrary, it was provided that "the civil rights and political status of the native inhabitants of the territories hereby ceded to the United States shall be determined by the Congress."

He knew that we could not, with any pride or self-respect, adopt the treaty and thereby accept sovereignty, and then yield this sovereignty to those firing on our flag. He knew that we must and that we would put down the insurrection before we would talk of the independence of the insurgents. He knew that we had never voluntarily given independence to the native inhabitants of any territory ever acquired by us, and that none could force us to give that which we had determined it was our right to control. Knowing all this, he still advocated, and, more than any other man, secured the ratification of the treaty. Without his aid it would have been defeated. When, therefore, he says that "that party is responsible for the shedding of American blood in the Philippines that was responsible for a treaty that made free men of Cubans and tried to make vassals of the Filipinos," the people will point their finger at him and exclaim, "Thou art the man!"

Now he says that he advocated the adoption of the treaty in order that we might assume the task of giving independence to the Filipinos. If Aguinaldo had not attacked our soldiers, if he had not attempted to drive us out of the islands by shot and shell and fire and massacre, who knows what would have been done by us? We give nothing under

fire. No, Mr. Bryan, there was but one course for Mr. McKinley to take after Aguinaldo had fired on our flag, and the Senate had so ratified the treaty, and that course he took, and is now pursuing, and the American people will cry out in no uncertain tone: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

In further explanation of his advocacy of this treaty, Mr. Bryan said: "I believe that we are now in a better position to wage a successful contest against imperialism than we would have been had the treaty been rejected. With the treaty ratified, a clean-cut issue is presented between a government by consent and a government by force, and imperialism must bear the responsibility for all that happens until the question is settled."

This sounds as if Mr. Bryan was then setting up a man of straw in order to knock him down, and that he advocated the ratification of the treaty in order to make an imperialist of the President and then attack him for his imperialism, for there certainly could have been no charge of taking the islands if we did not take them. The balance of his explanation is just as flimsy. He said: "If the treaty had been rejected the opponents of imperialism would have been held responsible for any international complications which might have arisen before the ratification of another treaty."

How could these complications have concerned this country? If we did not want the Philippines, if we declined to have them, what business was it of ours what became of them or who took them or who fought over them?

So much for Mr. Bryan's explanation of his reasons for advocating the ratification of the treaty. Now, as to his remedy for this Philippine trouble, he said: "If elected, I shall convene Congress in extraordinary session as soon as I am inaugurated, and recommend an immediate declara-

tion of the nation's purpose—first, to establish a stable form of government in the Philippine Islands, just as we are now establishing a stable form of government in the island of Cuba; second, to give independence to the Filipinos, just as we have promised to give independence to the Cubans; third, to protect the Filipinos from outside interference while they work out their destiny, just as we have protected the republics of Central and South America, and are, by the Monroe Doctrine, pledged to protect Cuba.”

The anti-imperialists first demanded that we drop the Philippines like a hot potato, and run home. A noted college president said that on some dark night we should steal out as quietly as we stole in. Now, they say that we should not steal out, but that we should stay there, and do three things, to wit: (1) Establish a stable form of government; (2) Give them independence; (3) Protect them from outside interference.

McKinley has twice replied to this proposition. In his last annual message he said: “The suggestion has been made that we could renounce our authority over the islands, and, giving them independence, could retain a protectorate over them. This proposition will not be found, I am sure, worthy of your serious attention. Such an arrangement would involve, at the outset, a cruel breach of faith. It would place the peaceable and loyal majority, who ask nothing better than to accept our authority, at the mercy of the minority of armed insurgents. . . . It would make us responsible for the acts of the insurgent leaders and give us no power to control them. It could charge us with a task of protecting them against each other and defending them against any foreign power with which they chose to quarrel. In short, it would take from the Congress of the United States the power of declaring war and vest that tremendous prerogative in the Tagal leader of the hour.

It does not seem desirable that I should recommend at this time a separate and final form of government for those islands. When peace should be restored, it shall be the duty of Congress to construct a plan of government which shall establish and maintain peace and order in the Philippines."

In his letter of acceptance he states the proposition with a clearness and terseness that must satisfy the American people:

"In short, the proposition of those opposed to us is to continue all the obligations in the Philippines which now rest upon the government, only changing the relation from principal, which now exists, to that of surety. Our responsibility is to remain, but our power is to be diminished. Our obligation is to be no less, but our title is to be surrendered to another power, which is without experience or training, or the ability to maintain a stable government at home, and absolutely helpless to perform its international obligations with the rest of the world. To this we are opposed. We should not yield our title while our obligations last."

If the Filipinos are to be independent they may prefer and will have the right to select their own protector. They may order us to keep our Monroe Doctrine at home. We certainly are under no moral or other obligations to protect an independent people living on the other side of the world, and we have better use for our money. The Monroe Doctrine has to be stretched to cover America. It will not stand an Oriental expansion.

McKinley is now endeavoring to establish a stable form of government in these islands, and would have progressed much further in his task but for the conduct of Mr. Bryan and his friends. But, if we are to be controlled in this task by the doctrine of the "consent of the governed," as inter-

puted by Mr. Bryan and his parties, what form of government would we establish under Mr. Bryan's leadership? We can not very consistently spend twenty millions for the privilege, and many more millions in establishing any other than a Republican form of government. But suppose the Filipinos want a dictatorship, such as Aguinaldo proclaimed, or a monarchy, or an oligarchy; or suppose the Tagalogs, who number 1,500,000, want one form, and the Visayans, who number 2,500,000, another, and the Moros another, and the Ilocanos another! If we can give them only that form of government to which they consent, what a hollow mockery it would be to say to them: "Choose your government; your consent is a prerequisite to any action on our part, but you must choose a republic, as we must give you some form of government, and we can not establish any other without destroying our own."

Whose consent shall we obtain? There is no Philippine people, as we use the term. We have already the consent of the Visayans in Negros, of the Moros in Sulu, and of a majority of the Tagalogs in Luzon.

Mr. Bryan knows as well as does the President that the insurgents under Aguinaldo constitute a minority not only of the Filipinos, but also of the Tagalogs. The reports of the two commissions and of the military commanders are unanimous in stating that the majority of the people are friendly to this government.

The President, therefore, very pertinently says in his letter of acceptance: "We are asked to transfer our sovereignty to a small minority in the islands without consulting the majority, and to abandon the largest portion of the population, which has been loyal to us, to the cruelties of the guerrilla insurgent bands. More than this, we are asked to protect this minority in establishing a government, and to this end repress all opposition of the majority. We are

required to set up a stable government in the interest of those who have assailed our sovereignty and fired on our soldiers, and then to maintain it at any cost or sacrifice against its enemies within and against those having ambitious designs without. The American people will not make the murderers of our soldiers the agents of the republic to convey the blessings of liberty and order to the Philippines. They will not make them the builders of the new commonwealth. What, then, is the real issue on this subject? Whether it is paramount to any other or not, it is whether we shall be responsible for the government of the Philippines with the sovereignty and authority which enables us to guide them to regulated liberty, law, safety, and progress, or whether we shall be responsible for the forcible and arbitrary government of a minority without sovereignty and authority on our part, and only the embarrassment of a protectorate which draws us into their troubles without the power of preventing them."

The President could have said: "A minority headed by Aguinaldo, who sold his country and his right to live therein for Spanish gold, who planned and ordered the massacre of every American soldier and civilian and every other foreigner in Manila, including women and children."

This minority is encouraged to continue the insurrection by the course taken by the Democratic party and by the utterances of Mr. Bryan. This is proved by the report of the last commission, by the reports of our generals, and by the Filipinos themselves.

The present commission, headed by Judge Taft, an anti-expansionist, and containing on its board Mr. Wright, a Democrat, and Professor Moses, of our university, whom we all know, recently reported as follows: "Disturbances in parts of the islands, kept up and avowed by insurgent proclamation and orders to influence election, do not show

an unfriendly attitude of a majority of the people of the provinces where they occur. . . . Uncertainty as to the future policy of the United States and the defenselessness of the people without arms largely prevent them from aiding the Americans in suppressing outrages. . . . It is conceded by all but the men in arms, and is implied in their proclamations, that if the election confirms the present policy the remnant of the insurrection will disappear within sixty days by the surrender of the leader and the fading out of the rank and file."

On this point, listen to the following letter very recently written by a young Virginia soldier in the Philippines to his parents: "The anti-expansionists at home have simply ruined all prospects of any probable termination of troubles here, at least until after the election. They have discouraged our men and encouraged our enemies. Even admitting soundness in their views, they are guilty of the highest treason, and hundreds of deaths must of necessity be laid at their door. The natives have the greatest confidence in Bryan, and they don't hesitate to tell us that as soon as he is elected the soldiers will all be sent away and they will run things to suit themselves.

"I was down at Calamba a few days ago and saw a large picture of Bryan stuck on a native's hut. They all firmly believe he will be elected in November, and they also believe that the anti-expansionists are largely in the majority in the United States. The natives have always been accustomed to living under a most despotic form of government, and for any one to criticise or disagree with the methods of the reigning powers meant no less than instant death and confiscation of all property, and so they reason that if Bryan's party was not stronger than the reigning power in the United States it would be impossible for the party to exist.

"It makes me weary every time I see in one of the papers from the States where some 'anti' is shooting off his head about these poor down-trodden people over here, and how they are being imposed upon by the Americans, and yet these people who are doing all the talking don't know any more about the condition of affairs in the islands than I do about preaching a sermon. In the first place, they are better off now than they ever were in their lives before, have more liberty and more to eat, and are making more money. The natives make in a day now more than they made in a week before. When farmers raise a crop, as they do now, they do not give half of it to the church and the other half to the government, as they did formerly, and starve themselves. They can carry their goods to market and not be robbed before they get there by *ladrones*.

"The majority of us will be glad when we can return to civil life. We are all tired of it, but we can not leave until there is a change in the situation. In the meantime we need encouragement, instead of being branded as murderers, robbers, and desperadoes. I don't believe you will find a man in the service here who would be willing to give up the islands. It keeps a fellow guessing. I don't know what to make of it. I have been a Democrat all my life and was always a great admirer of Mr. Bryan, but I can not for the life of me see how a man can conscientiously be a follower of Bryan and fight under the stars and stripes at the same time."

Very strong testimony in support of our accusation against Mr. Bryan is the following extract from a letter from a Filipino to Aguinaldo, and found among Aguinaldo's papers captured by us. It counsels Aguinaldo to peace, and says: "We are in error, and yet we persist in that error, impelled by those who dream of a triumph of a party which is today in the minority in the United States, without

perceiving that this party is also American, and that they are not going to give us our independence out of hand as a matter of sentiment at the expense of the honor of America, and in spite of the grave responsibility, both international and domestic, contracted under the treaty of Paris. Others dream that because part of the press of Europe copies from the American anti-imperialist papers the criticisms of that party against the government of President McKinley, a European intervention in our favor is to take place, without reflecting that the treaty of Paris was made before all the civilized world, and with its assent."

Here is a note of honor that Mr. Bryan seems to have missed. We have solemnly by treaty guaranteed to the Spanish subjects remaining in the Philippines protection in their property, their business, their persons, and their religion.

Suppose we turn over these islands to Aguinaldo, as we must under the Bryan theory, if he and his followers refuse their consent to any government we may establish, and it is a certainty that he will never consent, will the man who attempted to massacre these people while we were in Manila forego his butchery after we have departed? Verily, Carl Schurz was right in saying in 1896 that the election of Bryan would be at the price of national honor, which has never been forfeited. All our promises are equally binding, whether contained in a bond or a treaty. The man who would disregard one would disregard the other. Bryan would disregard both. He will never have an opportunity to disregard either.

In his Indianapolis speech, Mr. Bryan said: "The Republican party today is responsible for every drop of blood drawn from an American soldier in the Philippine Islands or drawn by an American soldier."

In these distant islands, not many months ago, there died on the firing-line at the head of his troops, as brilliant, as gallant a soldier, as brave a man, as true a patriot as ever a nation called a hero, and this people and generations yet unborn will honor the fame and name of Lawton. This is what he said a few days before he was killed on the field of battle by a Filipino bullet: "If I am shot by a Filipino bullet, it might as well come from one of my own men, because I know that the continuance of fighting here is due to reports sent out from America."

Who tells the truth, the man at the front or the man in the rear?

Which will the American people believe? The man who gave his life for his country, or the man who gives only his jaw, and cares not how many of our soldiers' lives are sacrificed upon the altar of his selfish ambition?

I would commend to his thoughtful consideration the following statement made by the *New York Journal* before the ratification of the treaty:

"President McKinley's proclamation to the people of the Philippines through General Otis ought to secure their hearty coöperation in our work of regeneration. The President promises them all they hoped to win in their revolt against Spain. President McKinley promises that civil and municipal government shall be carried on as far as practicable by officers chosen from the inhabitants of the islands, and if, in performing this work of civilization, American blood should be shed, the position of our anti-expansionists would not be enviable. The first shot fired against the American flag would make domestic opposition to the measures of our government overt treason."

Think of that, Mr. Bryan!

Mr. Bryan is very fond of quoting from the speeches of Abraham Lincoln. I would suggest to him that when he

calls the suppression of the Filipino insurrection an unholy and unjust war, knowing that his words will reach alike the ear of the Filipino rebel and of the American soldier, as they scan each other along the barrels of their loaded rifles, he recall the following appropriate remarks of Abraham Lincoln, aimed at such orators as he:

“He who dissuades one man from volunteering, and induces one soldier to desert, weakens the cause as much as he who kills an American soldier in battle. Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier-boy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of a wily agitator, who induces him to desert? This is none the less injurious when effected by getting a father, a mother, or friend into a public meeting and there working upon his feelings till he is persuaded to write the soldier-boy that he is fighting in a bad cause for a wicked administration of a contemptible government. I think that, in such a case, to silence the agitator and save the boy is not only constitutional, but withal a great mercy.”

Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota, has been a very bitter opponent of the President in his Philippine policy, and is now an advocate of Bryan's election and his own. One of these fathers to whom Lincoln referred recently wrote the following letter to the Senator, in reply to his appeal for aid in this campaign. I commend this letter to Mr. Bryan's consideration. It is as follows:

“You ask for the active assistance of your friends to overcome the efforts of the Republicans to defeat you. Your friends are mostly in the islands of Luzon, and one of my sons is now suffering from the tortures of a Mauser bullet sent into his chest by one of them. Your boasted friends are the enemies of our country, and are thriving on the encouragement and support derived from you as Senator from South Dakota. I had two sons in the Philippine rebellion, and your political consort, Judge Moore, prayed

that the god of battles would strengthen the arms of their opponents that they might drive these sons and their comrades into the sea. This sentiment you have countenanced and encouraged by your every public act, and it is because of your having thus countenanced and encouraged such treason that the rebellion in the Philippines still hangs on."

I commend to these battle-scarred sons and to their fathers and mothers the following slur upon the American soldiers recently uttered by Mr. Bryan. In a recent speech at Chicago Mr. Bryan is reported to have spoken as follows: "If 100,000 soldiers are permitted to walk about in idleness where one soldier would do, what are we coming to?"

The fact is that of these 100,000 soldiers one-third are regulars and the remaining two-thirds are practically volunteers whose enlistment is only for one year longer. Have they been or are they now walking about in idleness where one soldier would do? Have General Wood and his men been idle in Cuba? Were Otis and Lawton and Funston and MacArthur and their brave boys idle in Luzon? Were Liscum and the Ninth Infantry idle at Tien-Tsin? Has Chaffee been idling away his time on a pleasure trip from Tien-Tsin to Pekin?

Is it harder work to lecture at Chautauqua clubs, talk at country fairs, and orate from the rear end of a Pullman car than to cleanse the Cuban Augean stable of the accumulated filth of centuries of Spanish misrule, and fight yellow fever? Is it pleasanter to listen to the whiz of a Mauser bullet than to the applause of a listening throng? Is it as dangerous and exhausting to make a political campaign as, beneath a tropic sun or in tropic rains, in dust and mud, climbing mountains and fording rivers, to face death in open battle or secret ambush or in slow, wasting fever that our country's flag may be victorious in our distant

possessions, that our country's ambassador may be rescued from ignominious death? Are the graves of our soldiers in Cuba, Luzon, and China the resting places of men who died walking about in idleness?

“‘Walking around in idleness,’
Wherever the flag is assailed,
Meeting the foe with idle might
That never yet has failed.
Lawton, and Liscum, and Logan, too,
Capron—the list is long—
Went to their death in ‘idleness,’
And their ‘idleness’ was wrong.

“Grant and Sherman and Sheridan—
Why should we call the roll?
They idled away in the idle fight—
In fights that stirred the soul.
‘Walking round in idleness,’
Braving the leaden hail;
What is the glow of a nation's pride?
Is that but an idle tale?

“‘Walking around in idleness,’
Over the Pekin road;
Scorched and worn by the galling sun,
Lugging an idle load.
Fighting with idle energy,
Cheering with idle breath—
Thinking, with idle love, of home,
And dying with idle death.”

Verily, he jests at scars who never felt a wound. Let every American resent this slur upon the nation's heroes.

Mr. Bryan, in quoting very often from speeches of Abraham Lincoln, would make it appear that he is attempting to follow in the footsteps of the martyred President. In this regard President McKinley very pertinently says: “If our opponents would practice as well as preach the doc-

trines of Abraham Lincoln, there would be no fear for the safety of our institutions at home or their rightful influence in any territory over which our flag floats." In this regard President McKinley can very appropriately refer Mr. Bryan to Lincoln's first inaugural address, wherein he said: "The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government." Bryan's footsteps point in an opposite direction. He has pledged himself, if elected, to call an extra session of Congress to give up some of the territory of the United States. But Mr. Bryan does not preach the doctrines of Lincoln. He garbles Lincoln's utterances and gives them a meaning Lincoln never intended, and therefore I do not think him honest. In his quotation from Lincoln in his Labor Day speech at Chicago, he made it appear that Lincoln apprehended that an attempt would be made to place the dollar above the man, and that thereby the liberties of the people would be destroyed by capital. The quotation reads as if taken bodily from Lincoln's first annual message to Congress. Instead, it is made up of disconnected sentences taken here and there from a message that was discussing the monarchical tendencies of the slave States, was contrasting the slave labor in the South and the hired laborer in the North, the hopelessness of the former and the independence and helpfulness of the latter, but which in no way was colored by such demoralizing rhetoric as that which Bryan attempted to give it.

Lincoln was the last man to attempt to mount ambition's ladder upon rungs made of class dissension and internecine strife. He recognized the catholicity of labor, the respect due to honest toil, the independence of labor and capital, the protection due to employer and employee alike, and he voiced this sentiment in that part of this message which Mr. Bryan omitted to quote. He said: "Labor is prior to

and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration. Capital has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as other rights."

Lincoln was essentially a man of the people, and his great human heart had room in it for all his countrymen, rich and poor alike, and his mission was to sow far and wide with liberal hand the seeds of fellowship and brotherhood, and not of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness.

Mr. Bryan was therefore dishonest in so using Lincoln's great name to fan the flame of discord between wage-earners and wage-payers. This dishonesty was again apparent in a subsequent speech wherein he said: "If he is a wage-earner, and you do not know how soon he may be even if he is not now, is he safe when he is liable to be deprived of trial by jury through the system known as government by injunction?"

Mr. Bryan is a lawyer. He knows the constitution of the United States and of every State. He knows that the right of trial by jury is guaranteed in every constitution drawn by the Anglo-Saxon race since Magna Charta, and that no human power desires to or can take it away from the humblest pauper that begs for alms upon our public streets.

He knows that no man under the American government is liable to be deprived of trial by jury through government by injunction, or by anything else except by the anarchy he, Bryan, is inciting. He knows the province of the writ of injunction, to wit: to prevent the doing or continuing of an act that would cause damage that no court of law in its usual course can redress, such as the infringement of a patent right, of a copyright, of a trade-mark, the polluting or shutting off of water, the commission of

waste, the conspiring of tradesmen or manufacturers or railroads in violation of the interstate commerce act, or of striking laborers to prevent by force commerce by rail between the States or the transportation of the mails. He knows that this preventative remedy has been applied alike to employer and employee, that it broke up the combination of railroads to control traffic between the Missouri and the Pacific, and the combination of coal dealers in this city to keep up the price of coal, as well as the combination of Debs and his associates to stop the running of trains. He knows that it is a contempt of court to disobey its writs, whether of injunction or otherwise; that courts must have the summary power to mete out immediate punishment for such disobedience; that without such power courts might as well close their doors and the judicial ermine give place to the red coat of anarchy, the wool-sack to the guillotine. He knows that the railroad officials and coal dealers would have been punished by fine and imprisonment if they had disobeyed the injunctions issued against them. He knows that the striking workingmen denied the mandates of the courts and were punished solely for such disobedience, as the courts have done under the wisest judges since English law was known; and he knows that such punishments have not in the least impaired to any man the right of trial by jury.

I say, therefore, that in the above utterance he was dishonest with the people, and sowed the wind from which they may reap the whirlwind, and therein he wandered as far from the path that Lincoln trod as did the path of Robespierre diverge from that of Washington.

It is not improbable that Mr. Bryan, owing to his apparent familiarity with the career of Lincoln, has copied his diatribes against McKinley from those uttered in 1864 against Lincoln. The same charges of imperialism that

are now made against McKinley were then made against Lincoln. The Indianapolis *Sentinel*, that is now attacking McKinley, attacked Lincoln in 1864, as follows:

“Shall we profit by the teachings of history, and even by our own experience, or continue a policy that must end in the overthrow of one of the best governments that the world ever saw, and of civil liberty? . . . Have not the people daily evidence that Abraham Lincoln is assuming despotic power? More than eighteen hundred years ago Rome was governed by three men at the end of that republic. One was Cæsar. They were all of noble blood. And we, too, have our triumvirate—Lincoln, Stanton, Halleck. Should Mr. Lincoln be re-elected, the revolution will be accomplished. This will be no longer a republic of the United States, but a consolidated empire.”

In 1864 the Democratic national platform proclaimed that during Lincoln's first administration, under the pretense of a military necessity of a war power higher than the constitution, the constitution itself had been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private rights alike trodden down.

These charges were made all over the North, and yet, notwithstanding, Lincoln was re-elected, the union was saved, constitutional liberty was sustained and strengthened, and Lincoln's name became a household word, his statues in marble or bronze grace every city in the land, and his fame is and ever will be enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen as one of their most priceless heritages.

In 1868 the Democratic national platform contained the startling accusation against the Republican party that under its repeated assaults the pillars of the government are rocking on their base, and, should it succeed in November next and inaugurate its President, we will meet as a sub-

ject and conquered people amid the ruins of liberty and the scattered fragments of the constitution.

General Grant was the President here referred to. The people of the North knew that he had been the battering-ram that had demolished the wall the South had built to divide the Union. The people of the South knew that he was as noble toward a conquered foe as he was great as an opposing one. The people of the entire country, therefore, notwithstanding this prophecy, twice elected and inaugurated as their President the hero of Appomattox. Then came Hays and Garfield and Cleveland and Harrison and Cleveland again and McKinley, and we have not yet met "as a subject and conquered people amid the ruins of liberty and the scattered fragments of the constitution," but are, on the contrary, giving liberty and good government, law, order, and protection to those who for centuries have themselves been subject and conquered people.

I would suggest to Mr. Bryan that when he talks of this people losing their liberties, he add to his quotations from Lincoln the following remark of Lincoln's: "There is no fear of the people losing their liberties. We all know that to be the cry of demagogues, and none but the ignorant will listen to it."

This cry of imperialism is purely a bogey man that should scare no man. Not a thing done in Cuba, Porto Rico, or the Philippines is in any way imperialistic. Vast powers have been necessarily exercised by the President in all of these islands, and yet a great Democratic leader, Senator Morgan, recently said of him:

"His conduct in the government of our newly acquired insular possessions does not justify the suspicion that, personally, he demands these vast powers for his own aggrandizement or for any imperial purpose. His conduct in the exercise of almost imperial sway in these islands has estab-

lished before the whole world the great fact that an American President, inspired with the self-control and self-abnegation which is enjoined by our constitution and is taught by the spirit of our government, is superior to the temptations of unlawful and unhallowed ambitions."

This encomium on McKinley is not only true of him today, but will also be true of him four years from now, when he is nearing the close of his second presidential term.

In short, if it be imperialism to favor territorial expansion, then imperialism has been characteristic of every President who by conquest or treaty has expanded our domain from the Mississippi to the Golden Gate and from the Rio Grande to Alaska. It includes among its votaries Jefferson and Jackson, Adams and Monroe, Polk and Pierce, Andrew Johnson, who brought beneath our flag the land that is lit by the aurora borealis, and Ulysses S. Grant, who would have illuminated our galaxy of stars with the Southern Cross that brightens the skies o'er San Domingo.

There is nothing new, much less imperialistic, in any of the events that have followed upon our war with Spain.

From the moment when the Puritans landed upon Plymouth Rock to the ratification of the treaty of Paris we have never asked the consent of the people of any territory that we have acquired, whether by purchase or conquest. Our own government was not established by the consent of all the governed. The colonists came with patents to lands that made no mention of the inhabitants thereof, and whom they did not consult, except at the point of a dagger or over the barrel of a gun. These colonists in the course of time established this government and adopted this constitution, announcing a Declaration of Independence that proclaimed that governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed, and yet they did not permit the Indians and negroes, both free and slave, or those who

were disqualified by poverty from voting, constituting altogether one-fourth of the population, to give or refuse their consent, any more than the Southern people today give the disfranchised negro a voice in the government, although they applaud to the skies Bryan's rodomontados against McKinley for governing the Filipinos without their consent.

After the formation of the union several of the States ceded to the Federal government what is known as the "Northwest Territory," and which now constitutes the States of Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Indiana. As the ceding States had never obtained the consent of the natives to be governed by them, they did not consult them in giving them a new ruler.

Rogers and Clark conquered for us the Illinois country and carried our boundaries to the Mississippi on the west and the Great Lakes on the north, but we did not ask the consent of the French inhabitants of that region.

The next, and the greatest of all our expansions, was the Louisiana purchase. There is no word in the treaty about the consent of the governed, nor in the resolutions of Congress which gave Jefferson the power to rule over the vast region, nor in the act organizing the territorial government, which was to be the creation of the executive power. Yet there were 30,000 white men settled at the mouth of the Mississippi and in its neighborhood who had no good will to this government, and whose rights were never consulted at all by the nations which decided their fate, and who protested against the government imposed upon them.

A few years passed, and, in 1819, we bought Florida from Spain without the consent of the governed, and this crime against the Declaration of Independence was perpetrated by John Quincy Adams and James Monroe.

Next came Texas. Was the consent of the Mexicans who lived in that great region asked by us or any one? Then came the Mexican War and the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, whereby we acquired New Mexico, California, and Arizona. There were many Mexicans within this territory. We never asked their consent. On the contrary, they made bloody opposition. There was an insurrection in New Mexico in which many officials, including the governor, were massacred, and there were some small fights in California, but we put them down with the sword.

Next came the Gadsden purchase of 45,000 square miles, whereby we bought territory with the people on it, and nobody was consulted except the governments of the United States and Mexico.

Next came the purchase of Alaska with the people in it, and it never occurred to any one to ask their consent. Jefferson, Monroe, Polk, Pierce, and Andrew Jackson were the Democratic Presidents who were guilty of imperialism, as defined by Mr. Bryan, in acquiring these lands without consulting the inhabitants thereof.

We might ask the shades of these Democratic Presidents in the language of Mr. Bryan's Indianapolis speech: "Did we purchase the people? If not, did we secure title for them? Were they thrown in with the land?" They would refer us for answer to the Supreme Court of the United States, which has said that "On the transfer of territory by treaty the relations of the inhabitants with their former sovereign are dissolved, and new relations are created between them and the government which has acquired their territory. The same act which transfers their country transfers the allegiance of those who remain in it."

Mr. Bryan knows this to be settled law, and his statement, therefore, was another instance in which he was dishonest with the American people.

Democratic Presidents not only annexed contiguous territory, but they endeavored to acquire non-contiguous territory. Jefferson wanted Cuba; Polk undertook to annex it, and offered Spain \$100,000,000 for it; Pierce was willing to add \$30,000,000 to this; Buchanan three times recommended to Congress its acquisition; and the Democratic conventions of 1860 resolved in favor of its annexation, but nothing was said by these officials in their letters or messages about the people of Cuba, or about their wishes, or whether its acquisition would be by the "consent of the governed."

Andrew Jackson negotiated a treaty with Denmark for the cession of the Danish West Indies, and, before him, President Pierce negotiated a treaty with the King of the Hawaiian Islands for their acquisition, but objected to the acceptance of the Hawaiian Territory coupled with any agreement which would require its admission as a State of the Union, an objection that would shock the modern Democrat.

The Democrats of the past not only annexed every foot of the territory that we have annexed on this continent, and attempted to annex non-contiguous territory without consulting the inhabitants thereof, but they also governed these people without obtaining their consent and independently of the constitution.

In 1803, in providing for the government of the Louisiana Territory, Congress vested all military, civil, and judicial powers in such person or persons, and to be exercised in such manner as the President of the United States should direct, and Jefferson exercised this power in accordance with the general principles of the constitution; but there was no consultation with the inhabitants, no participation in their government accorded them, and no rights assured to them except "the free enjoyment of their liberty, prop-

erty, and religion." For this Jefferson was called an "imperialist" and accused of establishing a despotic government.

In 1819 Congress vested the same power in President Monroe, and he acted as Jefferson did.

But, say the Bryanites, "We acquired all our previous territory with the intention to occupy the soil with our own people and eventually to admit it into the Union as a State.

New Mexico and Arizona were acquired in 1848 with a promise of statehood, and this promise has not yet been kept, though over fifty years have gone by. Alaska was acquired in 1867 under no such promise, and she has just obtained local government. Its admission as a territory, and the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as States, depend solely upon the will of Congress. In the meantime we have given Porto Rico a more independent government than we even gave to any of the territories. We have treated them more generously. The other territories we tax to support a government in which they are denied representation. To Porto Rico we have given every dollar we have taken by tariff or taxation, and we are ready to treat the Philippines in the same manner. But, independent of all this, what is the difference in principle between imposing government upon New Mexico against the consent of the people and treating the Filipinos in the same way? Did the fact that we intended to occupy New Mexico with our own people, and that we expected in due course of time to admit it into the Union, justify us in imposing upon the New Mexicans a government against which they rebelled, if all governments derive their just powers only from the consent of the governed? Has the fact that we did not so treat them, that we put down their rebellion with the sword, that after a lapse of over half a century we have not kept our promise as to statehood, imperialized

our government? Is there a single fundamental principle of our constitution, except trial by jury, that we have not extended to both Porto Rico and the Philippines? There is none. There is no distinction in our conduct in the two acquisitions. The policy we adopted at the start we still continue.

This policy now condemned by William Jennings Bryan as imperialism was inaugurated by the men who made the constitution—by Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence. These men were practical men. They knew that no popular government can stand long or accomplish much for the good of the governed that is not carefully adjusted to the conditions and intelligence of the people who are to live under it. They therefore acquired territory without consulting the inhabitants, and gave them that government that in their opinion was best suited for their needs, never stopping to ask how far the government so created derived its just powers from the consent of the governed. They met the conditions that confronted them, and their justification is the government they bequeathed to us.

We must follow the same common-sense policy. In determining the question as to the form of government to be given to the people of Porto Rico and the Philippines we must bear in mind that the vast majority of them are unable to read or write; that they have no experience in any real self-government or any really honest government, but have been for centuries under the dominion of arbitrary power; that in all their experience and traditions law and freedom have been ideas which were not associated with each other, but opposed to each other. We must bear in mind that a people who are in this condition, who have never acquired any real understanding of the way to conduct a popular government, who have never learned the

fundamental and essential lesson of obedience to the decision of the majority, would lapse into anarchy or fall under an oligarchy if intrusted now with self-government. We would be committing a crime, an outrage upon these people, and upon the civilized world, we would be recreant to our trust, if we did not train these people in the art of government before allowing them to govern themselves.

The people of these islands have acquired the moral right to be treated by the United States in accordance with the underlying principles of justice and freedom which we have declared in our constitution, and which are the essential safeguards of every individual against the powers of any government, because they are essential limitations inherent in the very existence of our government. "They are entitled to demand that they shall not be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, that private property shall not be taken for public use without compensation, that no law shall be passed impairing the obligation of contracts or freedom of religious worship, that all men shall be equal before the law, because there is an implied contract between our government and every one under its dominion that these rights shall be respected and enforced, because observance of them is a part of the nature of our government." I do not think that any of you doubt but that Congress, in the exercise of its constitutional power to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory belonging to the United States, will hold itself sacredly bound by these limitations.

It will take time to eradicate from our island possessions the evil effects of centuries of Spanish misrule. For some time we must in the Philippines sustain the law with visible force until confidence is bred of justice, and the husbandman learns that he will reap what he sows, unmolested by native brigand or governmental bandit. This will require

a standing army. A great hue and cry is raised against a large standing army, and from the pages of history are culled the bloody records that standing armies have imprinted there of their onslaughts upon the lives and liberties of the people. History, like the Bible, can be used to prove any crime or virtue that human fears and hopes may conceive. But history is an incomplete and inaccurate narrative even of the past. It tells nothing of the living present. It is for today and tomorrow that we are now planning and legislating. The people of this century and the next are to produce the soldiers of our army. This army will be of the same warp and woof as the people whom it is feared they will oppress. They will be American citizens, as an American does not cease to be an American citizen when he becomes an American soldier. Does any one seriously believe that from the common schools of this country there can be enlisted an army from whom any military system, life, or discipline can eradicate that intelligence, manhood, independence, and love of liberty that has made the United States the land of the free? Does any one believe that the people that dared in their infancy to battle with England and wrested from her unwilling hands independence and sovereignty, that has extended the boundaries of this republic from the Atlantic to the Pacific across arid plains, over snowclad mountains, and in the face of hostile savages, that stopped not at ocean's bounds, but brought within our domain islands in the sunset sea, that fought and won the War of the Rebellion, and the war with Spain, that has built up this government as a tower of strength for struggling humanity, from whose summit liberty lights the world, that has planted a school-house upon every hill and on each school-house unfurled its flag—does any one believe that the descendants of those who fought at Bunker Hill, or Gettysburg, or Santiago have

aught to fear for their liberties from a standing army organized in our midst? If there be such a man, then I pity him, and I would not trust him on the firing line. Be assured, therefore, my fellow-citizens, that in your Philippine policy you have not wandered away from the paths your fathers trod, that your government has not changed from a republic to an empire, that the Declaration of Independence is today as much as ever your guiding cloud by day and pillar of fire by night. In acquiring and governing the Philippines you follow the example not only of the men who founded this republic, but also of those who saved it. The Southern States attempted to break up this Union. They withdrew their consent to be governed by the Union. They wanted to sacrifice the Union to save slavery. Upon the principle that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed they based their right to secede. The Federal government determined to preserve the Union, to sacrifice slavery to save the Union, to keep the Union intact with or without their consent. Thanks be to the God of our country that this was said and done, and that no mere declaration of words was allowed to break up this greatest of nations.

And no mere declaration of words is going to induce this country to believe that all our Presidents from Washington to McKinley have been imperialists, and that Bryan is our promised Messiah. No mere declaration of words is going to induce us to become the Don Quixote of the nations instead of the benefactor of mankind, to substitute Aguinaldo for McKinley in the regeneration of the Philippine Islands. The American people have for over a century been growing in power and wealth and righteousness. They have expanded in territory, increased in wealth, multiplied in numbers, developed in power, and

held fast to popular government. Ever vigilant and watchful of their own interests, they have poured out their blood and treasure in defense of the rights of others. I do not believe that all of a sudden, in the twinkling of an eye, they have changed in character, purpose, ambition, courage, and determination. I do not believe that a people who began a war to rescue the Cubans from oppression can end it by oppressing the Filipinos. I do not believe that we will establish in the Philippines a government different in principle from our own, though different in form.

I believe that we will show them how to govern under law, that we will teach them that office is a public trust, power a shield for justice and not a weapon of personal prowess, and public moneys a means of public benefaction and not of personal aggrandizement. I believe that under the aegis of our flag law and order will drive out anarchy and brigandage, industry and education eradicate vagabondage and illiteracy, sanitation drive out disease, and that from the acorn of American civilization sown by us in these islands there will grow a mighty oak of self-government, whose branches will shelter them and their descendants henceforth and forever.

I believe that, as President McKinley has said, we will by our treatment of the Filipinos lead them to feel that it is their liberty and not our power, their welfare and not our gain, that we seek to enhance, and that, as our flag has never waved over any community save in blessing, they will acknowledge that it has not lost the gift of benediction by its world-wide journey to their shores.

Owing in a large measure, as we have seen, to the policy of the Republican party, our people are prosperous, and there is work for all that seek employment. Our farmers are paying their mortgages and capital finds ready investment. Our flag is respected at home and abroad. And

yet, at this moment of prosperity, we stand at the parting of the ways. We have arrived at man's estate. What shall our manhood be? Shall we choose the road that leads to the uplands, that will utilize our manhood and make it great and glorious, or shall we select that path whose down grade needs neither struggle nor courage to travel, and whose terminal is the lowland of sloth and decay? Upon this choice depends the history of our next century.

Under the continued wise leadership of William McKinley we will choose the right path. He is one of the three great presidents whose names will be remembered throughout all time, and whose administrations will mark the three great epochs in the history of this nation.

Washington brought order out of chaos, united the disunited pioneers of freedom, and laid plumb and true the corner-stone of the grandest political edifice ever reared by the hand of man, this temple of liberty sheltering for all time government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

Lincoln unlocked the manacles of the slave, made the bondman free, and cemented these diverse sovereignties into a union one and indivisible, now and forever.

McKinley loosed the American eagle that it might wing its flight and drive the Spanish vulture from the islands of the sea, opened the door through which this nation will march to a grandeur yet unknown, and proclaimed to the listening nations that the United States has its rightful place on the right of the line of the world powers, and that its flag, alike in the Orient and the Occident—its red, white, and blue flashing equally in the light of the setting and the rising sun—means everywhere the lightening of men's burdens, the lifting up of God's people.

It is said of McKinley, as it was said of Lincoln, that he holds his ear close to the ground, keeping step to the

rhythm of the people's tread. This is a grand rhythm, second to none but that to which the stars keep time; it is the rhythm of every national anthem that e'er led warring hosts to battle or moved them to praise and thanksgiving. Inspired by its music, Lincoln saved the Union, leaving at his death one flag floating over the United States. Inspired by its music, McKinley enlarged this nation, maintained its flag in distant lands where fate and valor planted it, and boldly and confidently asks, "Who shall haul it down?"

Neither individuals nor nations can live to themselves alone. We are our brothers' keepers. This nation in the great plans of the Almighty, in the economy of mankind, has its duty to perform in the working out of civilization. For its part of this great task it has been its whole life preparing. On May 1, 1898, its hour was at hand, and in prophetic ink in the sibylline book of fate it had long been written what it then should do. As a drop of rain starts but does not create the life lying dormant in the grain of wheat, as a flash of lightning reveals but does not produce the visions of the night, so the battle of Manila did not itself create a new burden nor impose a new responsibility. They had been for years preparing, and the flash of Dewey's guns simply revealed them.

Destiny works in a mysterious way its wonders to perform, and rarely reveals in advance what is forging in the workshop of fate. Behind the curtain of the future tomorrow waits, holding in its hands the unexpected and the inevitable, towards which the unerring and irresistible magnet of fate hurries the nations. This nation did not anticipate the outcome of its war with Spain. The Antilles and not the Philippines centered its attention. The liberating of the Cubans and not the civilizing of the Filipinos was the duty we undertook, the burden we assumed.

Likewise, neither Washington, Lincoln, nor McKinley

anticipated the great things they were to do nor the responsibilities they were to assume, nor did they dream of the opportunities that were to knock at their doors. But each one proved himself to be a well-chosen child of destiny in being equal to his opportunity when it came, to be a "man of mighty days," and equal to the days.

My fellow-citizens, I believe that we will be true to our traditions, ever watchful of our liberties and of the rights of others committed to our care, loyal to our flag and all that it represents. I am confident that in the future we will not change in sturdiness of character or uprightness of purpose, but will continue to grow in wealth and power so that as our tasks so shall our strength be, and that we will ever be a light set upon a hill, an exemplar and a leader among the nations.

I believe that we will be equal to our new opportunities, that we will do our duty in this new sphere of national and international life in which it has pleased God to place us, and that, under the leadership of William McKinley, we will continue in our new career with no uncertain tread, meeting our new obligations as fearlessly, resolutely, and successfully as our revolutionary fathers met theirs when they founded this republic.

Great nations must bear great burdens. This is what makes them great. Our nation did not consciously seek this Oriental burden. But we have this burden to bear, this responsibility to fulfill, this duty to perform. We have never shrunk from a danger, neglected an obligation, or failed in a task. We will not close this century with an act of cowardice or an admission of incompetency.

Go to the polls and vote for McKinley. There can be and will be no imperialism, and so thinks every one who has confidence in the virtue, capacity, high purpose, and good faith of the American people.



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